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**ECHOES**  
FROM THE  
**PULPIT AND PLATFORM**  
OR

*LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART*

ILLUSTRATED BY UPWARDS OF  
FIVE HUNDRED THRILLING ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS,  
PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, TOUCHING HOME SCENES,  
AND STORIES OF TENDER PATHOS

DRAWN FROM  
***The Bright and Shady Sides of Life***

AS RELATED BY  
**DWIGHT L. MOODY**

DURING HIS  
FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS AN EVANGELIST

INCLUDING THE  
STORY OF MR. MOODY'S LIFE AND WORK

By **REV. CHARLES F. GOSS, D.D.**  
*Pastor of Mr. Moody's Chicago Church for Five Years*

INTRODUCTION  
By **REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.**

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## PREFACE

THIS volume has been in course of preparation for several years, and nearly every line of it was in type when Mr. Moody died.

His death neither hastened nor delayed its publication. All of the pictorial illustrations were in the artists' hands and were nearly completed; Dr. Abbott's Introduction was in type; the story of Mr. Moody's life, by Dr. Goss, was well along; and the steel-plate portrait of the great evangelist was finished, when he passed away. These facts are mentioned as evidence that this volume has not been hastily brought out simply to meet a demand caused by Mr. Moody's death. All that pertains to it had received the most painstaking care that ample time could give, long before his public career closed.

It presents the story of Mr. Moody's life and work not only through the pen of one who was intimately associated with him for years — Rev. Dr. Goss, whose name was suggested to the Publishers by Mr. Moody's son — Mr. William R. Moody — to whom they had been referred by Mr. Moody himself, — but also through the medium of Mr. Moody's recorded speech, thus making it largely autobiographical. His best thoughts, his most touching stories, his most thrilling anecdotes and incidents, together with the many personal experiences and reminiscences he so often and effectively told on the platform, are here preserved in permanent form.

In 1896-7 Mr. Moody conducted a series of revival meetings in New England, the last great series which he ever conducted in the East. A month in Providence, another in Lowell, and two months in Boston, were among the notable meetings of that time. The preparation of this book may be said to date from that period. The Publishers employed an expert stenographer to report Mr. Moody's sermons *verbatim et literatim*. The Rev. W. D. Bridge was chosen for this important work. Of his skill, Bishop John H. Vincent said: "I take great pleasure in commending my old and honored friend, the Rev. W. D. Bridge, my stenographic secretary for more than nine years. His college training and long experience have made him a thorough expert in everything that pertains to shorthand writing, re-

porting, etc." It is believed that Professor Bridge's reports of Mr. Moody's sermons are the most accurate that have been made. They form the basis of this volume. The aim has been to present, in connected form, the stories, illustrations, and personal experiences that Mr. Moody so effectively used, together with their application. Whenever he told a story, or related a personal experience, it was invariably to illustrate a great and living truth, and in this volume these truths stand out as beacon lights. Although Mr. Moody had an almost inexhaustible fund of stories and apt illustrations, he drew very largely from his own experience. He never repeated them in precisely the same way, nor in the same words, nor did he always use them under the same head. Some of those told in his earlier years were narrated in greater detail; some were better told on one occasion than on another. Whenever a better version of an incident or personal experience could be found, than those specially reported for this volume, it has been used. But his earlier addresses, while perhaps more vigorous, lacked the smoothness—or shall we say polish?—of his later ones, because during the last few years of his life he broadened in many ways. He read and studied in certain lines to great advantage, and his acquaintance with many distinguished men and women in Europe and America freed him, to some extent, from the limitations of his earlier years.

Mr. Moody was desirous that printed copies of his words should be widely circulated. He often acknowledged from the platform his great obligations to the press. In Boston, in 1897, looking down upon the reporters' table, he said: "I want to speak a word for the papers. They are a great help to us. Buy papers. Buy lots of them. They are for sale. Religious people grumble about the newspapers and say they don't give enough space to sermons. When a good sermon is printed, buy that paper. Buy them by the hundred, and scatter them broadcast." And again: "And I say once more that we want to thank God for the reports which the press are sending out. Let us ask God to bless the reports more and more." He then read a letter sent by "a laboring man," expressing his thanks for the reports of the meetings in one of the papers, "which", he said, "I read every day on the way to and from my work." At that time the papers did not report Mr. Moody's sermons in full. Some gave the substance of only a portion of them, others made brief mention, some none at all. If the publication of fragments of his sermons in the daily press met with Mr. Moody's emphatic approval—and we have his testimony that it did—it is believed that the accurate and permanent form in which his latest words are here presented would not have been distasteful to him. The only full reports made during his last two months in Boston, in 1897, as well as those made in other cities, were made for this volume. When Mr. Moody knew that his words were being taken down *verbatim*, it seemed to stimulate him to still greater exertions. He confesses to this in a remarkable incident he relates on page 119, when "everything went in, blunders and all."

Mr. Moody was a rapid speaker, and when intensely in earnest, or carried away by the excitement of the moment, he sometimes unconsciously made slips of the tongue, which otherwise might not have occurred. In these "Echoes" obvious mistakes have been corrected; but with slight editing the great and living truths he so successfully advocated and defended for forty years before millions of eager listeners, are given in this volume substantially as he proclaimed them from the platform.

THE PUBLISHERS.





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- "No, father, I am too far gone, I am dying; but I can die happy in this gar-  
ret, now that I know you have forgiven me." In a little while he breathed  
his last, and out of that dark garret, from a wretched bed of straw, his soul  
rose up into the kingdom of God.
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PREACHING TO A STREET CROWD. (**Full Page.**)  
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- "Well," I said, "we can go into the street and preach the Gospel there."  
I tried every way I could to get the church people to go into the street with  
me, but I couldn't; then I said I would try to get the sinners. When the hour  
came I stood upon a drygoods box and I went at it. There were a lot of  
young men sneaking around the outside.
22. A DRUNKARD SURPRISED IN A BAR-ROOM. THE  
LITTLE CARD HEADED "MY DEAR FRIEND."  
(**Full Page.**) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY CHARLES  
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- He was a miserable drunkard; his friends had left him and he was sinking  
rapidly into a drunkard's grave. When he entered the saloon a few hours  
afterwards, the little card headed "My Dear Friend" was handed to him.  
"Why," he said, sarcastically, "this is singular, I've got a friend." He read  
on: "If you will come up to the hotel to-night at 7 o'clock I should like to see  
you."
23. REMARKABLE SCENE IN A DRUNKARD'S HOME.  
(**Full Page.**) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY EDMUND H.  
GARRETT . . . . . *Facing* 238
- "Mary, have we a Bible in the house?" "Oh, John," Mary said, "I hope  
you are not going to take my mother's Bible from me. Oh, John, don't pawn  
it!" "No," said John, "I don't want to pawn it." And she brought the  
Bible. The children can't understand it; they had been used to hearing him  
curse and swear.
24. MR. MOODY AND SOME FRIENDS PREACHING AND  
SINGING HYMNS IN HAUNTS OF VICE. (**Full**  
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- I don't know any work so blessed as going into saloons and preaching the  
Gospel there. If drunkards will not come to church, go down where they are,  
in the name of our God, and you will reach them. We took sixteen out of a  
saloon in that way one night, and nine of them went into the inquiry-room. If  
you say, "Oh, they will put me out," I say, "No, I have never been turned out  
of a saloon in my life."
25. MR. MOODY HOLDING A MEETING IN A COUNTRY  
SCHOOLHOUSE. A SCENE IN HIS EARLY CA-  
REER. (**Full Page.**) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY  
CHARLES COPELAND . . . . . *Facing* 280
- If I didn't get into a church, I would get up a meeting in some school-  
house. The first man who came to the meeting would bring, perhaps, an old  
dingy lantern. He would set the lantern up on the desk. Perhaps the next  
one who came in would be a woman, and she would bring out from under her  
shawl an old sperm-oil lamp. The next man would bring out of his pocket a  
tallow-dip, and he would light his match and set that up on the desk. That is  
the way we would light up the room.

26. AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR. A LITTLE GIRL PLEADING WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET TO SPARE HER BROTHER'S LIFE. (Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT . . . . . Facing 306

When she entered the room the President was surrounded by his counselors, and when he saw the little country girl he asked her what she wanted. She told her sad, simple story — how her brother, whom her mother and father loved so dearly, had been sentenced to be shot; how they were mourning for him, and if he was to die in that way it would break their hearts.

27. DEATH OF LITTLE ADELAIDE. MR. MOODY VISITING A DRUNKARD'S HOME. (Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT . . . Facing 312

I took my little girl, four years old, and started for the home of the drowned child. Little Adelaide used to go to the Chicago river and gather floating wood for the fire. That day she had gone as usual; she saw a piece of wood, a larger stick than the rest, a little way from the bank, and in stretching out her hand to reach it she slipped and fell into the water and was drowned. There were four children in the room, and the husband sat in the corner — drunk.

28. IN PERIL UPON THE SEA. A THRILLING INCIDENT IN MR. MOODY'S LIFE. (Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY CHARLES COPELAND . . . Facing 340

I went to my berth and lay down. I said, "I may be in Heaven when I awake. But I may reach Northfield." About 2.15 that morning my son came to my stateroom and awakened me, telling me to come on deck. There he pointed out in the dim distance a tiny light that we could occasionally catch a glimpse of as it shone over the waves as our ship rolled heavily from side to side. "It is our star of Bethlehem," I said, "and our prayers are answered."

29. MR. MOODY TELLING THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW'S STORY IN CAMP. (Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY CHARLES COPELAND . . . . . Facing 374

The father and husband was gone, but the widow and children wanted to pray for some one. So I went to the Bible house and bought two Bibles and took them with me into the army, and when in front of Richmond I told the widow's story. I held up one of the Bibles and said, "If there is a soldier here who wants to come forward and take this Bible, and have the prayers of that widow and those children in Chicago, will he come forward."

30. "HERRINGS, HERRINGS, GOOD FRESH HERRINGS, FOR NOTHING!" (Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT . . . . . Facing 402

"Well," said the man, "if you will cry, herrings for nothing! Good fresh herrings for nothing! I will pay you for them." He accepted and went on crying: "Herrings for nothing! Good fresh herrings for nothing!" But he couldn't get rid of a herring. He walked the whole length of the street crying "Herrings for nothing!" But he finally stopped and said: "I didn't know there were so many fools in the world." The secret was, nobody believed him.

31. DYING ON THE BATTLEFIELD. THE PARTING OF TWO BROTHERS. (Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY CHARLES COPELAND . . . . . Facing 446

At last a bullet passed through his brother's body. Putting a knapsack under his head he made him as comfortable as he could, and started on. As he was turning away he heard his wounded brother say: "This is glorious!" "What is glorious?" "Oh, I see Christ in Heaven!" Lying in a pool of his own life blood, he looked up and caught a glimpse of the glory beyond.



32. MR. MOODY LEAVING HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME.  
(Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT . . . . . *Facing* 492
- But one cold day in November,—I have never liked November since,—a day of leaden skies and frozen ground, my brother came home, and said he had found a good place for me, and I must go down and spend the winter in Greenfield. I said I wouldn't go. But as my mother and I sat by the fire, she said: "Dwight, I think you will have to go. I don't think I shall be able to keep the family together this winter." It was a dark night for me. I didn't sleep much that night. I cried a great deal. The next morning after breakfast I took my little bundle and we started. I was about ten years old. When we got a mile away from the house we both sat down and cried.
33. "ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?" (Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT . . . . . *Facing* 528
- Her husband was sitting by her side, as she lay dying, and he was watching the flickering life go out, when all at once she opened her eyes, and looked around, and said: "Why! it is dark." "Yes, dear." "Is it night?" "Yes, dear, it is night." "*Are all the children in?*" That dear old mother was living life over again. The youngest child had been in his grave twenty years; but the old father and husband said, "Yes, wife, they are all in." Then she fell asleep in Christ.
34. "JOHN THOMPSON, YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU." A FATHER SEARCHING THE HOSPITALS FOR HIS SON. (Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT . . . . . *Facing* 558
- Going down through the hospital ward he would cry out: "John Thompson, your father wants you." The sick and wounded soldiers would lift their heads, and, I suppose, said to themselves, "I wish that was my father calling to me." He passed from one hospital to another and his voice would ring through the wards, "John Thompson, your father wants you." And by and by a wounded soldier lifted his head and said: "Here I am, father!"
35. THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER DISCOVERING THE DEAD BODY OF HIS ONLY SON. (Full Page.) FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT . . . . . *Facing* 602
- His fears were well founded, for there had been a terrible wreck. He walked along the beach, hoping to save some one who might still be alive. The first body that came floating toward the shore was the body of his own son! He had been watching for that boy for many days, and he had been gone for three years. He had perished in sight of home, because his father had let his light go out!
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BY REV. CHARLES F. GOSS, D.D.,

*Pastor of Mr. Moody's Chicago Church for Five Years.*

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BY

*H. L. Moore*

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BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.

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**D**WIGHT L. MOODY needs no introduction to any English reading circle, but I am so glad to be in even the slightest measure identified with him and his work, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of acceding to the request of the publishers to write an introduction to this volume.

For no man on either side of the ocean has done so much as Mr. Moody to solve practically the problem often and laboriously discussed: How to carry the Gospel to non-church goers. No ordained preacher of any denomination has reached with his voice so many thousands as has this lay-preacher. Most clergymen speak to hundreds, Mr. Moody has spoken to thousands; most clergymen speak to the same auditors week after week, Mr. Moody has gathered congregations in almost every great city in both the United States and Great Britain; most clergymen speak to men and women brought up in a religious atmosphere, and measurably familiar from the cradle with religious truth; Mr. Moody has spoken to

many men and women who but for him would never have heard the name of Christ except in profanity. The music contributed by his former companion in work, Mr. Sankey, undoubtedly did much to attract these congregations at first; but the attraction furnished by the music was no more esthetic than the attraction furnished by the speaking was oratorical. In both cases it was the life expressed, not the form of the expression, which drew together the multitudes, and the music and the speech have both illustrated the meaning and the truth of Christ's saying, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

For this is what pre-eminently Mr. Moody has done by his speech and Mr. Sankey by his music — they have lifted up Christ; and in the presence of this fact all criticisms on the taste, the culture, the theology, are unimportant. In this respect, Mr. Moody's preaching and its effects have repeated the phenomena of the Methodist movement in the eighteenth century. When Mr. Moody began his Evangelical ministry, as when John Wesley began his over a century earlier, the preaching in the regular pulpits and by the duly appointed ecclesiastical teachers too often lacked the simplicity of Christ's spirit. Sometimes it had become the repetition of a theological system; sometimes a course of instruction in ethical culture; sometimes a proclamation of law, a Thou shalt and Thou shalt not; sometimes a species of emotionalism more or less successfully attempting to be dramatic; sometimes it could hardly be distinguished from literary essays or political stump speeches. Doubtless, in spite of such defections, there was in the Christian Church a great deal of genuine Gospel preaching — more than there was in the organized churches either in Old England or New England in the previous century. But the one age, as the other, called for an itinerant prophet who should not be educated in scholastic theology, who should go outside the churches to the "plain people," who should speak the language of common life, not that of the schools, and whose message should be neither law, ethics, nor



theology, but the Glad Tidings of a crucified and a risen Christ.

This has been pre-eminently Mr. Moody's message. His whole teaching might be summed up in the one sentence which constituted Luther's "little Gospel": "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." In his philosophical interpretation of the facts of religion, Mr. Moody has in important respects disagreed with men who have gladly co-operated with him and with whom he has gladly co-operated. Not the least of the many services which Mr. Moody rendered to the age has been this practical demonstration that religion is more than theology, and that, based upon this principle, a true Christian catholicity is always possible. Mr. Moody's psychological conception of inspiration undoubtedly differed from that of George Adam Smith, and his philosophy of redemption differed from that of Henry Drummond. But he worked in hearty fellowship with both, much to the surprise and in spite of the opposition of some men of narrower mold, who could not understand Christ's declaration, "He that is not against us is for us." The same spirit enabled him, though a radical Protestant, to maintain friendly relations with Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, and, though a Second Adventist — in the non-partisan sense of that term — to work in cordial relations with men who believed that the prophecies of Christ's second coming were fulfilled by the destruction of Jerusalem. This same spirit has absolutely prevented any formation of a new school about him as a leader. There is a Northfield in the United States, as there is a Keswick in England; but there is no Northfield school in the United States as there is a Keswick school in England. Mr. Moody's theology is simply this: Christ's Gospel is the cure for the world's sin and sorrow. That God loves the world of men, that He has given His only Son to die for the world, that in the death and resurrection of His Son is the secret of the world's redemption, that by reason of it the

world eventually will be delivered from sin and sorrow, and that any individual may be delivered from sin and sorrow now by simply accepting the gift of life from God through Jesus Christ His Son, — this is an epitome of Dwight L. Moody's preaching. Nothing more than this is essential to the Gospel; nothing less than this suffices for the Gospel.

Some of the criticisms to which Mr. Moody has been subjected would be amazing were it not a common experience that he who is ambitious to be a critic rarely takes the trouble to ascertain whether his criticism is founded on fact. Such critics have imagined that Mr. Moody was accustomed to attract men by terrifying them, and, by appealing to imaginary fears, sought to produce a feverish excitement which passed for religion. That there has been such preaching in Evangelical circles is very true, though much less of it than assailants of the church would have us believe; but such is not Mr. Moody's message nor Mr. Moody's spirit. "I used to think," he says in one of his sermons, "of God as a stern judge on the throne, from whose wrath Jesus Christ had saved me. It seems to me now, I could not have a falser idea of God than that. Since I have become a father, I have made this discovery: That it takes more love and sacrifice for the father to give up the son than it does for the son to die." \*

Mr. Moody's preaching was founded not on the wrath of God, but on God's love. That Mr. Moody sometimes appealed to fear is true, though, so far as I recall his ministry, never to mere physical fear; he often appealed to conscience, and always with forcefulness; but he generally appealed to love and hope. And this was the real secret of his power. It was the secret of the power of the Methodist preachers in the last century, of the Lutheran preachers in the Reformation, and of the apostolic preachers in the primitive Church. To men who had lapsed into a dull despair or a dull self-content more

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\* Men of the Bible, p. 22.

dangerous than despair, this Gospel message of God's love, when interpreted by a divinely inspired love for men in the preacher, has always brought with it the inspiration of love and the impulse of hope. The translation of the love of God into the love of a human soul for a human soul, not because it is worthy of love, but because it is in need of love, is the Gospel, and when it comes to men who are hopeless of ever becoming worthy of doing anything worthy it rarely fails to meet a response. And this was the first element in Mr. Moody's power.

The second element was like it: His conviction that when this life of love and hope is born in a man's heart and he begins to live or to try to live as Christ would have him live, because Christ loves him, he is saved. Lost and saved in Mr. Moody's preaching are both present facts. The man who is without God and without that life of hope and love which faith in God imparts is lost; the man who lives with God and possesses that life of hope and love which faith in God imparts is saved. That there is an eternal lost which lies in the future of the one condition and an eternal saved which lies in the future of the other is true; but this is not the truth which Mr. Moody emphasized. He emphasized the facts of a present loss and a present salvation. It was his thought, not that the world will be lost, but that it is lost; not that the Christian will be saved, but that he is saved. And he made this message of a present salvation effective because the message grew out of his own personal experience. He did not promise a future hope, which may be realized and may not; he promised a present experience which he was sure can be realized because he had realized it himself. No priest or bishop, no, not the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor the Pope of Rome, can pronounce with more authority the absolution and remission of their sins to all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel than did this layman who disavowed all semblance of ecclesiastical authority. But in this absolution there was no assumption; his authority was spiritual, not ecclesiastical. With

Paul he might truly say, "I received it not of man, but by revelation of Jesus Christ." It belonged to him as it belongs to every disciple who has a like experience.

And this Gospel which Mr. Moody derived from experience he interpreted in the terms of experience. He had little imagination and no fancy. He rarely drew illustrations from nature, and even more rarely from books. The reader of this volume can hardly fail to be impressed by the fact that, with rare exceptions, his illustrations are concrete biographical accounts of the experience which he is expounding. Nor are these experiences used to elucidate a theory; they are used to assure his hearers of a fact. Though Mr. Moody was never a pastor, probably no settled clergyman ever had so wide and varied a pastoral experience. Few priests have received so many and so absolutely genuine confessions. His personal work was quite as extraordinary as his platform and public work. And this personal work gave him an insight into human experiences which he used freely in interpreting both the needs of humanity and the gifts of God. He spoke like a lawyer presenting a case, and told with a simplicity which is better than rhetorical skill the story of the witnesses who attested his cause.

He was thus singularly free from that professionalism which is the bane of the pulpit. The ease with which the preacher falls into it and the difficulty with which he avoids it are not ordinarily apprehended by the layman. The minister is expected to be ready at the appointed time to speak to a relatively indifferent audience on the highest spiritual themes. He is expected not only to charm them by his literary skill, but also to stir them by his divine passion. He might by careful preparation secure the literary charm, but the divine passion cannot be kept subject to call. It is not strange that the preacher oscillates between thinking it his duty, on the one hand, to employ all the resources, if not also all the artifices of the orator, and trusting, on the other hand, to the emotionalism of the moment to give efficiency to extemporaneous exhorta-

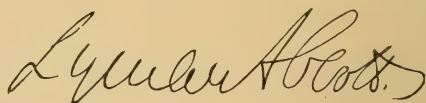


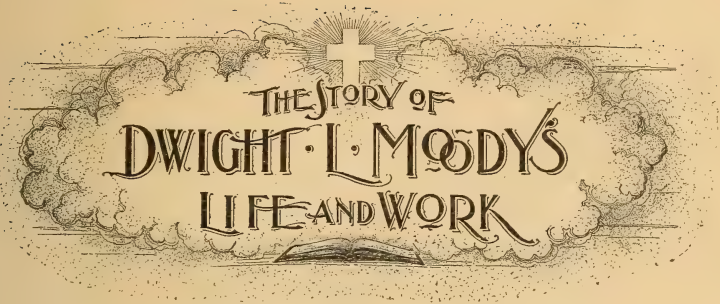
tions. In either case he becomes the professional orator. Mr. Moody was not an orator and did not try to be one. As he stood on the platform he looked like a business man; he dressed like a business man; he took the meeting in hand as a business man would; he spoke in a business man's fashion; he had no holy tone; he never introduced a jest for a jest's sake, but he did not fear to use humor if humor would serve his purpose; he never turned a sentence neatly to catch that applause of the eye which is substituted in religious assemblies for applause of the hands; and whether they believed with him or not, his auditors were always sure that he believed all that he said, and indeed, said less than he believed because no language could express fully the experience of his own life.

And this conviction was confirmed by his life. He lived as he preached. His faith in the power of faith was exemplified by his conduct; he might well have claimed that it was verified by results. Without salary or stated means of support, he not only lived apparently a comfortable, though never a luxurious, life, maintained a home, and educated his children, but he carried on an itinerant ministry, the expense of which in travel alone could not have been inconsiderable, built up and sustained a great Biblical school for the education of lay-workers in Chicago, two large and flourishing educational institutions, one for girls at Northfield, one for boys across the Connecticut River at Mount Hermon, and a summer school in religion at the former place, which, without becoming sectarian, partisan, scholastic, or narrowly pietistic, exerted a constantly widening influence by transfusing with the spirit of the Glad Tidings of a present salvation all parties and all churches of the Protestant and Evangelical faith. Such a character and career are well worth the careful study of all Christ's followers; such courageous and consecrated faith are well worth their emulation.

This introduction was written and printed before Mr. Moody's death; had it been delayed till after that death I might have written it with a freer pen. But perhaps not. At all

events I shall not now add to it any of those terms of eulogy which would have been so distasteful to him, — is it not more true to say are so distasteful to him? We would have his memory as he would have his life, simply a tribute to Christ. One of the most ancient creeds of the universal Church declares the sublimest fact in human history in a very simple phrase: “I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ . . . who for us men and our salvation came down from Heaven.” Mr. Moody believed that as he believed in his own existence. He lived that he might bear witness to this truth. He bore that witness alike by his words and by his conduct. He was the last of that school of evangelists in which his predecessors were Whitefield, Finney, Nettleton. His methods cannot in our time be successfully imitated by another. But so long as the Church holds to this ancient faith in a divine Helper and Saviour, and to its right to pronounce with authority, spiritual not ecclesiastical, the absolution and remission of sins, so long, though by new voices and in new methods, it will surprise and perplex journalists, historians, and philosophers by the power of the Glad Tidings of Christ, of which Dwight L. Moody was so illustrious a herald.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Lyman Abbott". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom right of the page, below the main body of text.



BY REV. CHARLES F. GOSS, D.D.,

*Pastor of Mr. Moody's Chicago Church for Five Years.*

## CHAPTER I.

Dwight L. Moody's Birthplace — Death of His Father — The Widowed Mother and a Heavily Mortgaged Farm — The Little Red Schoolhouse — An Uncontrollable Love of Mischief — Incidents in His School Days — How His Teacher Conquered Him — A Wanderer at Seventeen — His Advent into Real Life in the City of Boston — How He was Converted — Decides to go to Chicago — Finds Work at Last — Running Down Country Merchants on the Streets — Becomes Identified With a Church — Rebuked for His Rough and Ready Speeches — Starting a Mission School on His own Responsibility — An Outfit of Ragamuffins and Street Urchins — His Sunday-school Grows to 1,000 Pupils — Loses his Interest in Business — "I am working for Jesus Christ" — No Money, but Plenty of Friends.

**D**WIGHT LYMAN MOODY was born in Northfield, Mass., on February 7, 1837. He came of Puritan stock, and there would be much in the study of his ancestry to interest the believer of heredity. But it was his mother who alone exerted any demonstrable influence upon his character. This stern and resolute woman was left a widow with a brood of growing children by her husband's death in 1841. Her neighbors advised her to distribute them among her friends; but she planted herself firmly on the slope of a rugged New England hill and resolutely decided to keep them together. The farm was heavily mortgaged and she was excessively poor, but nothing could shake her purpose and

she triumphed nobly. That the children had to bear their share of the burdens goes without saying, and Dwight (little fellow that he was) took his turn with the others. The Connecticut Valley, in which Northfield is located, is surpassingly beautiful, and, although Mr. Moody seldom indulged in descriptions of scenery, he was a passionate lover of nature, and no doubt formed this taste in that almost paradisaical spot. In the small and straggling village opportunities for culture were rare. There was a Unitarian church which his



WHERE D. L. MOODY WAS BORN. THE MOODY HOMESTEAD AT NORTHFIELD, MASS.

family attended, and a village school to which he was sent a good deal oftener than he went! Hear him describe it! "In the little red schoolhouse which stood nearly opposite the house where I lived there were some bad boys who ran things, and I was one of the worst. We had a man teacher, who used the rattan on us a good deal, and took us by the ears and spun us around when we tried to do as we pleased. There was a great deal of excitement in our end of the town over the punishment of the boys. One faction said that love would do for the boys what the rattan failed to do. The other faction



thought that the rattan was the only proper punishment. After a while the love faction ruled, and there was a lady teacher in the schoolhouse.

“My, but didn’t we think we were going to make things hum! So I said to the other boys, ‘Now we will have all the fun we want!’ Well, the first one to be punished was Dwight Moody. I was told to stay after school. I told the boys if she tried the rattan on me there would be music. What do you think that teacher did? She sat down and told me that she loved every one of the boys, and that she wasn’t going to use the rattan on any one of them. If she couldn’t teach school without whipping the boys she would resign. She spoke most lovingly and wept while talking. That broke me all up. I would rather have had a rattan used on me than to see her cry. I said: ‘You will never have any more trouble with me, and the first boy that makes trouble, I will settle him.’ That woman won me by grace. The next day one of the boys cut up, and I whacked him. I whacked him so much that the teacher told me that was not the way to win the boys. Do you know what grace means? It means unmerited mercy, undeserved favor.”

Amidst such influences the boy developed into a sturdy, restless, eager, impulsive youth. His love of mischief was uncontrollable, and the sides of old neighbors still shake at the memory of his pranks. In her later years when the old mother sat in quiet comfort in the home which her son had made beautiful, she would tell with that sparkling light in her eye which was seen almost habitually in his, how he put squirrels into the dinner pails of his companions, or started the horses suddenly when some farmhand was helplessly drinking from a jug upon the seat of the wagon, and tumbled him over into its bed. Humor and pathos, life and death, heaven and hell, sunshine and shadow, blended themselves into a tangled web in his young life. Now he is sent away from home to work, and in a fit of ungovernable homesickness is given a penny by a good old man whom he will remember to his dying day \*; now he

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\* Incident related by Mr. Moody on page 186.

meets with an accident in which he escapes death by prayer; now a farmhand tells him a thrilling tale of his early refusal of the "call of God" and makes him tremble with the sense of sin and personal responsibility; now his brother runs away from home, leaving the old mother to weep by the fireside, and again comes back a prodigal and seeks her pardon.\*

From his eloquent lips again and again all over the world he has told these incidents of a childhood which remained as fresh to him as if he were still in it, until the whole picture can be reconstructed and he can be seen moving noisily and restlessly among these simple scenes, drinking in the abundant life around him in great full breaths; healthy, ardent, living an out-of-door and out-of-self life, eagerly absorbing but not yet digesting the experiences through which he passed.

Soon after his seventeenth year the "wander-lust" came upon him, and out he went into the wide world, ignorant, but strong and fearless. He made his first grapple with real life in the city of Boston. He had relatives there, but, being high strung and independent, refused to seek their aid until driven to it by a stern necessity. It did him good to humble that proud young heart, and he secured a place in his uncle's store upon three conditions: He was to board at a place selected by his uncle; he was not to go out nights; he was regularly to attend the Mount Vernon Church and Sunday-school.

He accepted the inevitable (as he always did) and plunged in. The strenuous discipline of regular labor told rapidly. The services of the church in which the famous Doctor Kirk was pastor did not at first impress him much; but at length, a Sunday-school teacher whose heart was full of genuine love (a certain Mr. Kimball) placed his hand upon his shoulder and asked him if he would not "give his heart to Christ." This act made one of those indelible impressions upon him which any appeal to his heart or soul always left. He is perhaps to be taken literally when he says "I can feel the touch of that hand upon my shoulder yet." The question aroused a dormant spiritual nature.

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\* Incident related by Mr. Moody on page 402.

It is doubtful if he in any way comprehended the emotions which began to boil up from his deep young heart; but they were unmistakably religious, and he sought to join the church. He was, however, so rough, uncouth, and ignorant that the old deacons shook their heads and put him on "probation." Many years afterward, with that eagle eye of his, he spied one of these very men in one of his great meetings in England, called him to the platform, and introduced him as "one of the deacons who did not think he was fit to come into the church!"

It was one of the innumerable dramatic incidents of his life, and was paralleled by another, when, years later, he

had the privilege of leading the son of his former Sunday-school teacher to undertake the Christian life.

Boston proved but a cage for this young eagle, and he sighed for the boundless opportunities of the "West." When he was nineteen he took flight and alighted in Chicago. It was the natural habitat for a spirit striving for the fullest possible expression of itself.

He found work at once, and took his place in that procession of young men who were not only laying the foundations of their own subsequent enormous fortunes, but building a city without parallel in the history of the world. He was in his element at last. Here was boundless room, and here were unlimited opportunities. He settled down to his work, and it soon became evident that he had a great future of some kind before him. No obstacle appalled him and no work was too hard for him. If customers did not come to see *him* he went



DWIGHT L. MOODY AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE REMOVED FROM THE FAMILY FARM TO BOSTON.

*(From a photograph.)*

out to find *them* in the highways and byways, until it came to be a proverb as he was seen running down some country merchant in the streets, "the spider is after the flies again."

The religious emotions kindled in his young soul were still burning, and he at once identified himself with one of the Congregational churches, rented five pews, and undertook to keep them filled with young men.

On his first attempts to take part in the religious services in the elegant church with which he had united he had been tartly advised that his rough and ready speeches were objectionable. He abandoned them without resentment; but there was something in him which had to find vent, and so he asked for a Sunday-school class in a little mission on North Wells Street, and was told that he could have it if he would go out and get his own scholars. This was a simple task for a young fellow who was used to hunting up country merchants in the streets, and he appeared next Sunday with a complete outfit of ragamuffins, an embryonic Falstaffian army.

It would be a matter of the most profound psychological as well as spiritual interest to be able to penetrate the motives which impelled this young fellow, boiling with animal spirits, into this kind of endeavor. It is easy enough to solve the problem by saying that it was "love for souls." No doubt it was, at the bottom. But at the age of nineteen or twenty a man's ideas of life are strangely mixed. He certainly did not have any clear system of thought about the great spiritual problems of existence, and it is likely that what seemed to him and to others an "interest in souls" would resolve itself upon analysis into a passionate love of human beings just because they were human like himself. His heart had always been sensitive and tender. He loved all living things. He also had the instinct of helpfulness to a very high degree. It was as natural for him to run to the assistance of any one in trouble as to escape from personal suffering. That he had acquired the power at this age to differentiate soul from body as an object of interest and devotion in any such way as the phrase would indicate seems extremely doubtful. Perhaps he did not



analyze his feelings at all. In fact, a careful self-analysis was unnatural if not impossible throughout his entire life. He lived in the objective rather than the subjective world. He acted upon impulse rather than reflection, and the conception we have formed of those first endeavors is that of a great loving Newfoundland dog pulling little children out of the water in a blind love and devotion. Besides this, such efforts gratified, in the easiest and quickest way, that innate love of activity and of organization which amounted in him to a passion. In the store in which he was only a subordinate, or in churches already equipped with workers, he found no real scope for his independent talents. In this little mission he sought an opportunity to develop along his own lines. And so, with resistless energy and purpose, he threw himself into the activities of the place. But it was not long (either because he ran against snags or because his talents were still too much confined) before he branched out in an independent effort of his own. He rented the "North Market Hall" on his own personal responsibility, and for the first time began to find the raw material of human life plastic to his touch.

There now followed a series of experiments and adventures which, if they were written up by some one with the talent for the true comprehension of such phenomena, would make reading as fine as *Don Quixote* or *Rabelais*. They are still incrustated with the rind of "evangelicalism" or (shall we say) "cant" phraseology. In every form in which we have seen them printed they all have the Sunday-school or tract flavor. But the fact of the matter is, that they were simply elemental in their perfect naturalness. Possessing as real a genius for understanding and controlling human nature as did Alexander or Napoleon, his first rude endeavors with that divine material were as charming as those of the young Mozart with musical notes, or Praxiteles with clay. He brought to bear upon his task a wit as keen as Sydney Smith's, a tact as divine as Fenelon's, a devotion as undivided as St. Paul's, a love as true as St. John's. The "stuff" was rude and he was rude with it often; but generally wise and always kind. At twenty years of age

he struck out in absolutely original lines of dealing with the little heathen whom he found in lanes and alleys. It was not long before the children were literally swarming at his heels. His bare appearance was the signal for a pell mell rush. He had no trouble in getting them to come to him, but only to find places for them after they came. Into the work which he undertook he impressed other people as violently as ever the English navy did! He caught one of the rising men of the city (a life-long friend) and elected him superintendent (*nolens volens*) by the wild acclamations of his little howling multitude. Everybody that came had to teach or speak. If they refused, he pushed them forward where they could not escape. At first the crowd was a disorganized mob; but he soon drilled them into veterans. Sometimes he bribed them with maple sugar, sometimes by telling them stories, and, when it became necessary, he thrashed them! Always and everywhere, by one means or another, order rose out of chaos, until at last, at twenty-three years of age, he had built up a Sunday-school of more than one thousand pupils, which was the wonder and astonishment of multitudes of curious visitors.\*

The soul of anyone who studies this period carefully becomes absolutely thirsty for a fair and full record of these adventures. He ran against every phase of human experience; dragged men out of saloons; captured the children of drunkards; saved men from crime; brought relief to the poor and to the sick, and sunk his plummet down into the depth of human misery. In those six years of unremittent labor in this North Market mission he came to know what human nature was in its naked simplicity. It was this swift disclosure of the suffering and the sin of human life that developed and ripened his intrinsic love for mankind into what can be called by no other name than a passion. He came to see with an unclouded vision that man was capable of redemption; that he was the victim of circumstance as well as of nature; that he needed human help as well as divine. With a concentration that must remain forever a wonder, he fixed his attention upon the higher

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\* Referred to by Mr. Moody on page 455.

elements of manhood and womanhood and childhood. He gradually lost his interest in the business of making money and became absorbed in that of helping out into a larger and truer life these elementary creatures whom he saw imprisoned in the shell of their own selfishness and brutality.

This enthusiasm is the stumbling block of the average student of human life. He regards it with suspicion. But why should it be any more strange that a man should have a passion for the discovery of the angelic elements in human nature than that he should have a passion for collecting rare china or breeding pouter pigeons? Whatever has been said or shall be said as to the genuineness of such disinterested devotion in the heart of this awkward, uncultivated youth, there was kindled a passion for the spiritual natures of men that for forty years burned in him like an inextinguishable fire.

The instrument with which he sought to accomplish their redemption was the English Bible, which, it must be confessed, he read with the greatest difficulty. There were no "International Sunday-school Lesson Helps" in those days, and he fell into the habit of opening his Bible at random and beginning a rambling discourse without head or tail upon the subject which it suggested to his uneducated mind and active imagination. But there were a few great central ideas which he had grasped; which he held with the tenacity of a bull dog, and which he learned to illustrate from human life in a way that made them flame and glow to every one who heard them. They were such conceptions as "The Love of God for Men;" "God's Love Manifested in the Life of Jesus;" "The Rewards of Good Conduct and the Punishment of Bad;" and "The Possibility of Instant Salvation to any Sinner who should accept of the death of Jesus as his Atonement."

With these great truths well in hand he set to work to save men, and he succeeded. That old mission was the scene of some of the most remarkable reclamations of the vicious and depraved that any place on the globe has ever witnessed. It deserves a bronze monument far more than many battlefields.

It was during this period that his connection with the

Young Men's Christian Association began. This institution was then new, and at once awakened his interest. Into it he plunged with his accustomed headlong and unreasoning enthusiasm. There is no doubt that he often made himself a nuisance, and that there were many people who could think of nothing but a bull in a china shop when they saw him enter! He upset every plan. He cut through all red tape. There never lived a man more thoroughly unconventional. The opinions of other people had no weight with him as to the best way of doing things. No matter how they had been done he would have a try and see if there was not a better way. But while he tormented the navigators in easy sailing, as soon as the weather became at all rough they were glad to take aboard this sturdy pilot. The association went through some dark days and he came to its rescue. He took the noon meetings in hand, and they began to respond to his charmed touch. They filled and then they overflowed, and finally became one of the features of Western life. Strangers who came to Chicago were as sure to go and see the Market Street mission and the association as strangers in New York to see the Bowery.

This work and his growing success in it was slowly crystallizing a resolution that had been long in a state of solution. It was to devote his entire time to such enterprises.\* Business had lost its charm. The fascination of this nobler effort had enslaved his mind and heart. He had saved about a thousand dollars, and with this as his entire capital renounced secular avocations once and for all. This was in 1860. Not long after this step had been taken, his old employer met him and asked: "Moody, what are you doing now?" "I am working for Jesus Christ" — and there has not been a day nor an hour of his life since when this reply would not have truthfully answered the same question. His thousand dollars soon slipped through his ever open hand. How he lived afterwards was a mystery. To those who asked him and who blamed him for his lack of worldly wisdom, he always answered, "I am working for God and he is rich."

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\* Incident related by Mr. Moody on page 456.



This is another fact that excites the incredulity of many who hear the story of his life. But there is no ground at all for skepticism. For more than forty years this was his method of subsistence. He never had any business; he never had any salary; he never had any guaranteed income; he used all the money that came from the royalty on his hymn books for benevolence, and yet he lived! He saved no money to speak of, and left little if any property aside from his home and a life insurance; but he never wanted, and passed "uncounted thousands" through his hands to innumerable worthy causes and people. This is an exceptional experience. There have been other such; but not many. It could not be made the law of life, for someone must produce the wealth which supplies the wants of these exceptional people. But it is certainly not improbable that such people should be found in a life so complicated as ours. Their time and strength are surely needed for the higher interests of existence. There is no insoluble mystery in such an experience even to the unreligious, for those who do not believe that God fed him as He did Elijah, ought to know that such men will never be permitted to starve; for people inevitably love them and trust them and give them money. They use what little they need and pass the rest along.

## CHAPTER II.

Opening of the Civil War — Mr. Moody Enters into New Experiences — An Important Epoch of His Life — His Work as Chaplain in the Union Army — Its Effect on His After Life — Organizing a Church of His Own — Raising \$20,000 to Build His First Church — His Helpers and Leaders — Sleeping on Benches or on the Floor — His Great Capacity for Work — “Getting the Hang” of Meetings — His Inexhaustible Fund of Anecdote and Story — Captivating Eastern Audiences — Some of His Amusing Oral Blunders — His Marriage and Home Life — Scraping the Flour Barrel at the Bottom — Getting Hold of the Bible — Discovers the Value of Music — Meeting Mr. Sankey for the First Time — The Partnership that Followed — Plans to go to England on an Empty Pocketbook — The Shadow of Coming Events.

WITH the opening of the Civil War, the expanding life of the young apostle of helpfulness entered a new realm of experience.

Why so courageous, patriotic, and enthusiastic an American did not become a soldier is not easy to guess. Perhaps he felt that he could be of more service to his country in attending to the wants of those who were in the line of battle. So it proved at least. The needs of the soldier boys, temporal and spiritual, stirred his compassionate heart to its depths, and he was one of the very first to grasp and develop the scheme of the Christian Commission. Into it he threw his whole heart and soul. In those four bloody years the good he did and the benefit he received in this thrilling experience made it one of the most important epochs of his life. Young as he was, he had already attained an influence which made his judgment respected by men his superiors in age and in wisdom, and brought him to the front in great emergencies.

The effect of this terrible experience upon his own mind can be traced through all the rest of his life in many of his sermons and addresses. The immense activities which he beheld, the mighty organization of the army, the heroism of the men in battle, their patience in suffering, their gratitude for kindness, the revelation of their spiritual natures in sickness and death, the blood, the tears, the carnage, the awful pomp and pageantry, lend a new color, deep, somber, solemn, to all he did and said.

But exciting and attractive as this work was, it did not wean him from that to which he had given his heart in Chicago.

In 1863 (when he was twenty-six) he raised, by his own unaided efforts, \$20,000 and erected on Illinois Street, not far from the Market Street mission, a commodious church with tower and spire for his great and growing Sabbath-school. There was a continuous stream of converts to the life which he held up as the divine ideal. What to do with them became a serious question. Because they were poor and ignorant they did not fit into the membership of neighboring churches. He was therefore shut up to the necessity of organizing a church of his own. The problem of its ecclesiastical nature and relationships, of course, arose. He called a council of min-



DWIGHT L. MOODY AT THE AGE  
OF 26.

*(From a Photograph.)*

isters and the subject was debated at length, but the reverend theologians not being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion he cut the knot (he has cut more knots than any man who ever lived) and organized it upon an absolutely independent basis. Into its development as a settled, independent, unordained, free-lance minister (the friend of every

church and the enemy of none) he now plunged with all his heart. Such bushwhacking work was surely never done on earth before! It was as original as if it had been the first ever undertaken! But it went! Everything he touched did! He worked into it every kind of material upon which he could lay his hands, as birds build their nests. All that came to his mill was grist, and he gathered around himself a band of helpers who for zeal and faithfulness and devotion to their leader might be called apostles. The love between them and their leader was romantic and worthy of the noblest souls. They did anything and everything he told them to. If the work called for great sacrifices they made them. If it needed time and money they gave them. If they had to stay at the meeting-house all night, they slept on benches or the floor. The story is a romance. Laughter and fun were blended (as always) in this strange life, with tears and solemn earnestness. Everything was natural, spontaneous, unconventional, heartborn. His capacity for work was something incredible, and must be dwelt upon at length in a proper place. He never seemed capable of exhaustion. His record on one New Year's day was two hundred calls, during many of which he dropped upon his knees with lightning-like rapidity, fired a prayer to heaven, as a hunter would shoot a gun — and was off!

A fine description of some of those pastoral visits would have been as good a subject as Kipling ever found in barrack or jungle. One would think that this complicated church would have taxed all his energies; but while all this was going on he was elected president of the Young Men's Christian Association on the platform "that the only way to get a building was to put Moody at the head of the institution!" This was an invariable guarantee of success, and did not fail this time. He accepted (as he always did), ran, talked, begged, commanded, until there was no more resisting him than an incoming tide. Everything began to seethe and boil under the flames of fire which he kindled, and sure enough, the prophecy was fulfilled. The first Farwell Hall was the reward of his labor, his faith, and his genius. With this fine plan to work



in he began to push the spiritual activities of the place with as strong a hand as the material. The noon meeting was the special feature and became almost as widely known as the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. In interest and surprises it probably surpassed anything on earth. To be grabbed on the street by a sturdy, hustling young fellow, pulled into the hall, asked right in the meeting "whether he was a Christian, and if so why he did not testify," became an experience which men expected almost as much as to be solicited for alms by beggars. Everything was on the high tide and humming with life when, in January, 1868, the building (not four months old) suddenly disappeared in a holocaust of fire. This was nothing! The coals were yet burning when he had his plans laid for its successor! The way the Phoenix rose out of the ashes was nothing to the way that new hall sprang out of the smoldering embers of the old one. It soon became a place of more than national influence. It was the center of the great religious activities of the city, and it is not too much to say that everything that radiated from there was filled with the spirit, if it did not take the direct impress, of the heart life of this impassioned apostle of goodness. And still he was "spoiling" for work. A church and a Young Men's Christian Association were not enough to consume the boiling energies. Even Chicago was not big enough to hold him!

Another sphere gradually opened to him, in which he received his most direct training for that work which he was to do later on. Early in his career he had occasionally been called upon to attend and participate in Sunday-school conventions held for the purpose of stimulating teachers to more intelligent and earnest efforts. It did not take him long "to get the hang" of such meetings, and he soon began to make himself felt. His wide experience, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, his imperturbable good nature, and strange, droll humor, but above all, the spiritual fervor of every word he uttered, soon gave him an extraordinary influence at every such occasion. It did not take him long to become well known, and his reputation gradually became national and even extended into

Canada. He was sent for even from the conservative East, and on more than one occasion astonished and captivated the people of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York.

The charm of the man was undoubtedly in his absolute simplicity. While he possessed the germs of a consummate art, there was not the trace of artificiality. He was an uneducated man, and made no attempt to conceal it. In all his life he never posed. When he made his blunders — and they were legion — he laughed with those who laughed, and went straight forward. “We have with us this morning a young man who is studying in a theological cemetery!” “The lady who is going to speak to you now will tell you how pickled (speckled) trout are raised.” “Love John Bull! (in a Canadian convention) I guess we do! Our hearts just warm to her!” Such *faux pas* were too frequent occurrences to phase him. A shrewd observer said of him, “Moody is impetuous and is always making blunders; but he never makes the same mistake twice.”

These varied experiences did for him what his future required. They gave him familiarity with all sorts of people in all sorts of places and in all sorts of conditions. He often found them uninterested and not infrequently hostile. Some were ignorant and others too wise. He learned to read an audience, as some people learn to read a man. There is a physiognomy of a crowd, and he became an expert in deciphering it. To put himself *en rapport* with it soon passed from study and effort to second nature and instinct. He acquired a complete knowledge of all the practical difficulties which people encounter in their individual life and work, through his “question drawer” system. There is, of course, a limited range of such difficulties and problems, and after a man has been in fifty or a hundred meetings and had them fired at him as if from Gatling guns he has become familiar with the whole gamut and cannot be taken off his guard. Perhaps no man who ever lived has more often been confronted with more sudden surprises. What he said and did was continually turning out different from what he expected. In every embarrassment he doubled and turned like a rabbit in the chase. The com-

plete self-confidence — in the best sense of the word, for it will be shown that in the worst sense he never had any — thus acquired became of inestimable value. It seems certain that he never really felt that uneasy and fatal consciousness of “incapacity” which destroys for many men the very possibility of success.

Such experiences as these perfected that equipment which he needed in the practical management of assemblies of men. In the meantime, and by many different ways, he was undergoing a similar preparation in other departments. There can be no doubt that the blind feeling of love and care for all who suffered and were in trouble had gradually undergone an enormous development, and that he had by this time become fully conscious of that spiritual nature in man which has excited the interest and the devotion of the noblest beings who have ever lived. It had grown into what he described as “a passion for souls,” and to see anyone anywhere pass through that tremendous change in which the soul recognizes itself as immortal and accepts God and eternity as its real good, was to him an experience more full of ecstasy than the discovery of gold in the vein of a mountain or love in the heart of a maiden. No other view can adequately explain the ardor and passion with which he devoted himself to this work through forty years of ceaseless labor.

The peace and rest which such a nature needed, and which can only be found in a perfectly happy home, also came to him.

On the 28th of August, 1862, he was married to Miss Emma C. Revell. If ever a love was deeper, if ever a happiness more complete, than that of these two lifelong lovers, it must have been somewhere when the world slipped a cog and earth touched heaven! Children came to bless the union, and that prodigal love which he had lavished upon the ragged gamins of the street was now evoked by little children who called him “father.” The home which the lovers established was one of simplicity and hospitality. The latch-string was always out! The story of that domestic economy is both an idyl and a psalm. The friends of the man and his work made

him a present of the house he lived in, and "the ravens fed them." It would be easy enough to present a grave religious picture of these two parents solemnly and devoutly waiting upon God in prayer for their daily bread, and going about their labors in a saintlike frame of mind. It would be a true picture, but only a partial one, for to those who knew them best that air of solemn and august piety was missing. They were more like birds who started out in the morning with perfect confidence in their ability to find their food and a complete abandon to the joy of work and song. Their lives were probably as full of bounding happiness as those of their children. The truth of the matter is that the bread and butter problem never puzzled Mr. Moody as it does the rest of us. He took it as a matter of course that the Master for whom he labored would provide the sustenance of the toiler. Although the flour barrel often had to be scraped at the bottom, he never gave himself any care. His confidence was never betrayed, and he grew so accustomed to opening letters and finding checks in them, or having money handed to him on the street, that it was as natural as drawing his salary!

It was during this same period that the final touch was given to the equipment which he needed for the great mission of his life. He had been so full of other work that he had never had time to give to the preparation of his addresses. Those which he did not "shake out of his sleeves" were forged upon platforms and in pulpits. His knowledge of the English Bible was painfully incomplete, and no man ever had to work with a more meager kit of tools. But there came to Chicago one fortunate day a young evangelist by the name of Rev. Harry Morehouse, who perhaps did more for him than any other person who ever touched his life.\* He delivered seven sermons in Mr. Moody's church on "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Mr. Moody was away at the time; but when he returned he learned about these sermons and came under the spell of that very gentle, beautiful,

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\* Incident related by Mr. Moody on page 460.



holy, and learned student of the English Bible. Morehouse told him frankly that he needed a better knowledge of that Bible to enable him to win souls. And, what was more and better, he gave him the very method by which *alone* he could have in any way made up for the deficiencies of the past. It was the method of the "Bible reading." He taught him how to use the Concordance to advantage and how to weave together in a single discourse many different texts which bore upon the same theme. This was perfectly simple, comprehensible, and possible. With his accustomed insight, Mr. Moody saw that here was the very thing he needed, and he did not lose a moment in putting it into practice. He never wasted three seconds in anything he could not do; but what he could do was worth all the work it cost. The method was perhaps an imperfect one for the most perfect comprehension of the Scriptures, and as well calculated to lead an abnormal mind astray, as to lead a normal mind aright. In fact it has been responsible for the collapse of many an eccentric though devout soul. But with his strange prescience, or through the divine providence (or both), he escaped, as he always did, the evils of any course he adopted.

His mind had never been trained to logical reasoning or scholarly methods, and, in fact, was perhaps incapable of proceeding in that manner to the discovery of truth. It was so constituted that it gathered its conclusions from multiplied impressions of many sorts, as a bee gathers the sweets of flowers and turns them into honey. And so where other and eccentric minds used this method to find quotations which substantiated their vagaries, he used it to discover those which supported the few great central conceptions which were the entire stock with which he did his great business. The result, therefore, of his patient, ceaseless, heroic struggles to master the sacred Scriptures was that he accumulated a vast fund of texts and stories to illustrate the truths which he wished to hammer into the minds of men. His Bible got to be at last (that portion of it which he needed) at his very finger tips. He never fell down on his method. He gave it finally an enor-

mous vogue, and while the crowds of his servile imitators made themselves and the Book ridiculous, he used it to delight and instruct millions. In addition to the newness of the method was the marvelous freshness which his own simple and childlike apprehension gave it. Owing to the natural constitution of his mind, the words of the Scriptures took possession of his faculties in the same vivid way that they do those of a child. No one familiar with his utterances can doubt that he had an imagination of a very high order. Had it been trained to poetical expression it could have produced forms of great literary beauty. Before this powerful faculty the heroes of Scripture really lived and its truths absolutely glowed. Faith is only a spiritualized imagination, and his imagination was spiritualized as truly as that of a great inventor is materialized. Most ministers and students of the Bible confess that it requires their strongest efforts to give reality and vitality to the facts recounted in the sacred oracles. Their minds have become suspicious by investigating all the evidences for and against the supernatural elements of the Bible. Their hold upon them is the result of effort. With Mr. Moody it was different. No question of their reality ever for a moment troubled him. They were as real as if he had seen them with his own eyes. Every one who heard him speak felt this, although perhaps they were not always conscious of it, and this vivid apprehension of the facts of Scripture was the greatest source of his pulpit power.

All his natural gifts had now undergone a high development. The consciousness of them had been pretty clearly unfolded to himself. The wings were nearly grown and the eagle began to plume them for a wider flight.

One thing, however, was still lacking. He had discovered the value of music in kindling the emotions of men and putting them in a receptive state for his influence. The fact that he realized the importance of this is another evidence of the range of his powers, for he had absolutely no knowledge of music and could not even sing a note. Just what pleasure singing gave him personally is an unsolved problem, and perhaps in-

soluble. It has sometimes seemed to those who observed him carefully that his pleasure was an indirect one, and came from seeing its influence upon others. At any rate he discovered what it could do at public gatherings, and he early began to grope around for some way in which it could be made to subserve his own particular needs. It was a remarkable coincidence (let us rather call it Providence) that just at this time there appeared a class of men working along the very lines which he was blindly following. The pioneers were Philip Phillips and P. P. Bliss, whose aim was not to sing hymns, but the "Gospel." At one of his conventions Mr. Moody heard one of their youngest disciples. He recognized instantly that he had found what he wanted. The story of his discovery and capture of his life-long friend and companion, Ira D. Sankey, is not only striking in itself, but typical of those innumerable experiences in which, without the slightest hesitation, he instantly summoned men to assume grave responsibilities with no other knowledge of their fitness than his own unaided intuitions, the confidence which he reposed in these intuitions being as unquestioning, apparently, as that of an animal in its instincts.

It was at a convention held in Indianapolis in June, 1871, that Mr. Moody for the first time heard the voice of the young Pennsylvanian. Mr. Sankey was thirty-one years of age, healthy, happy, earnest, and full of music. The singing had been dull until he stepped forward to lead it. Something in him fitted the need of the moment. The hymns rolled out sweet and strong. The whole audience was moved; but one of them was enraptured.

"Where do you live?" asked Mr. Moody bluntly.

"In Newcastle, Pennsylvania."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"How many children have you?"

"One."

"I want you."

"What for?"

“ To help me in my work at Chicago.”

“ I cannot leave my business.”

“ You must. I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business and come with me to Chicago.”

“ Well, I will think of it. I will pray over it. I will talk to my wife.”



IRA D. SANKEY, MR. MOODY'S YOKE-FELLOW, AGE 35.

*(From a Photograph.)*

He did so and accepted his call. This followed almost as a matter of course, for, speaking calmly and without exaggeration, it would be hard to find an instance in which this strange being thus laid his hands upon any one who did not instantly rise up and follow him in much the same way as did those whom Jesus called — his power to command the services of men absolutely being something that of itself alone would have



made him a man whose influence bordered upon the mysterious and even inscrutable.

These two companions (true yoke-fellows) worked together in Chicago for several months, and when Mr. Moody made his first trip to Europe he left Mr. Sankey in charge of his church. It was during this period that he began to make a scrapbook of hymns suited to their needs, and this little scrapbook was the nucleus of the "Gospel Hymns" — one of the most famous publications in literature or music.

This new partnership was only a few months old when an event happened which startled the civilized world. The great conflagration of 1871 destroyed Mr. Moody's home and church.\* "Have you lost everything?" asked a friend. "Everything but my reputation and my Bible," he replied.

Terrible as was the loss and great as was the catastrophe, the unconquerable hero set to work about its reparation as energetically as after the destruction of Farwell Hall. He rushed off East and began a campaign of begging which was a supreme work of genius, sending the proceeds back and telegraphing his friends to "build large," a motto that might be chosen by him as the best expression of his life purpose and a suitable inscription for his tomb. They obeyed him and erected a rough building measuring seventy-five by one hundred and nine feet, and good enough to answer their purpose until he could raise funds enough for the great permanent structure which he afterwards built at the corner of Chicago and LaSalle Avenues.

It was about this time that there ripened in the mind of Mr. Moody a purpose which had probably been long unfolding. It was to go to England upon an evangelizing tour. He had already been in England twice, — both times upon religious errands — conventions, conferences, etc.

That first trip will be long remembered for the incredible manner in which it was undertaken. He set the day for his departure; but did not have a cent with which to pay his expenses. However, this did not seem to disturb him in the

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\* Incident related by Mr. Moody on page 377.

least, for he went on with his preparations as if he had millions in a vault. There were still but a few hours left before the departure of the train, and yet the funds were not in sight. The trunks were packed and his family waiting. It was about time for some one to turn up with the money, one would think! And sure enough he did! A friend who thought that he would need some "*after he reached England,*" handed him five hundred dollars! There have been too many such strange events in his life to make it easy to call them mere coincidences.

During these journeys he had made many friends, some of whom had proposed that he should come over to England for the purpose of holding a series of conventions, and he now determined to accept — proposing to Mr. Sankey that he should be his companion. There can be no doubt that the determination to take this step was attended by mental emotions of a peculiar character. If "coming events ever do cast their shadows before," some vague conception of what he was to do must have agitated him unusually. He passed through the only recorded period of profound spiritual disturbance in his whole life. "It seemed as if the Lord was taking him to pieces," he said. It resulted in a more complete consecration, and a full-born desire to "go round the world and tell perishing millions of a Saviour's love," and the hope of "winning 10,000 souls for Christ in Great Britain."

### CHAPTER III.

Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey Sail for England — Their Arrival in Liverpool — The Sorrowful News that Greeted Them — A Discouraging Outlook — “ I Will be There to-night ” — The First of the Remarkable Meetings in Great Britain — An Audience of Eight Persons — How Interest in the Meetings Grew — Disagreeable Critics and Ministerial Sharpshooters — Taking Scotland By Storm — Mr. Sankey’s “ Kist fu’ o’ Whistles ” — The Excitement Spreads Among All Classes — Remarkable Scenes — Sweeping through Scotland and Ireland — The Evangelists Arrive in London — Mr. Moody Questioned by a Conference of Ministers — The Wit, Shrewdness, and Candor of His Replies — The Most Wonderful Meetings Ever Held in London — Personal Experiences — Dining With Mr. Gladstone — Premonition of Sudden Death — Followed by an Assassin — Arrest of the Would-be Murderer — Using up the “ Best Minister in Scotland ” — Farewell to London.

ON the 7th of June, 1872, the two companions sailed from New York and landed at Southampton seven days later.

The experiences upon which they entered may well be regarded as among the most remarkable which have ever befallen men, and as they are to be understood only with a full knowledge of the difficulties which they had to surmount and the extraordinary results they accomplished, we shall be justified in setting before ourselves a clear conception of the exact state of affairs which they confronted.

Here, then, were two young men thirty-three and thirty-five years respectively — comparatively unknown in the country upon whose shores they had set their feet. A few earnestly religious spirits in Great Britain had heard of the rough bush-whacking work which they were doing and had extended them an informal invitation to undertake their present mission. The customs of the country were almost as much unknown to the

young adventurers as they to the country. They were used to handling audiences in their native land; but so great are the differences of national custom that this was more likely to prove an obstacle than an advantage. The people among whom they were about to begin their labors were less inflammable, and more conservative, than those to whom they had been accustomed. An established church was entrenched in all the glory, opulence, and (without disparagement be it said) pride of its antiquity and its power.

Against such odds as these the two resolute youths sternly set their faces to make an impression upon this rigid and unresponsive life. They had come for large game. It was their purpose to excite a wave and not a ripple of religious feeling. That they succeeded is now a matter of history, and of great history, too, for it has been said by competent judges that Great Britain is not the same that it would have been without the effect of this campaign. There are those whose minds are so constituted (and they are undoubtedly the vast majority) who can be interested only or chiefly in those conflicts of opposing forces which involve the outlay of brute strength. The shock of hostile armies, the death grapple of great military machines, the rout of panoplied battalions by strength or strategy, they can comprehend and enjoy. But there are now and then a few elect spirits who can perceive the fascination of struggles of a different character — those in which invisible spiritual forces contend on bloodless fields. To them the struggle which now begins will have a higher and more enduring fascination. It is the battle of life against death; of two young men from a new world battling with the hoary customs and prejudices of the past. To see a ready and pungent wit; a sweet and serene temper; an adroit and invincible courage; a homely but sublime eloquence; simple but sweet songs; a religious zeal pure, noble, consuming — disarm prejudice, conquer bigotry, paralyze opposition, turn curiosity into admiration, lead captivity captive, spoil principalities and powers, and do it swiftly, unerringly, and gloriously — this they think a more edifying and thrilling spectacle than the



mere struggles of men turned into wild beasts and armed with deadly weapons.

When the daring companions arrived in Liverpool on the 17th of June they learned to their sorrow that two of the most influential of the gentlemen by whom Mr. Moody had been invited to England had died. This made it impossible for him to begin where he had intended; but he had a third invitation from Mr. George Bennet of York, the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. He telegraphed a notice of his arrival and asked when he should begin his work. The answer was to the effect that such was the religious indifference in York that it would take at least a month to get the town ready for his efforts! In reply to this not very encouraging response Mr. Moody telegraphed "I will be there to-night." He was! And after looking the situation over (it would certainly not have made any difference what condition he discovered) he decided "to go in at once!"

The first of that series of remarkable meetings which were destined to shake Great Britain was held in a little room in the Young Men's Christian Association building, and there were eight persons present! The congregations increased, but slowly and through the most herculean efforts of those interested. The first week, judged by those crude standards of success which men of a different caliber are accustomed to apply, were a lamentable failure. But these invincible warriors kept right on, and at the end of a month two hundred and fifty people had professed conversion and many church members had been quickened in their spiritual life.

From York they proceeded to Sunderland, where they began against such odds that it was humorously said by an observer that "Mr. Moody had one whole minister, three-fourths of another, and nothing or next to nothing of all the rest to help him." Things moved even harder here than in York, for he not only encountered indifference, but opposition. The preacher was certainly a good target for anyone who wanted practice! He was not an ordained minister. He used strange and unusual methods. His theology was crude. Ministerial

sharpshooters filled him full of holes; but they could not stop his fighting, and victory came at last.

From Sunderland they went to Newcastle. Their fighting blood was now up. Those who wish to see the story of this great campaign told in the strictest religious phraseology may object to such expression; but anyone who knew the man will see that only military metaphors will do! The same feelings which flamed in the bosoms of Oliver Cromwell and Sir Henry Havelock were burning in the heart of this resistless and terrible fighter — to his honor be it said! He had a work to do which had to be done and he was going to do it! Like those great heroes in every field of human struggle and endeavor, he relied on the arm of the Almighty; but he also made bare his *own*!

“We have not done much in York and Sunderland,” said he, “because the ministers were opposed to us; but we are going to stay in Newcastle till we make an impression and live down the prejudices of good people who do not understand us.” In other words, “we are going to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!” The great warriors are all alike.

They stayed and they conquered. People began to see of what stuff they were made and what they were driving at. A perfect furor sprang up around them. The potent spell of genius, character, consecration, wit, sweetness, love, had begun to work. Multitudes thronged from every point of the compass to see this strange spectacle. People of influence and power began to array themselves on the side of the two men who were its germinating causes. Committees waited upon them from many places, and besought them to visit many cities. They passed triumphantly through Carlisle, Bishop, Auckland, Darlington, Shields, and other places, and finally, on the 21st of November, 1873, arrived in Edinburgh, where great preparations had been made for their coming. This was manifestly their Waterloo — to enter and to face this metropolis of wealth, of learning, of power, and influence. The scene reminds one of that in which the Ayrshire plowman a half century before had made the same bold venture among the

lions. Some of the greatest preachers in the world had there set up a standard by which he must be compared. The common people were trained to theological discussions and were experts in all the questions of the Law and the Gospels. Prejudices were deeply entrenched, especially against informality and the irreverence of Mr. Sankey's "kist fu' o' whustles."

But the two plain men were now profoundly convinced that they were merely the instruments of a divine power and that they had nothing to do but to keep humble and be used. They therefore plunged into their herculean task without fear. From the very first it became evident that the most extraordinary upheaval of modern times had begun. The city may be said to have rocked with it. Every circle of life was agitated. Dr. Bonar declared at its close that there was scarcely a house in the metropolis in which one or more had not been won over to a new life. Society, business, politics, were all affected. Great waves of influence emanating from this center swept through the whole of Scotland. The very material elements of civilization felt the tumult, and the students of human life were confounded by the phenomenon. No one who did not attribute it directly to the influence of God upon human life could make head or tail out of it. It was easy enough at first to charge it up to superstition and the capacity of human nature for emotional excitement. But it was soon proven that the excitement was never irrational, not to say immoral. No appeal was ever addressed to the feelings which had not been first passed through the reason and the conscience. The effects upon character were revolutionary. The drunkard abandoned his cups; the adulterer resumed the practice of virtue; the thief restored his stolen plunder; the dishonest gave up their ill-gotten gains. Tested by every means which the most expert judges knew how to apply, the convulsion was beyond all question a spiritual one. It was noticed with profound interest and surprise that the work was at first more powerful among the middle and upper classes than among the lower, and, considering the training of the men for their mission, this was inscrutable.

But at length measures were adopted by the great strategist to reach all classes. His powerfully organizing mind grasped the problem of the sub-division of labor and solved it. Meetings were multiplied and distributed. Means were adapted to ends. The movement became as thoroughly systematized as that of a great army, and the details of the scheme were originated, grasped, held, swayed by the one master mind at the center. No army was ever more thoroughly organized or swung with easier power from the tent of a commanding general.

From Edinburgh the two Americans went down to Glasgow, and the same strange scenes were re-enacted there. It began to be discovered that the conditions made no difference with the results. The master mind knew how to cope with them all. Everything became plastic to his touch. The Glasgow meetings were begun in February, and continued with various interruptions and excursions to other places until the middle of May, when they made another three days' visit to Edinburgh, and from there swept through the north of Scotland — one might say like a triumphant army, except that no one moved but the commanders, who created their legions in every city which they entered. To disband an army and re-create it every three days in widely separate cities — this is unknown in military tactics.

In these few months the whole of Scotland had been stirred, and Mr. Moody, feeling that the movement would now continue without his personal effort, accepted an invitation to Ireland. It was in September that the grapple with still other difficulties and conditions began; but he was now assisted by the prestige which he had acquired. The same phenomena began at once to reproduce themselves, not only in Belfast, but in Londonderry and Dublin. For months the waves of this profound spiritual excitement rolled in every direction, and in December Mr. Moody, leaving it to be taken care of by the people who had so heartily sustained him, went over to Manchester.

Within a week "the most difficult of all English cities to kindle by anything but politics was fairly ablaze and the flames were breaking out in every direction." It is hard to find phraseology to describe these phenomena. The words which we are obliged to use have been so often uttered in intentional or ignorant exaggeration that the mind revolts at again em-



ploying them. But there is nothing else to take their place, and the chastened judgment of history confirms their accuracy.

London remained. Mr. Moody must test his doctrine, his influence, his resources, in the metropolis of the world. Any other man would have trembled. He was not even flurried. "If you want me to come," he said, "you must raise five thousand pounds for advertising, halls, etc." "We have already raised ten," they replied. He went down to have a preliminary conference with the ministers. It was a scene long to be remembered. They attacked him with questions from every side and upon every subject. In no single display of those remarkable powers with which he was endowed did he ever appear so utterly bewildering as when subjected to a running fire of questions. Those who have seen him thus confronted have beheld a display of wit, shrewdness, and candor which stands in the forefront of all the exhibitions of the resources of the human mind. It was simply impossible to corner him. It was a game in which he was never beaten. As a mere display of skill and courage and resource it was infinitely more exciting than a fencing match.

"How are you paid?"

"I have money enough for myself right in my pocket and do not ask for a cent."

"How about the money for the copyrights on your hymn books?"

"That is all in the hands of a committee to be used for public purposes."

"Is Mr. Sankey doing this to peddle American organs?"

"No."

"I am a ritualist. Will you send me all my proper and rightful converts?"

"I am not here to divide up the profits; but to get as many people as I can to give their hearts to Jesus Christ."

"Are you going to save the miserably poor?"

"Yes, and the miserably rich, also."

And then came that climacteric and triumphant reply which deserves to be immortalized and which turned every enemy into a loyal and lifelong friend.

"What is your creed?"

"It is already in print and in circulation. You will find it in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah!"

For adroitness, directness, effectiveness, this retort may

be safely placed alongside any ever given in a crisis by the lip of man.

On the ninth of March he began to fulfill his agreement to devote four months to the work of evangelizing the metropolis. It was divided into four different sections. The greatest rooms to be found in each were secured. Innumerable speakers were pledged to their work. The tremendous machine began to grind, and the hand upon the crank turned it with a power that perhaps was never surpassed in any similar undertaking. It must not be regarded as any disparagement of any of the other forces or influences at work to thus recognize the central factor. The singing of his companion was an adjunct without which this work could not have been done. The help of the ministers and of hundreds of consecrated laymen of the highest order of talent was also indispensable. The reverent mind will always keep before it the sublime fact that in every such movement dwells that Holy Spirit which is the light in all these new creations, the breath that woos into life spiritual natures which are dead in trespasses and sins. But it is also inevitable that as time passes and we begin to sift and analyze, we shall discover more and more clearly that all such great movements have their origin in the extraordinary capacities of some human being whom God has raised up and prepared for his work. And it is no irreverence nor any disrespectful hero worship to recognize and applaud and imitate so far as possible the methods, the talents, and the power of such a man.

Considered, then, in this tremendous undertaking, he must have the credit of accomplishing a task that, for obstacles overcome and results achieved, must be acknowledged to be among the greatest achievements of any man in any undertaking whatsoever. The amount of talent required for this organization, of resource for the overcoming of these difficulties, of inspiration and enthusiasm for all these efforts, the mere physical strength for preaching three and four and five times a day, for staying up far into the night to talk personally with converts, and then arranging for the prosecution of the campaign, are simply unaccountable.

The work was exactly similar in its character and results to all that had gone before. It stirred the great metropolis to the depths of its moral and spiritual life. It was like the passage of a great steamer through the bed of a river, by which the sediment at the bottom is agitated and brought to the surface.

It is of course impossible in so brief an essay to substantiate the assertions here made. To say that a city so vast was "stirred" may mean one thing to one student and another to another. Nothing could stir it all but an earthquake! No influence except the bared arm of the Almighty could touch every single life of all those millions. But this man and his great lieutenant probably affected the entire life of this metropolis as it has never been affected before, except in times when the life of the nation itself had been threatened. To stir a little country village is much. To agitate a metropolis of the world, this is the evidence of power before which we stand in a sort of awe. The mind which has once come under the spell of this wonderful campaign in Great Britain turns away from it with the same sort of reluctance with which he lays down the story of any great epoch or movement of human life. He feels that he has come in contact with elemental forces and with elemental men.

And it is with a reluctance equally great that he turns away from the narrative of Mr. Moody's personal adventures with some of the greatest men and women which the age has produced. He lived on terms of intimacy with many of them. We shall not aim at any chronological order in sketching a few. They may have belonged to any one of his several visits.

Some of his friends were anxious about his health, and finally, by a well-laid plan, introduced (against his will) one of the most celebrated physicians in London, Sir Henry Somers, I think. After asking a good many other questions, the doctor said:

"How often do you preach?"

"Oh, sometimes five times a day."

"You are a fool," said the doctor.

"How many hours do you practice?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Oh, sometimes sixteen and seventeen."

"Then you are a bigger fool than I am!" retorted Mr. Moody.

He once dined with Mr. Gladstone, and the grand old man, pointing to the evangelist's stomach and chest (it must have been later on, when he had grown stout) said, "Mr. Moody, I wish I had a *chest* and *stomach* like yours."

"And I wish I had a head like *yours*!" he replied, drawing his hand under his chin with a significant gesture.

Unconventional, but familiar; easy, but respectful, he met

princes, lords, educators, magnates with all the open and fearless courage of a man whom God had just taken from the soil of a new continent. He never despised a human being, but he never truckled to one.

The heart suffers an actual wrench to be compelled to turn away from that romantic story of his discovery of Henry Drummond; the call he gave him, as sweet and potent as the call to Saint John; the beautiful attachment; the year of unremitting and loyal service of the young recruit to the grizzled veteran; the devotion which never died — it is a beautiful, beautiful story.

How can one leave untold those dramatic and terrible dangers and temptations into which he was plunged in this maelstrom of excitement? It is impossible to do so altogether.

Some time during the first few weeks after the inauguration of his work the story was circulated that he had done something in America which had made the people lose confidence in him. It came on his work like a frost and bade fair to end it, when, just in the nick of time, a letter arrived from Chicago, endorsing him in the warmest terms, and signed by many of the best known clergymen.

Such coincidences became mere commonplaces in his altogether exceptional life; but perhaps the most dramatic of all was the one in one of the Irish towns where he made the statement that "a man who had ridiculed the meetings, and declared with an oath that he would never enter them, fell dead immediately afterwards." This declaration was challenged by a group of infidels who immediately set to work to disprove it. They went to the place where Mr. Moody alleged that it happened, and, after the most exhaustive search, could not discover the slightest evidence of such a tragedy. The results of their investigations were published and the most violent onslaught which he had ever experienced followed. It looked as if his doom was sealed, for even his most devoted friends could not defend him. He consulted with them all, but no one could remember exactly where the event occurred. Even Drummond and Sankey were helpless. Life had never looked so dark. He came nearer giving up than at any other moment of his existence. But the very next day, after every resource had been exhausted, a letter was placed in his hands, locating the scene of the tragedy just across the line from the town where he had said it had transpired! The proof was absolute and the vindication complete.



At one time he was seized with a sudden premonition of danger so acute as to shake even his iron nerves. In times of such prodigious excitement the most dangerous and fanatical cranks are always around. His impression was that one of their number was trying to stab him. It grew more and more vivid daily, and finally his nerves almost broke under the strain. He would leave the meetings unobserved and steal along through the shadows, being compelled at times, in sheer nervous exhaustion, to lean up against doorposts for support.

He reproached himself and tried his best to argue down the premonition. He locked his windows and his doors and did everything he could in self-defense except to employ detectives. The feeling haunted him for a week, and at the end of that time a man was arrested who had been daily dogging him with a firm intention of driving a dagger into his heart.

To choose an anecdote of another type (perhaps the most charming which he ever related), let us listen to his own story of how he raised the money with which the Carrubers Close mission was built in Edinburgh. His intimate friends urged him to undertake it, and he finally consented, saying, "Well, I will do it if you will furnish me the best minister in Edinburgh to go with me and introduce the subject to the people." This request was granted, and a fine, delicate, courteous preacher of immense personal influence and immeasurably long legs was pressed into the service. They started out together, and this reverend gentleman preferred modest requests for sums ranging from ten to fifteen pounds.

"I saw," said Mr. Moody, "it was going to take all winter at that gait, and so (not daring to criticise him) when we came to the next house (that of a very grand and wealthy woman) I said, 'How much are you going to ask *her* for?'"

"Oh, perhaps fifty pounds."

"I kept still, but when the door opened into the room where she was, I just pushed ahead and said:

"'Madam, I have come to ask you for two thousand pounds to help build a new mission down at Carrubers Close.'

"She threw up both hands and exclaimed 'Oh, mercy! Mr. Moody, I cannot possibly give more than *one* thousand.'

"This reply astonished the timid minister so much that he almost fainted, and when they got outside he said, 'You'd better go ahead.' And I did! About two o'clock we went to the minister's house for lunch, and while he and his wife were

apologizing because the lunch was so cold and small I was packing away everything I could lay my hands on so as to be sure to have enough to last me through the job.

"As soon as we had finished, out we went again, and by seven o'clock we had raised the whole sum (something like \$100,000), and I rushed back to the hotel and ate the biggest dinner of my life. The next day I left town, and not long afterwards received a note saying, 'Well, Moody, you raised the money; but you used up the best minister in Scotland, and we had to send him off for a three months' vacation.' "

The departure of these two men from London and from Great Britain was the signal for such a good-bye as was seldom ever said to man. They left a different country behind them from what they found. Old churches had been revived, new ones built, ministers converted or aroused to a new faith, prejudices removed, young men by the thousands rescued from useless lives and turned into heroes, university men quickened to spiritual life and sent out upon missions which have since become famous.

Surely, unless work done in the realm of the spiritual emotions is to be judged by standards different from all others (and the human element to be eliminated in our study of the phenomena, while all is traced to the divine), this exercise of power by these two plain men must be reckoned among the prodigies of human genius.

## CHAPTER IV.

Return of the Famous Evangelists to America — Great Preparation for Their Home-Coming — Erection of Buildings for Immense Audiences — The Campaign in Eastern Cities — Sweeping Through the South — A Work That Never Ceased for Twenty-eight Years — First Steps Towards Organizing Educational Institutions at Northfield — Great Results From Small Beginnings — The Northfield Seminary for Girls — The Boys' School at Mount Hermon — Mr. Moody Grapples with Intricate Problems — The Summer School at Northfield — Visited by the Most Famous Men of the Times — Marvelous Vacation Work — Cherished Life Plans — "I'm Trying to Reproduce Myself" — Mr. Moody's Fervor, Energy, and Faith — "I'm Awfully Concerned About this Matter" — A Man of Action, as well as Words — How He Raised the Money to Found and Support His Institutions.

THE return of the now famous evangelists to America was the signal for an ovation which would have turned heads less strong. It was a matter of course that they would be called upon by the citizens of their own country to try and do for it what they had accomplished for a foreign land, and, after a brief rest, they began a campaign not less remarkable for numbers influenced, and reaching over a territory immensely vaster. Great preparations for their coming were made in many of the large cities. Immense buildings were constructed (where they did not already exist), workers were trained in those original methods which had now crystallized into a system, choirs were taught the Gospel Hymns, and everything was made ready for their convenience. The first meeting was held in Brooklyn (October 24, 1875), in the rink on Clermont Avenue, which had sittings for five thousand people, and other large buildings like Talmage's church were pressed into service for the overflow of the enormous crowds. The scenes which had characterized the work in foreign countries were from the first moment reproduced at home, and as it was evident at once that the impulse which brought together these vast concourses was something more than mere

curiosity, the other cities which were watching the movement with an almost strained earnestness began confidently to expect the same results.

From Brooklyn they went to Philadelphia, where the same wave of enthusiasm followed them, and where, in addition to the other invariable results, that of raising \$100,000 for the Young Men's Christian Association building must be chronicled.

From Philadelphia they went to New York, where the work was as much greater than in other places as the city was greater in itself.

At the end of February, while Mr. Sankey went home for a while to rest, Mr. Moody went down to Atlanta, Ga., to help his friend Major Whittle in an evangelistic convention, and then turning northward through the greater cities of the South, like Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis, and Kansas City, reached his home in Chicago, where he opened with religious ceremonies the great church at the corner of Chicago and LaSalle Avenues, built during his absence, at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars, secured through his personal fame and efforts. August and September were spent in rest at his boyhood home. In October he returned to Chicago to conduct a campaign whose enthusiasm and results were enhanced by the pride and interest the people felt in one of their own citizens.

From Chicago they went to Boston, and, to the surprise of all, found no obstacle to their success in either its prejudices or its pride.

A protracted narrative of these meetings and of others like them would at last become monotonous. Let it suffice to say that in them all, with but slight variation of characteristics and effects, the familiar phenomena of hundreds and thousands of people awed into silence, moved to tears, driven to repentance, and led to reformation were ceaselessly reproduced.

The fact that he possessed a power which was altogether exceptional was now thoroughly demonstrated, and the future seemed to open to him a bright prospect of useful and noble labors.

The end of this first trip through America closed an epoch in Mr. Moody's life. This is not because he ceased to do what he had previously done, but because he began to do something else. During all the years whose other work it is now our duty to glance at, he continued to perform those prodigies of



preaching the Gospel regarded by him as the real call of his life. Every season saw him moving through the great cities of his native land like a whirlwind, or crossing the sea to renew his labors in Europe, which he revisited again and again. For twenty-eight years from 1871 to 1899, when he died, he kept up this work continuously, with only the brief rests which he took in the summer. In order to form a true estimate of this herculean task one must remember how seldom in the history of human life anything of a similar magnitude has been wit-



MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD IN WINTER, LOOKING EAST.

nessed. The work of Whitefield and Wesley sinks into insignificance when compared on the basis of the number of years through which it extended, the countries which they evangelized, and the number of people whom they addressed. Wherever Mr. Moody went through all these years, without any waning of interest, these vast crowds thronged about him. Day and night they surged against doors which had often to be closed upon them, up to the very last meeting, in which he addressed as great crowds as he had ever faced in his whole career.

It has already been observed that Mr. Moody had never

enjoyed the privileges of an education. This lack he always deeply felt; and early in his career he conceived a desire to secure for the young people who had suffered this same deprivation a training which would enable them to accomplish what he had done, but to do it even more effectively. Soon after his return from Europe he took the first steps towards its execution. The progress of this effort is replete with illustrations of the peculiar genius of the man. When he had anything to do he began — no matter where. His sagacious mind could be depended on to find a way through the most opaque and stubborn obstacles. There is something grimly humorous in the sight of a man who knew absolutely nothing about the science of education, entering in this bold and almost defiant way into a domain of action for which he had had no training whatsoever. He did not take any pains to inform himself as to methods. He did not ask advice. He simply started. Adding a few rooms to his home, he invited some of the daughters of neighboring farmers to assemble and begin their studies. The interest he took in their welfare, and the inspiration which that interest awakened in them, attracted many others, until finally the quarters were too small and he was compelled to begin enlarging them. Additions were made as fast as the occasions demanded, until, through the aid of friends who trusted his judgment implicitly, great buildings began to spring up like mushrooms in the immediate vicinity of his home. The first simple methods of instruction, which partook more or less of his own imperfect conceptions of the nature of a school training, were abandoned as fast as they were found impracticable. Teachers were tried one after another until he found someone who knew exactly what needed to be done, and into those efficient hands he committed the grave responsibilities of the rapidly growing school. The first large building was erected in 1879. The number of the pupils grew apace, until at last there was a large waiting list of applicants who could not be accommodated even in the commodious and splendid structures which now adorn the beautiful hillside.

While the Northfield Seminary for Girls was still in its infancy Mr. Moody decided to commence the same sort of work among the boys. A farm of four hundred acres just across the Connecticut River came into the market and he bought it. The first pupils assembled in the old farmhouse, and when they overcrowded it he erected a few brick cottages for their ac-

commodation. All who had the courage to ask for an education were admitted, and they streamed in from all over America and Great Britain. Taking this success as an indication that he should go forward, he erected dormitories and a large recitation hall, taking all chances and building as fast as the needs demanded, until now there are in these two schools something like twenty beautiful and permanent edifices.

In these two schools from six to eight hundred young people are at present receiving a careful training in all the more important branches of knowledge. They are certainly among the most remarkable and successful educational in-



DINING-ROOM, MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD.

stitutions in America. The tuition and board are as low as it is possible for them to be, and the instruction is of the very highest character. The influences are of course distinctively Christian. The dominant idea is that of "the development of the spiritual nature," and to this end everything else must be subordinated, although the course of intellectual training fits both sexes to enter the best colleges or universities in America.

An institution of a different character sprang up a little later on, as a sort of offshoot from the girls' school. Having a vacant building on his hands for a few months, Mr. Moody

invited any young women who wished to study cooking, dress-making, nursing, etc., to occupy it and pursue these branches along with a course of Bible instruction. This was such a happy hit and aroused such a hearty response that the school is now a permanent feature in this little educational realm.

It is not my purpose to describe these schools in detail, but only to make them illustrate the character and demonstrate the power of their founder. It is the strange genius which enabled this uneducated man to grapple with the most intricate problems of modern education and solve them, which arrests and startles our attention. Nothing seemed more certain at first from his wild and almost plunging efforts than that he had at last grappled with something that would throw him. But these twenty years have demonstrated that the great wrestler was up to his task. We marvel at the growth of institutions like those of Cornell, Chicago, and Leland Stanford University. But we must remember that these at Northfield were founded by a man who knew nothing of what he was doing until he did it, and who, instead of being given unlimited money to work with, had to raise every dollar as he went along.

It would have seemed as if these stupendous undertakings would have employed — if not have exhausted — the energies of a single man: but Mr. Moody never rested as long as anything else could be done.

In 1886 it was suggested to him that it might be a feasible and valuable idea to invite to Northfield (which had then become famous for its "Conferences") delegations of students from the different colleges, to hold a sort of "Summer School" for Bible study. The suggestion fell in with his notions and it was executed. They came from all quarters of the country, lived in tents, spent part of the day in earnest work and the rest in as earnest play, and came under the vitalizing touch of the master spirit of this religious epoch. So great was the effect of this conference upon the lives of those who attended it that they clamored for its repetition, and it grew at last into an established institution. During these conferences some of the most important events of the century may be said to have transpired. It was here that the "Students' Volunteer Movement" was born, and that hundreds and even thousands of college-bred men have dedicated their lives to the cause of Christian missions. Mr. Moody attended and supervised



them all, entering not only into the life of the assemblies, but into those of the individual men. This Summer School and this Student Volunteer Movement must be reckoned with by the historian of the religious life of the century.

These "student" conventions were an afterthought. The real "Northfield Convention" was born in 1880.

Mr. Moody's ideas of the nature of the religious life made it inevitable that he would inaugurate some such movement. He thought that it was a spiritual law that if men should put themselves in the proper attitude of mind and heart the baptism of the Holy Spirit would be bestowed upon them. Nothing



THE NORTHFIELD AUDITORIUM. IT HAS A SEATING CAPACITY OF THREE THOUSAND.

seemed to him to conduce more to this than public assemblages addressed by men of great spiritual power. He felt that if people could be thus gotten together in places where the undivided attention could be given to religious thought the mind would be awakened and the soul touched.

In 1880, therefore, he called a convention at Northfield for this purpose. It was well attended and his hopes were realized. The people who came received the very stimulus which he anticipated. The effect upon their lives was most extraordinary and justified him in repeating the effort the next year. With the exception of the three summers during which he was

absent in Europe, these conventions have been held annually, and have been regarded by competent judges as among the most potent factors in the religious life of the age. To them he gave the best energies and efforts of his life. He always brought to them those speakers whom he thought most able to awaken the enthusiasms of the divine life, no matter at what cost. Many of the most famous men of the age have been his guests at these times and have communicated impulses to the spiritual natures of the great audiences which will outlast life itself. But no matter who was there, Mr. Moody himself was always the soul and center of the whole movement. From him have always come the noblest and grandest shocks of spiritual power. The management of such complex meetings, the harmonizing of so many different views, the suppression of so much that was erratic, the development of so much talent that was latent, have been among the highest proofs of that marvelous power whose nature we are trying to fathom. This work, it must be remembered, was done in vacation! All these weighty and multifarious occupations were, so to speak, but the pastimes of a giant.

We have not yet finished our enumeration of the feats which Mr. Moody accomplished. Another task of a character intimately associated with what he was doing in Northfield had to be worked out. It was perhaps his most cherished life plan. He had long before discovered that there were multitudes of young people scattered over the country who, if they had the opportunity to study the English Bible under favorable circumstances, might develop into useful and successful workers in the life of the church. His conception of their availability for this purpose was the outgrowth of his modesty. He honestly believed that there was nothing remarkable about himself, and that there were thousands of people better able than he to accomplish what he had done, if they only would give themselves to such work with as much consecration. This conception seemed to some of those who knew him the most remarkable thing about the man. He actually did not believe himself to be possessed of any extraordinary talents. He attributed everything which he had done to the "influence of the Holy Spirit." He thought that if he could get hold of young men and women, impress them with his ideas, get them to seek this consecration, furnish them with a good understanding of the English Bible, and send them forth into the world, they could

turn the world upside down. One of his most common remarks was, "I am trying to reproduce myself;" and every time a fine young fellow began to follow and imitate him he seemed to be kindled with the hope that he had at last found a spiritual child. It was the longing of a mother for offspring. It was Paul's passion for spiritual parenthood. When I was pastor of his church I brought him several such men. He fixed his piercing eye upon them and said, "You want an education? What do you want it for? To do good, did you say? Are you in earnest? Well, get ready and start for Northfield to-morrow; I will pay your expenses." And then his great brown eyes, lit up with an almost maternal tenderness, would follow them to the door as if he were dreaming of their future.

For many different reasons he had been compelled to postpone the accomplishment of his plan for their education from year to year; but at last, in 1889, he came to Chicago determined to carry it out at all hazards, and I had the good fortune to be able to study the operations of his mind during the gestation of this great enterprise. It was to me the most impressive mental and spiritual exhibition I had ever witnessed. The fervor, the intensity of feeling, the prodigious energy of will, the confident faith, were like the mighty forces of nature. One day a few weeks previous, and while riding with him in his buggy in Northfield, he drove up a beautiful and quiet valley and began to talk about his plans. His eye kindled. His face glowed. Suddenly he stopped the horse, took off his hat, and said, in tones that sent a positive physical thrill through me, "I am awfully concerned about this matter. Let us pray God to help us consecrate ourselves to it!" That prayer went to heaven if anything ever did! It was propelled by a spiritual force that would have carried it across infinity. It filled my mind with an indescribable awe.

When he arrived upon the ground ready to begin, such was my curiosity about his mind that I studied its processes as a jeweler does the movements of a watch. He came to the scene of operation as a general would to a field of battle, seizing with lightning-like rapidity upon the strategic positions, utilizing every means towards his end; but utterly without previous definite preparation. Very little money (if any) had been promised, no pupils were actually in sight, the location had not been selected when he swooped down upon the field.

There were no moments in his life more full of interest to

the student of his strange nature than those in which he was *incubating* (if I may say so) — when his mind was *hatching* its thoughts. His manner was an “absent” one. His eyes seemed turned inward. He was not quite as talkative as usual, although he “came out of himself” suddenly and easily, but sank back again quickly. His brow was not often “knitted,” and the mental effort was not a painful one, at least apparently. Instead of straining itself after a conclusion I should have said his mind sank into a quiescent state, as a bird sits on a nest, and that his “conclusions” *came* to him, rather than awaited his approach.

He was in this state of mind for several days, as he moved among his friends talking about this new enterprise. I took him one day to look at a building site which seemed to me available. He said little, but the first glimpse of it evidently brought all his plans to a focus. With lightning-like rapidity he secured an option from the owners, and within a few hours consummated the bargain. Where he got his money from I could never discover, but almost before his friends knew what he was about the property (three large residences next the church on LaSalle Avenue and a large lot in the rear) was purchased, and he immediately commenced the erection of a commodious and beautiful building.

Scarcely were these plans unfolded to the public before young men and young women began pouring in from all quarters of the country, attracted by his fame, his invitation, and his promises. Perhaps no movement inaugurated by him ever received a more intelligent criticism than this. Many intelligent judges declared the plan unfeasible, and likely to flood the country with callow youngsters half fitted for their work. One very able article wounded Mr. Moody more deeply than anything that had ever been published against him; but he pursued his accustomed course and kept silent, although those who watched him closely could see his heart bled. The institution was on its feet, like everything else, almost before it was born, as all his spiritual and material children struck out for themselves at once, like those of fishes. It would take a book to describe it and its results. It would require another to discuss its merits and defects. The aim of this story of his life is to show that he possessed the genius and the power to launch it, and to point out the fact that like everything else he undertook he made it “go.”



In connection with this work it may be well to introduce a reference to another undertaking which evidenced the prodigious organizing power of the man, for it was around this school as a center that it was made to revolve. I refer to the series of meetings held during the World's Fair. Mr. Moody was not in sympathy with the Congress of Religions, and this fact, combined with the opportunity for such an effort, led him to organize a remarkable campaign of religious services lasting through many months. They were scattered through every part of the city, and their management was entirely in his hands. He directed all the movements like a major-general. It was his fame and labor which paid the bills. It was his faith that sustained his discouraged followers when one night



D. L. MOODY'S RESIDENCE AT NORTHFIELD, LOOKING SOUTH.

they found themselves with a deficit of several thousands of dollars. "Do not be troubled about a little matter like that," he said, and, dropping upon his knees, he laid the case before God. It is unnecessary to say that the money came. It always did.

In closing this list of his different enterprises, brief reference must be made to the latest offspring of his fertile brain and loving heart. It is an organization for the distribution of sacred literature. It has two aims, one the dissemination of such literature through the prisons of the country, and the other its sale for a merely nominal sum, to the masses of people who do not enjoy religious privileges. It has grown to enormous proportions. Immense sums of money have been contributed for gratuitous distribution and almost innumerable copies have been sold.

All these institutions were under full headway when he died, and by his own personal efforts he was raising the money to carry them on. The next day after his burial an appeal to the world to provide funds for the continuation of the "work begun and for twenty years carried on by Dwight L. Moody" was issued. The plea is entitled "Moody Memorial Endowment," and begins:

" 'I have been ambitious, not to lay up wealth, but to leave work for you to do,' were almost the last words of D. L. Moody to his children.

"The institutions founded by Mr. Moody are unique in character. They consist of the Northfield Seminary and Training School for Young Women, the Mt. Hermon School for Young Men, and the Bible Institute at Chicago. The Northfield plant consists of 1,200 acres of land and about twenty buildings, which, with the present endowment, are valued at one and one-quarter million, and is practically free from debt. At Chicago the buildings, land, and endowment exceed \$250,000 in value. The Northfield schools have about 400 students, each of whom is charged \$100 per annum for board and tuition. The annual cost is about \$200. At Chicago the amount required, approximately, is \$150 each for 300 students. In brief, therefore, the sum of about \$125,000 annually is required to maintain the work inaugurated by Mr. Moody on the principles successfully pursued for the past twenty years. This sum has heretofore been largely raised by his personal efforts. A fund of \$3,000,000 is asked for, which, at 4 per cent., will perpetuate the work of Mr. Moody."

To complete this glimpse of the herculean labors of the man it will be a pleasure, no doubt, to see the following enumeration of the buildings erected through his efforts.

His first building was the Illinois Street Church in Chicago, erected about 1858, for the shelter of his mission school and the church which grew out of it. His second building enterprise was the Young Men's Christian Association building in Chicago, erected in 1866, the first commodious edifice for Young Men's Christian Association purposes in this country. His third enterprise was the re-erection of the first Young Men's Christian Association building destroyed by fire, both known as the Farwell Hall. This also was destroyed in the great fire in 1871 and again rebuilt, mainly through Mr. Moody's efforts. The fourth and present beautiful edifice

stands partly upon the original site on land given by John V. Farwell. The other Young Men's Christian Association buildings in America for which money was raised by Mr. Moody and in whose erection he was more or less conspicuous were at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore, and Scranton.

In Great Britain these buildings were erected by Mr. Moody's personal efforts or from the inspiration of his works: Christian Union building, Dublin; Christian Institute building, Glasgow; Carubber's Close Mission, Edinburgh; Conference Hall, Stratford; Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth, London, and the Young Men's Christian Association building, Liverpool. In addition to the above are twenty or more buildings at Northfield, Mass., the Chicago Avenue Church, and Bible and Institute buildings, Chicago.

## CHAPTER V.

Mr. Moody's Wonderful Capacity to Stand Hard and Continuous Labor — Always "Ready for Business" — His Disregard of Ordinary Laws of Health — "Have You Got Anything to Eat?" — His Miraculous Power to Stand Fatigue — His Intellectual and Moral Endowments — Looking into the Faces of More than One Hundred Million People — His Wonderfully Retentive Memory — A Life of Incessant Activities — How He Treated Men he Personally Disliked — Dropping Men as if They Were "Hot Coals," — His Devotion to His Friends — Standing by Henry Drummond — How Drummond's Death Affected Mr. Moody — His Great Will Power — His Humility and Modesty — Refusing an Offer of \$25,000 for His Autobiography — Offered \$10,000 by a Newspaper for a Two-Hours Interview — The Power of His Eye — Did He Possess the Gift of Hypnotism?

IT has seemed proper to pursue the general course of Mr. Moody's life in a chronological sequence, and then to present a bird's eye view of the particular undertakings which he has originated, in order that confidence may be established in the claim that his character is one of the richest and most wonderful of modern times. It follows as a matter of course that those peculiar characteristics must be studied and analyzed if we are to discover the sources of his power.

It is too soon to succeed in this, but not too soon to begin, and it will be the purpose of the last part of this sketch to point out some of those strange gifts and indicate the lines along which further investigation must go.

Let us begin at the physical basis of life. He came into the world with a body endowed with the capacity to stand such strains as have been put upon few others in the history of the world. It seemed to have been constructed of steel and to have been incapable of exhaustion, and almost of fatigue. He did not need much sleep, and what he did need he could get at any time and under any circumstances, falling into peaceful slumber the instant he touched the pillow. No matter how late he retired he was likely to be up at five or, at the latest,



six o'clock, and, after a ride or a walk, was "ready for business."

His digestive powers were of the most perfect character. He appeared to be able (and inclined) to break all the ordinary laws of health. He would drink four or five glasses of water during a meal. He ate with the greatest rapidity and scouted Mr. Gladstone's rules of chewing each mouthful seventy times — with humorous contempt. Dashing into my house one evening after a day of terrific effort, he exclaimed, "Have you got anything to eat?" A large dish of pork and beans (of which he was very fond) was placed before him. He sat down, murmured a silent prayer, and, without interrupting his repast by a word, emptied the entire dish as fast as he could carry the food to his mouth. And yet this was done with a certain indefinable grace! He often ate voraciously, but never like an animal nor ever like an epicure.

In the later years of his life Mr. Moody's weight increased to more than three hundred pounds. Such bulk as this becomes an irreparable misfortune to most men, for they become sluggish and appear gross. Neither consequence followed with him. He was as light upon his feet as a boy, and the spiritual qualities in his personal appearance were not even cloaked.

In spite of this incumbrance his capacity for work was little short of miraculous. The physical vitality of the average minister is pretty severely taxed by the delivery of two or three public addresses in the week. Mr. Moody often delivered four and five in a day, five days a week through nine or ten months of the year, and then in vacation performed the hardest labors of his life. These efforts, until the very last trip, seemed to be mere gymnastic exercises to keep him in condition.

Passing from his physical to his intellectual endowments, his biographer will awaken surprise, and, perhaps excite incredulity; for it must be deliberately asserted that he possessed one of the most highly organized brains which the world has ever produced. He was not a "thinker" in the ordinary sense of that word. Whether it would have been possible for him to have become an original investigator like Edison, or profound philosopher like Emerson, is a matter of mere speculation; but his contribution to the store of original thought is very meager. He did not originate thought. He only appropriated it. He did not even create a new phraseology. He

simply seized upon that of daily life and breathed a new vitality into it. Compared with a man like F. W. Robertson, to whose pages the noblest intellects of the age have gone for fertilizing thoughts, Mr. Moody cannot in any sense be called an intellectual force. But it is not by logical reasoning merely that the grandeur of the human intellect is shown. The mind has another power not less wonderful. While some of the great geniuses of history have been compelled to arrive at conclusions through long and subtle processes of reasoning, others have reached them by a mental spring as swift as lightning. This is the power which we call "intuition," and it was this power which Mr. Moody possessed to a degree which filled the minds of those who knew him with wonder. I never knew him to pass through such processes of "reflection" as bring out the best results of most men's thinking. All he seemed to require was to have a given problem set before him in the clearest light possible, and he instantly saw the answer in all its bearings. It was like the mental operation of those mathematicians who astonish the world by their power to compute without addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division.

No single intellectual talent was more often the subject of remark than his memory for names and faces. He had unquestionably looked into the countenances of more people than any man who ever lived (100,000,000, Arthur T. Pierson estimates), and had made the personal acquaintance of more individuals than many of us have ever seen. And yet he seemed never to forget any of those who had once made a distinct and positive impression upon his mind! He could tell you the names of the "leading men" (a favorite expression) in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Boston, New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, Atlanta, or any other place in which he had ever been.

Such gifts as these are certainly not always accompanied by those of a fine moral character; but Mr. Moody was intensely and almost perfectly ethical. His ideas of truth and honor and virtue were most exalted. No attack has ever been made upon him here. He was incorruptible. Thrown into ten thousand delicate situations with women, and difficult ones with men, handling enormous sums of money and never compelled to render an account, he stands before the world a monument of fidelity and of purity, unsmirched, uncondemned, and even unsuspected.

He and Herbert Spencer were far enough apart theologically, but his heart would have responded to that noble sentiment of the great philosopher, "Rightness expresses of actions what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines."

It is no uncommon thing in life to see men of such extraordinary intellectual and moral endowments, cold, hard, just, and unloving. But tears start to the eyes of those who knew Mr. Moody well, at the thought of the absolutely inexhaustible depths of his love for all living things. Horses, dogs, cows, animals, and birds — all excited the emotions of his heart. In the realm of human life, love for all classes was a master passion. Misfortune, poverty, ignorance, crime even, could not throw anyone out of the pale of his universal sympathy. He had his antipathies, but they were not directed against any class. They were as likely to be aroused by the rich as by the poor, by the learned as the ignorant. These antipathies were never enmities. He had no hard feelings. He was simply *repelled*. He gave men a wide berth if he did not like them. But if he did he opened his heart to its utmost capacity. Little children, whether his own, his grandchildren, or the children of strangers, fled to his arms as to those of a mother. There never has been a home outside of Eden more filled with the divinity of love than his. To be in it, to see the play of affection, the absolute confidence and rest of love, was a beauty. .

There will be readers of these statements who will, however, raise one complaint against him. They will say that although he loved ardently he did not love forever. There are those who have been stung by what seemed to them desertion, and it is here that those who knew him best will have to defend him from the charge of disloyalty. That defense is simple. What seemed desertion was not really such. He was a man whose life was one of incessant and terrible activities. He needed helpers. When he found them he laid hands on them with a sort of affectional violence. He gave them his whole heart and trusted them implicitly. If the time came when they were no longer of service to him he dropped them and sought others. There is no use denying that when he dropped men it was as if they were "hot coals," and it was impossible for those from whom he had received such loyal and almost passionate devotion at one time not to feel as if he were unkind

and untrue when he turned away. But how could it be otherwise? Could he keep up intimacies with the thousands of people who at one time or another had been his lieutenants? It was a physical and mental impossibility. Sometimes those who had been thus abandoned had a chance to test that memory and that love, and it is safe to say that there came to them revelations of an unbroken and unqualified affection such as filled them with delight. The depth of that devotion, the utter consistency of that affection, can be proven by a thousand cases, but none would be more striking and interesting than that of his loyalty to Henry Drummond. It is now a matter of history how violently Drummond was attacked in Northfield during Mr. Moody's absence, for his advocacy of views which were regarded as erroneous in that supremely orthodox place. Mr. Moody was in the midst of his campaign in Chicago at the time, and many of his most generous supporters wrote and telegraphed that "if he did not denounce Drummond they would abandon him." Instead, he destroyed their messages, and, sending for Drummond, said: "I want you to take part in my meetings." With his accustomed grace and consideration the great author replied: "I should only injure *you* instead of your sustaining *me*." "Preach some of your old sermons," said Mr. Moody. "No, I would rather not take any part," Mr. Drummond replied. "Well, wherever you go or whatever you do, I am your friend, and I will stand by you with the last drop of my blood," said the old fidus Achates, and he did. He was in Cincinnati when the news of Drummond's death came, and that evening at my table he laid his knife and fork down and cried like a child. "He was the most Christlike man I ever met. I never saw a fault in him," he said over and over again through his sobs. No, do not let anyone do him the injustice of calling him unfaithful; it was only the lack of time and opportunity. It is one of the strangest coincidences of history that these two great men should each say of the other "He is the most Christlike man I ever knew."

All these traits would have had their beauty and value in a nature that was gentle, yielding, and lacking in vigor and purpose; but they would not alone have fitted a man to do a work which was almost co-extensive with Christendom. It was necessary that they should be animated by a will whose power was commensurate with their beauty. Fortunately for the world this sublime endowment was not lacking. Behind all



these other great gifts lay a force whose nature we do not and probably cannot understand. We call it "will power." It is that energy which impels the mind and body with resistless power along any path which it has chosen. In Mr. Moody it was like compressed air, powder, or electricity. Whenever a thing had to be done he sprang to it as a projectile leaps from a cannon, and nothing could stop his progress. He knew nothing of those periods of halting and hesitation, nothing of those hours of doubt and uncertainty which paralyze so many strong arms. To decide was to will, and to will was to do. To cite all available instances of this would be to rehearse the whole of his life story. One naturally chooses those which have come under his own observation.

During a visit in the rented house in which I lived in Chicago it became evident to him that a parsonage for the church was desirable. When this decision was reached he said suddenly, "I guess I will go and get one." Seizing his hat he rushed from the house, and within a few hours returned in a cab. Springing up the steps and bursting into the room he exclaimed, "Get on your hat and show me the house you want. Mrs. McCormick has given me the money." We started out and within a few moments he had purchased a residence worth ten or twelve thousand dollars.

This may be taken as a sample of innumerable instances, and, in fact, as the rule of his volitional action. Difficulties were nothing when opposed to the accomplishment of any cherished plan. They only served to stimulate all his powers, call out new resources, and lend actual joy to effort. Up to the very last hour the exercise of these powers seemed unattended with anything like discomfort. He put them all forth in the same way that boys do theirs, in that period where they do anything and everything to work off their surplus energies. Those great words which he uttered on his deathbed were the absolute truth. He had been "ambitious for work." He joyed like a Titan in struggle and effort.

Upon these basal elements his "spiritual nature" was erected. Perhaps it would be impossible to define that expression in such a way as to gain the assent of all classes of readers. There may be those interested in the man, *as a man*, who do not themselves believe in the spiritual nature nor in the spiritual realm. But there can be no room to doubt that whatever other men might think, he believed with all the ardor

and conviction of his intense nature that his soul was his true self. While he lived amidst visible, tangible, and audible things, he continually felt the presence of that which was beyond the reach of sense. An invisible realm was the real environment of his life. He gauged all his conduct and his effort by their relation to the life beyond the grave. Perhaps no man of modern times has come any nearer to being constantly in that state of mind by which Moses was characterized when it was said of him "he endured as if he really saw the invisible!" As a motive of conduct, it made no difference whether he really saw it or not. His impression of it was more vivid than that of the world of matter. It animated everything and interpreted everything. His consciousness of God was equally distinct. It was as real to him as that of any other person whatsoever — friend or child or wife. To most of us, tormented by invincible doubts, this seems incredible and impossible; but his belief in an ear that was ever open and a hand that was ever outstretched, was like that of a little child in the presence of its mother at the bedside in the dark. The reality of the Saviour's life and of his constant nearness was not less distinct, and there was a spirit — a Holy Spirit, brooding over him and taking possession of him at every moment of his life. I mean all this to be taken literally. I mean it to seem to those who read this story, as being something different from the dull, dreamy, vague feelings of the ordinary man with regard to these great spiritual facts. The things which to most of us are mere theories or hopes were to him burning realities. They glowed before his imagination like fire instead of gleaming with the faint radiance of phosphorus. We linger with an irresistible fascination over the problem of this power — a power which shook men to the center of their beings; suddenly disclosed another world; agitated dull consciences; aroused slumbering emotions; brought to life dead memories, and filled men with a sense of the realities of things which they had thought to be only dreams. We regard it as a mystery demanding our best efforts at solution.

The simplest way to dispose of it was to say, as he did: "It was the Holy Spirit." He always and utterly repudiated the idea that there was anything exceptional about himself, and multitudes of his friends substantiated his simple theory. It is easier to let it go at this; but it does not seem to satisfy our reason. It is like explaining the phenomena of a vast factory

in which enormous masses of raw material are transformed into objects of loveliness and usefulness by saying, "this was all done by electricity!" It is true that it was. This is the stupendous force that drives all the marvelous machines. But are the machines themselves nothing? Is it not necessary to explain the delicate mechanism through which the inscrutable force transmits itself? And is it not just as necessary to analyze the marvelous organism of the living man through whom God pours that resistless tide of energy? It does not seem fair to ignore the instrument entirely. There was a rugged sort of righteousness in that irreverent outbreak of Ethan Allen when the clergyman was ascribing the power of that great Ticonderoga victory to Almighty God, "Don't forget to mention Ethan Allen!"

There are always two factors — the motive power and the instrument. It is the latter with which we are now concerned, and even though the man himself refused (and with passion) ever to admit that there was anything exceptional about his nature, we must be true to our conviction that no ordinary man can be thus used, any more than a toy engine on a parlor table can be made to transmit the electrical current which propels a hundred street cars! No more convincing proof of this can be urged than the fact that out of all the multitudes of men who strove to produce similar results not one of them has ever done more than shine by a sort of reflected light. And yet many of them were among the most beautiful and consecrated spirits of modern times!

No, it cannot be reasonably doubted that he was endowed with numerous gifts of so high an order as to make him an instrument capable of the transmission of this divine power (whatever it may be) to a higher degree than other men. His own incredulity and modesty as to these gifts were among the most striking proofs of their existence. After his return from the army, where he had performed some of those prodigious efforts in the Christian Commission, he was loudly praised by some of his friends upon a public occasion. "Strike me; but do not praise me," he exclaimed passionately.

One day a mutual friend introduced him to "Uncle Johnnie Vassar." The old man's face glowed with more than wonted luster as he grasped Mr. Moody's hand and heartily exclaimed, "And so this is dear Brother Moody? How glad I am to see the man that God has used to win so many souls to Christ!"

"You say rightly, Uncle John, 'the man whom *God* has used,'" said Mr. Moody, earnestly; and, stooping down, he took up a handful of earth, poured it out of his hand, and added, "There's nothing more than *that* to Dwight Moody, except as *God* uses him."

I once asked him why he so persistently refused to have his name attached to the Clermont Avenue Church. "Why? Because I am no more than any other man. And besides, who knows but that I may do something to disgrace it!" Ponder the following quotation from a letter written long ago in answer to a request for permission to write his life. "Now in regard to the other thing, I am quite taken back. I have never thought of anything of the kind (a full and authoritative biography). It seems to me there are so many books now that there is not room for one more. And I do not know of anything that can be said of my life that would interest people." And yet, within two years after that letter was written, he told me with his own lips that he could sell his biography at any moment for \$25,000, and that when he was in New York he was offered \$10,000 for a two hours' interview by an agent of one of the great newspapers!

What can be made of such mysterious contradictions? There is absolutely no explanation except that of the child-like simplicity of the man, and the strange and bewildering vividness of his consciousness of the indwelling of the divine Spirit.

I cannot refrain from giving another illustration of this modesty. I had often felt the immeasurable and unaccountable power of Mr. Moody's eye. I had observed with unbounded astonishment the strange fascination which he seemed to have for everyone who came near him. Crowds surrounded him by day and by night. In fact, it might almost be said that he was never alone. People gathered around him like moths around a candle. They made absurd excuses to approach him. They simply thronged upon him wherever he went. He literally had to shake them off.

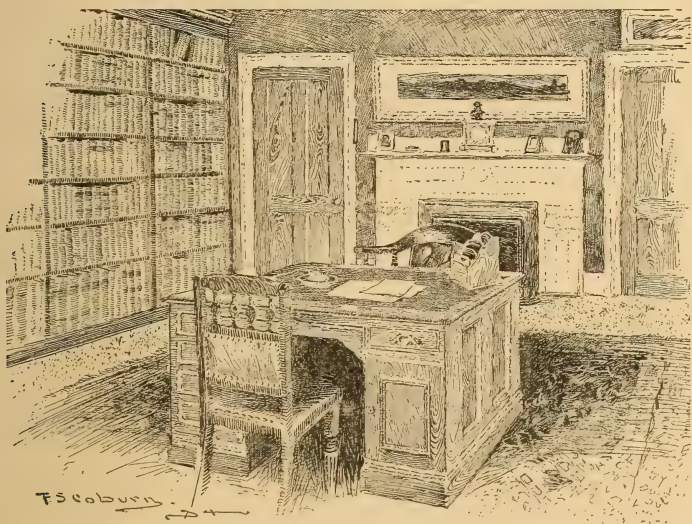
The more I observed this, the more it seemed to me as if he must possess that subtlest of all gifts which we vaguely call "hypnotism," and wondered if he had ever thought of it himself. A most favorable opportunity to ask him sprang out of a conversation in which he had described at length Henry Drummond's well-known hypnotic powers. "Do you possess



this power?" I said, looking him directly in the eye. "Not if I know myself!" he answered, hotly. "If I thought my influence was owing to that I would quit preaching to-morrow. Any power I have comes from the Spirit of God."

"But how do you know that such a subtle power as this may not be one of the very highest gifts of God, and that it is only when it is perverted (like perverted eloquence) that it does harm?"

"I don't know anything about it, and I won't have anything to do with it!" he answered, with that sharp toss of his head with which he dismissed a disagreeable subject.



MR. MOODY'S STUDY.

"But don't you think you may exercise it unconsciously?" I persisted, determined to satisfy my mind.

"No."

"Did you ever try?"

"No!"

I could get nothing more out of him, but I was not convinced, and I have never doubted that he possessed it to an enormous degree and used it without knowing that he did so.

However this may have been, the fact which now concerns us is that he did not consider himself a man of any great natural gifts, but only one who had given himself up as fully as he

knew how to the influences of the Holy Spirit. Early in his career he heard Henry Varley say, "It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." This idea took a tremendous hold upon him, and he determined to be that man if possible. Any man in any line of work who gives himself up with such devotion must see great results. When he happens to be a man endowed as Mr. Moody was, he will see miracles. It is certain that what Varley asserted could not be truthfully reiterated since Mr. Moody's death.

To sum the matter up, there are two objects of interest for the student of this life — the complex nature of the instrument, and the divine power which worked through it. The scientist will perhaps care only to analyze the instrument and the fanatic to magnify the divine power. But the calm and reverent student of the mystery of existence will stand in admiration before one and in worship before the other.

## CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Moody's Theology — His Power as a Preacher — What he Regarded the Most Fascinating Doctrine in the Bible — His Belief that Things Were "Going to the Bad" — Waiting for The Final Crash — His Fine Sense of Humor — His Unshaken Belief in the Bible — His Broad Sympathies — His Oratory and Pulpit Power — Born With a Silver Style in His Mouth — Characteristics of His Platform Addresses — His Limited Vocabulary — His Source of Illustrations — Drawn from Real Life — "Corner Groceries" in Noah's Time — How he Secured the Sympathy and Attention of an Audience — His Intense Energy on the Platform — Conditions that Aroused His Highest Powers — His Ideal of Music, and the Use he Made of it — Electrical Effect of Some of His Sermons — His Last Sermon, and His Last Audience.

LET us now pass from Mr. Moody's natural endowments to a cursory view of his theology and his preaching. His theology was full of the charm naïveté. It was rather that of a child than a man. Two words will characterize it — "evangelical" and "conservative." The greatest emphasis of his preaching may be said to have been laid upon the "blood atonement" in the death of Christ, and the immediate salvation of any one who accepted the redeeming merits of his death, by an act of faith. The language he used to enforce and illustrate these ideas must have often seemed to those who were profound students of theology to have bordered dangerously upon materialism. He often described the efficacy of the "blood" of Jesus in such a way as to communicate an absolute shock to those who had accepted the theories of the atonement propounded by such men as Robertson and Bushnell. But however much his utterances may have been clouded by the difficult symbols and metaphors in which the death of Jesus had to be presented, it is certain that it was the dying love in the vicarious sacrifice of the Son of God which stirred his soul to its depths and enabled him to stir the souls of others. A very slight alteration in the sharp-

ness and literalness of his views took place in the passing years and is recorded in some of his own words.

"There was a time when I used to think more of the love of Jesus Christ than of God the Father. I used to think of God as a stern judge on the throne, from whose wrath Jesus Christ saved me. It seems to me now I could not have a falser idea of God than that. Since I have become a father I have made this discovery: that it takes more love and self-sacrifice for the father to give up the son than it does for the son to die." As it is not our purpose to criticise, but only to record his views, this brief passage will serve as well as many pages to set them clearly forth.

A second leading idea in his theological system was that of the Pre-millennial coming of Jesus Christ. Next to the "Atonement" it was to him the most fascinating doctrine in the Scriptures. He was theoretically a pessimist, believing that things were "going to the bad," and must continue to do so to a "final crash," before the Christ could come again. He considered the world a sinking ship and that his sole duty was to save all he could from the wreck. The theory of evolution never even appealed to his imagination. The whole world of modern ideas rolled over him like the waters of a brook over a stone. The conception of the "shipwreck" satisfied his scientific and his theological ideas perfectly. Nothing but his fine sense of humor could have saved him from being mournfully crucified upon this theory and sinking into an inert despair. It did save him, however, and no one who knew him can help being thankful for that saving grace. He never took himself too seriously. It was this grace that saved Abraham Lincoln from despair, and Martin Luther from fanaticism. If Calvin had possessed it, the history of the world would have been different.

A third dominant tone in the limited gamut of Mr. Moody's theology and the one which involved him in the only controversy in which he ever indulged, was the "verbal inspiration" of the Scriptures. He said, and he firmly believed, that the whole Scripture was like a chain, which if it were broken in any single link, become useless altogether. The tendency among modern scholars to take a more liberal view, he regarded as dangerous in the extreme and worthy of the severest castigation. It was in the administration of these rebukes that for the only time in his life he said things which might be considered



uncharitable, and which forfeited for him a little of that confidence reposed by the people in his infallible common sense. This seemed all the more strange, because in all his previous career he had avoided such criticisms, and put into a minor place all those doctrines which did not command what might almost be called universal assent. There was such a grim consistency and a grim humor in his theories that those who liked them least enjoyed them most! To hear him in some moment of terrific intensity and conviction declare: "You can't throw away a part of the Bible and keep the rest. Most of those parts which the critics want to throw out are those on which Jesus Christ himself has set his seal. I am sure I do not want to be wiser than my Master" — half made the most stubborn scholars doubt the results of life-long investigations.

"I don't understand the Bible," he said: "I don't explain portions of it; I don't interpret it; but I *do* believe it. I don't understand astronomy or higher mathematics, yet I believe in them. It is because we can't understand the Bible that I love it. One can see that it is God's work. There is a length to it, a breadth and depth which we can't understand, but which leads us to a height which we can't understand either."

Scholars might differ with him, but they could not help respecting him. He roiled them, but they loved him. He was harsh against them, but he turned around and asked them to come and address his Northfield pupils — the greatest confidence he could bestow. A man who could invite Henry Drummond, and Lyman Abbott, and George Adam Smith to speak to those whose spiritual welfare was dearer than life, is as broad in his sympathies as we can ask him to be.

In the main, his theology could be found as he told the London ministers, in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

Next in interest to the ideas which constituted his message, are his literary style and his oratory.

In its last analysis, the literary style of every successful writer or speaker must be considered a native endowment, and happy is the man who finds himself upon his first appearance in print or on the platform uttering his thoughts in a way to please the people.

Mr. Moody had the good fortune to be born with a silver style in his mouth. His first recorded utterances possess the same essential literary characteristics as those which are the fruit of all these years of practice. It can be best characterized

as "telegraphic" — and it was a style unknown to Tertullian or to Blair. It is the outgrowth of the struggle of modern men to save time. The electric telegraph has compelled a recognition of the fact that ten words can convey as definite and important an idea as ten pages.

Mr. Moody seemed to seize the idea that his messages were to be delivered over wires kept hot, and that there was neither time nor money to be wasted in their delivery. Brevity, precision, perspicuity, were from the first their prevailing traits. Words and sentences fell from his lips with rapidity and clearness.

In passages of the same length (about 530 words chosen at random from printed sermons) I have estimated that Mr. Moody uttered thirty-six sentences; Bushnell, twenty; Spurgeon, twenty-one; Lacordaire, fifteen; Chalmers, nine.

It would seem as if such brevity would have rendered his speech unmusical; but this was far from being the case. There was a flow and smoothness to its movement which gave an actual pleasure to the ear. In passages of intense excitement the sentences possessed an explosive quality suggesting a pack of fire crackers set off by accident; but after he had gained control of his vocal organs, and of his inflammable emotions, there was nothing of this character.

As the brevity of his sentences was a marked characteristic of his style, so was that of his words. His vocabulary was exceedingly limited; but exactly adapted to his use. Among his words those of three or four syllables are rare. He seemed incapable of uttering them. One of the facts which his old friends recalled with roars of laughter was his effort to master the word "Mephibosheth," when beginning his ministry. He committed its spelling to his memory, and on his parish visits was heard struggling with its pronunciation — Meph-Mephib-*phib-bo-bo-bo-sheth*, etc." He never attempted such a word in public unless it was absolutely necessary, fearing them as a traveler does a ditch which is just a little wider than he can jump. He did not draw the line absolutely on every thing but Anglo Saxon words, nor did he prefer them from any definite theory of their value, for he probably could not have picked out the Latin or Greek words in any sentence he ever uttered; but they certainly predominated and gave an intense vigor to his style.

In a page of 530 words, 400 contained only a single syllable,

and most of them are Anglo Saxon. Many of his longer words were terribly shortened, terminals like "ing" being almost invariably abbreviated to "in". B. F. Jacobs used to say that D. L. Moody was the only man living who could say "Jerusalem" in two syllables.

In his earlier days, in Chicago, an over-zealous critic, who was not an over-active worker, took Moody to task for his defects in speech.

"You oughtn't to attempt to speak in public, Moody; you make so many mistakes in grammar."

"I know I make mistakes," said Moody, "and I lack a great many things; but I'm doing the best I can with what I've got. But, look here, my friend, *you've* got grammar enough, what are you doing with it for Jesus Christ?"

His illustrations were always of the simplest possible character and abounded largely in personal reminiscences. They were sometimes classical, for he had listened to so many eloquent speakers that striking stories from antiquity became familiar to him without his having to discover them through reading.

There were a few scientific ones which he acquired from the same source, and occasional tropes and metaphors indicated that he had observed natural analogies. But in the main his illustrations were narratives of real life. As he told the story of Noah's warnings before the Flood, he pictured the scoffers of that day while the Deluge was delayed.

"They'd say to one another, 'Not much sign of old Noah's rainstorm yet.' They'd talk it over in the corner groceries, evenings."

Then, as if in explanation, he added:

"I tell you, my friends, before the world got as bad as it was in Noah's day, they must have had corner groceries."

When contrasted with Demosthenes and Cicero, Burke and Chatham, Webster and Sumner, this sort of speech may not be called oratory; but if oratory is "just whistling to a dog — while eloquence is whistling so as to make him come" — then this was eloquence! At any rate no human being since time began has ever gotten the ears of so many listeners.

I have been re-reading John Brown's description of a sermon delivered by Thomas Chalmers in a little village in Scotland, and Gilfillan's of the preaching of Edward Irving, and the best accounts of the results which Finney, Edwards, White-

field, and Wesley produced, asking myself in the meanwhile whether Mr. Moody could be honestly compared with them. Are we to place him among the great *preachers* of the ages as well as among its great organizers and inspirers? For one I cannot doubt it.

He had the physical capacities of a great orator. His body was robust and powerful, capable of enduring immense strain, and filled with that strange energy which absolute physical health imparts. He also possessed those two other qualifications of a great orator, a piercing and commanding eye, and a voice of great resonance and command over vast reaches of space. His eye was a deep rich brown. It was like that of a dove and an eagle, both. Sometimes it charmed with its tranquillity, then suddenly blazed with an indescribable luster. Sometimes it twinkled like a star with humor; but when his heart was filled with sadness it became suffused with compassion. It had, moreover, the strange power of emitting sparks of scorn for evil. I say "sparks," for I have been sometimes half prompted to try to pick them up from the platform! But its power to *command* was its greatest of all. It absolutely seized and chained men as it swept from floor to gallery and gave each one of 10,000 people the idea that it was fixed on him — like the eye of an oil portrait.

His voice was also of immense value in his preaching. It was nearer to a tenor than a baritone in quality. I have never thought myself (nor heard anyone say) that it was beautiful or musical. I do not believe that it had any of those strange and fascinating qualities that the voices of some great orators like Webster or Spurgeon have had to soothe and lull and charm the ear. The tone or quality itself could not have pleased — apart from language, and yet it was smooth, clear, resonant, satisfying, and keyed to give expression to all the feelings of which he was capable. Its carrying power, however, was its most valuable characteristic. So far as I can discover, the hall in Manchester was the only place which he ever found great difficulty in filling, and this was owing more to its shape than size. A man who has voice enough to reach 10,000 people out of doors or in has voice enough for all practical purposes!

Upon the ear of the last man in the gallery every word would fall like the clang of a bell or the note of a lark.

He possessed an instructive knowledge of most of the arts of oratory, but never had an hour's training by a teacher. His



gestures had a great variety, but there was no attempt to make them specially descriptive. They were calculated to lend force rather than illustration to his thought. They consisted mainly of the hand pointed heavenward to indicate the aspiration of the soul, or the fist struck upon the pulpit to indicate the stern imperative nature of a present obligation, or the swift downward stroke to show the plainness of the truth, or the finger pointed straight at a hearer to arouse his conscience.

He frequently held his Bible in his hand through much of the sermon, often adjusting his glasses to read in a manner that made every hearer feel "these are the oracles of the living God!"

His first oratorical aim was to secure the sympathy and attention of his audience. One of the prerequisites was pure air. If the ventilation was poor, he would order the windows open during the singing of the hymn that preceded the sermon. If, in spite of this, the people became drowsy, he would pound his Bible, raise his voice, or tell a funny story! It was impossible for him to speak unless everybody was aroused and eager.

His intuitive discovery of any prejudice in the minds of his hearers was only equaled by his ability to disarm it. He never began his sermon until he seemed satisfied that he had put everyone into a mental attitude favorable to the reception of his message, but when this was accomplished he settled down to *business!* From the first moment to the last the fact that he meant *business* and not fireworks, oratory, or theatricals was apparent. He was there to convince and persuade men, and for nothing else whatever. Nothing could be more impressive than his determination to secure the results he aimed at. The evidences of a supreme and terrible resolution were manifest in every move.

*Lord.* Most of us know what it is "to stiffen the sinews and summon up the blood" in some great emergency; to go down into the arena of the soul and beat the reveille; to call out all the reserves; to conscript every energy and fling all against some obstacle. Mr. Moody *always* did this when he preached! Of course he believed that he wrought his results by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and he did. But he wrought them by obeying the laws of the Spiritual world. It is through human nature thus exalted, thus in a state of highest activity, that this divine influence flows. Had he called upon the Holy Ghost without thus summoning up the energies of his own nature, he would

have been powerless. Had he thus summoned these energies without calling upon the Holy Ghost he could have produced great effect upon men ; but not *Spiritual* effect ! He could have aroused, excited, moved to tears, but not to Heaven.

He sometimes became terrible when the current was running against him and he could awaken no response. The efforts, physical, mental, spiritual, which he put forth were as intense and terrible as those which men like Richard Coeur de Lion have made when set upon by multitudes of foes !

I have seen him when the expenditure of power scared me. I have felt the platform shake under the movements of his body — seen the sweat start from his forehead, his eyes blaze, his muscles grow tense and rigid, and have felt as one does when a great engine puffs and pants upon a slippery track, the steam escaping and the wheels revolving without gripping the track. But he always got the track at last ! He always pulled his load ! These mighty struggles always *carried* his audience.

He was, of course, like most remarkable men, dependent upon certain conditions for the highest exhibitions of his power. Those conditions were immense audiences — immense choirs — immense excitement — everything on a colossal scale. When he looked out upon a sea of faces in every direction he absolutely caught fire ! In order to secure such a crowd he packed the people in like sardines. His eagle eye could detect a single vacant seat in the most distant part of the room. When at last there was a solid mass of human life in front of him so that not only elbows touched, but shoulders, when there was an unbroken circuit for his electricity to pass through, he was ready to begin to create the *emotional conditions*.

His unfailing instrument was sacred song. He would have nothing whatever to do with a piece of music which only appealed to the sense of beauty. He could form no judgment of its value by hearing it played or sung in private. He must see it tried in a crowd, and could discover in an instant its adaption to awaken the feelings which he needed to have in action. If it had the right ring he used it for all it was worth. " Let the people sing," he would shout — " let *all* the people sing. Sing that verse again. There's an old man over there who is not singing at all, let *him* sing." No matter how long it took, he would keep the people at work until they were fused and melted. If choruses would not do it, solos would,

and he always had singers who possessed the requisite repertoire.

Having at last secured the true emotional condition, he rose to his work. The joy of conflict, of leadership, of victory, was in his eye, but merged in the sublime feeling that now he was to put forth that mighty energy to make men better; to lead them to the renunciation of sin; to point them to Christ. The joy of warriors in battle, of old sea captains on the bridge, of the trainers of wild horses, of artists painting pictures, of sculptors carving statues, of statesmen swaying assemblies, were flaming in his soul. There was also something higher — it was almost the exultation of Creation. Was he not about to see avaricious men abandon their love of gold, defaulters restore their ill-gotten gains, adulterers abandon their lust, drunkards dash down their cups, the captives loosed, the bowed down lifted up?

Yes, he could see it, feel it all! As the words poured in torrents from his lips he knew that those eternal deeds were being done. He pierced the mask of those faces and saw the operations of the souls. He beheld Christ moving among them. He forgot himself utterly.

And now the audience begins to feel the strange spell of his rugged eloquence and marvelous simplicity. They draw into their hearts the great compassion. They burst into a ripple of laughter at a droll story; they break down in sobs at a tale of love; they stiffen with nameless awe at those terrible denunciations of sin.

There were certain passages in some of his sermons where, judged by the effect they produced, it must be said he rose to a sublime eloquence. I heard him preach his sermon on "Elijah," in the city of Detroit, when it appeared to me that supernatural things were actually occurring in the room. The line of demarcation between the real and the imaginary seemed broken down. That solemn hush had fallen upon the audience which rests upon the world before a thunder storm. You would have thought that every listener had been nailed to his seat. In the final outburst we actually beheld the chariot swoop down from heaven, the old man ascend, the blazing car borne through the still air; and when the impassioned orator uttered that piercing cry "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" the excitement was almost unendurable.

I also heard him preach his sermon on "Whatsoever a Man Soweth, that shall He also Reap," to 2,500 men one night in the Chicago Avenue Church, when I am sure that an actual vision of a man progressing through all the stages of vice, and at last borne away to his doom, could not have made all the dreadful phenomena of evil seem more real. That was the sublimest exhibition of the power of one life over many that has ever been granted to me.

No one who has not heard him can ever imagine what this power was. No quotation can give any impression of the effects produced; but here is a random specimen:

"I can imagine when Christ said to the little band around Him, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,' Peter said, 'Lord, do you really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you?' 'Yes,' said Christ, 'Go hunt up that man that spat in my face; tell him he may have a seat in My kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on My brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into My kingdom, and there will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a scepter in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth if he will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to My heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept salvation as a gift. Tell him there is a nearer way to My heart than that.'"

The most wonderful thing about this preaching was that the people never seemed to tire of it. Through all those wonderful years from 1871 to 1899 the crowds that thronged about him were as great as ever, surging around the doors and cramming the hall almost as soon as the doors were open, and all this time he was preaching the same old sermons! Some of them had been delivered seventy-five or one hundred times, and he finally ceased to care whether he had spoken them in the same place or not, for the people liked them the second time as well as the first, and the fifth as well as the second. If this is not a prodigy, what is? Let those who are disposed to take this man lightly remember that they can move across the continent and no one observes their progress or cares a farthing what they have to say; but whether it was in Chicago or London,



San Francisco or Paris, Mexico or Alexandria, Cairo or Jerusalem, thousands upon thousands pursued him, until a careful statistician has concluded that he addressed in all not less than 100,000,000 of human beings! For myself I must regard it as I do any great natural phenomenon. He was an elemental force in human society. And he did not lose this power even to the last. The meetings which he held in Kansas City, where his public life closed, were in some respects the most enthusiastic in his whole career, and his last sermon was delivered to fifteen thousand people!

And yet we must pause here to consider the impressive fact, while the crowds were as large and enthusiastic as ever, it will probably be discovered (or perhaps it is already acknowledged) that one element was lacking. The spell of the man's personal presence and influence was as great as formerly, but the results in numbers actually brought to accept the ideas and the life he advocated, had diminished. The fact of the matter is that the last decade of Mr. Moody's life witnessed a great change in the entire situation of the religious world. New ideas and new conditions had arisen. With these Mr. Moody was not perfectly in touch. He did not fully understand them. This was not strange. In fact, it was inevitable. No man ever lived perhaps (unless it was Gladstone) who was able to keep pace with the rapid changes from one period to another during a long life. Men grow up into a certain set of conditions, adjust themselves to them, become hardened in them, and stay there, while a new generation arises with new needs and new notions, passes on, and leaves them behind.

Mr. Moody helped to make an epoch. His influence upon the religious life of the generation playing its part in human affairs between 1860 and 1890, was that of a formulative force. He moulded thought, action, worship. It would be too much to expect that his mind thus hardened in its habits of thought and feeling should be able to adjust itself to the enormously altered conditions of the last decade. In order to have done this he would have had to alter himself, and this was impossible to a nature like his.

I said to him once, in 1897, "You are at odds with much of modern life. Why do you not conform to the new epoch? You were a leader of a great movement a generation ago, and you are still young enough to head the religious life of the new age if you will only comprehend it and accept it."

He fixed those great deep eyes upon me with one of those long stares which seemed to penetrate into my very soul, and shook his head! What I said did not appeal to him. He knew no other methods. He could grasp no other ideas. He belonged to the last generation. Some other leader must arise for the new. Pray God he may come soon! Pray God he may be as pure, as great, as competent as he who led the old. It is honor enough to have piloted one generation. It was all Moses and Joshua could do. This is certainly one of the most pathetic facts of human life. It is a limitation which every man who is growing old shudders to admit; but it is the most inevitable limitation of all.

## CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Moody's Loyalty to the Regular Institutions of the Christian Church — What Might Have Happened if he had Unfurled His Banner — The Countless Multitudes that Would Have Flocked to Him — His Ability to Organize and Bring Order out of Chaos — How he Supported the Regular Work of the Churches — One of Four Men "Sent Forth by God" — His Last Meetings in Kansas City — Great Preparations and Enormous Crowds — His Sudden Illness — "Oh, I am Much Better" — Forced to Remain Away From a Meeting for the First Time in Forty Years — Alarming Symptoms — He is Sent Home in a Private Car to Northfield — Watching at His Bedside — Helpless, but Cheerful and Hopeful — "What is Going on Here?" — Nearing the End — Close of an Illustrious Life — Mr. Moody's Last Words — His Funeral — His Grave on Round Top.

**I**N summing up the results of a long study of Mr. Moody's character, I must say that it always seemed to me to be one of the most remarkable things about him that he could never be induced to turn aside from the regular institutions of the Christian church, into any side issue or narrow sect. Two influences would naturally impel him to do so. In the first place, his clear conceptions of the lack of fervor and consecration to be found in the ordinary denominations; and, in the second place, a natural capacity for organization and opportunity to identify his name with a great and new movement.

At almost any time during his whole career, if he had sounded the war cry, Mr. Moody could have rallied around his standard countless multitudes not only of disgruntled people, but of earnest and consecrated souls who saw in him the prophet and exponent of a higher Christian life. He always knew that if he should but once unfurl his banner and summon these people to his side he had the capacity to organize them into a compact and mighty association. For this power of organization was certainly akin to genius. The instant he appeared amidst chaos, it became order. With a swift insight he discovered exactly what had to be done, and who were the best

people to do it. With a knack and cunning that were simply marvelous he swept all unpromising agents into the background, and almost before any one knew what had happened a living organism had sprung into being. If this man had gone into the ranks as a private soldier, this capacity would have made him a general, and if he had once come into command of a great military organization, it would have become a fighting machine of irresistible power. It was impossible to see him manipulating the forces which he had at command, without thinking of Grant or Napoleon. The indubitable proof of this power is, of course, to be seen in the vitality of every institution which he established. There they stand, and in spite of the prognostications of critics, those who have studied them most intimately are persuaded that they are there to stay. Some one will pick them up and carry them forward. They have been endowed with an indestructible vitality. The church he founded in Chicago bears as fresh an imprint of his hand to-day, as when he was its pastor a generation ago.

With such self-knowledge as he possessed he must have clearly seen that if he had struck out, like Wesley or Booth, to form a new society he could have given it colossal proportions and have secured for himself an undying fame through the society which should subsist to perpetuate his memory and his ideals. But he deliberately turned away from this great temptation. He scorned to further divide the already sundered body of the Christian church. He decided that instead of communicating the mighty impulses of his life to a separate organization he would instill them as best he could into the church universal and be forgotten if need be. This we regard as the very noblest decision of his mind and the noblest impulse of his heart.

His desire to support the regular work of the churches was evidenced two or three years ago, when he literally crushed the proposed Northfield Emergency Fund, designed to send out student volunteers as foreign missionaries, when the regular denominational boards could not send them for lack of funds. People who have known him for many years and heard him speak frequently said that they had never heard him throw more earnestness into an address than when he said:

"Some of the people have been sending me checks for this fund. I want you to call them back, or I shall send them on to the missionary Boards. I am in sympathy with the Boards



and have no sympathy with the croakers. You cannot find a better set of men on this continent than those in the American Board. You cannot find a better set of men than those in the Presbyterian Board. Where can you find a better man than Robert Speer? Where will you find a man that is doing better work than Bishop Thoburn in India? Any man that is working as he is in India we will help. Dr. Clough is also doing a magnificent work there. We are in hearty sympathy with these regular Boards. I think it is a great mistake to send any money outside of the regular channels."

It is clear that Mr. Moody affords the deepest problems for the psychologist and the philosopher. He is no longer the "Evangelist Moody" alone; but also the founder of institutions and movements which have shaped the habits of a generation, and bid fair to continue their influences indefinitely into the future. This fact is not known to the masses, and one of the difficulties to be encountered by his biographers will be that of persuading men to believe that he was ever anything more than a strolling preacher! Sooner or later, however, it will be conceded by all impartial judges that he must be a great man who could spring from the humblest surroundings and yet by his own genius attain a world-wide reputation; who had only a district school education and yet saw the most polished scholars of the age sitting humbly at his feet; who never despised the material element of existence and was, notwithstanding, one of the most spiritual men who ever lived; who walked through a long life on the sharp edges of great dangers and yet never fell; who was endowed with powers of the highest order but never used them for his personal aggrandizement; who was the object of most extravagant adulation and yet retained the modesty of a child; who passed the whole of his later life among the rich and learned and yet never lost his sympathy with the poor, the ignorant, and the suffering.

No wonder that in speaking of Dwight L. Moody, Dr. N. D. Hillis said in part:

"When long time hath passed, some historian, recalling the great epochs and religious teachers of our century, will say: 'There were four men sent forth by God — their names, Charles Spurgeon, Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, and Dwight L. Moody.' Each was a herald of good tidings; each was a prophet of a new social and religious order, and each made a permanent contribution to the Christian church; while

of all it may be said their sermons were translated into many tongues and their names known in every town and city where the English language is spoken. For our instruction, rebuke, and inspiration God hath raised up other preachers, representing a high order of intellect, marked eloquence, and permanent influence; but as to the first order of greatness there have been perhaps these four — no more. God girded each of these prophets for his task and taught him how to “dip his sword in Heaven.”

“In characterizing the message of these men we say that Spurgeon was expository, Phillips Brooks devotional, Henry Ward Beecher prophetic and philosophical, while Dwight L. Moody was a herald rather than teacher, addressing himself to the common people — the unchurched multitudes. The symbol of the great English preacher is a lighted lamp, the symbol of Brooks a flaming heart, the symbol of Beecher an orchestra of many instruments, while Mr. Moody was a trumpet of narrow range perhaps, but sounding the advance sometimes through inspiration and sometimes through alarm.

“And our sorrow to-day is the more in that the last of these giants has gone down to the valley and disappeared behind the thick shadows. Oft in hours of gloom and doubt, full oft in days when wickedness seemed enthroned in high places, when the rich seemed to be selfish in their strength, and the poor without an advocate in high places, when good men seemed weakness and leaders seemed a lie, in our depression we have turned our thoughts toward the three prophets in the English Tabernacle, in Trinity, and in Plymouth, or toward the evangelist and friend of the common people, and have been comforted by the mere thought that things were a little safer because these four men were in their appointed places. The first three were commanders, each over his regiment, and worked from a fixed center; but the evangelist was the leader of a flying band, who went every whither into the enemy’s country, seeking conquests of peace and righteousness. Be the reasons what they may, the common people gladly heard the great evangelist. In his death the unchurched classes have lost their best friend. For nearly forty years the multitudes have pressed and thronged into the great halls and churches to hear this herald speak of duty, sin, salvation, and God’s love in His great Christ. But, disappearing from our sight, he is not dead. While life continues for multitudes he

will remain a cool spring flowing in a desert, the covert of a rock in time of sorrow."

It is now time for us to bring this story of an illustrious life to its close. On the 16th of November, 1899, Mr. Moody opened a series of meetings in Kansas City. Great preparations had been made. He was at his best. The crowds were enormous. There was not a premonition of what was to occur. But one night at the close of a meeting he experienced an unusual fatigue. A doctor was summoned and decided that the great heart which had performed such prodigies through all these years was working very badly and demanded immediate rest. This declaration he heard with his usual incredulity, saying to those who inquired about it — "Oh, I am much better. Don't know just what is the matter. A little touch of malaria or grip, perhaps. But the doctors are bringing me around all right."

But on the 18th he was forced to remain away from the noon meeting. "I regret it very much," he said, "for it is the first time in my life I was ever compelled to do such a thing." The symptoms became rapidly more alarming, and almost immediately arrangements were made to send him in a private car to his home in Northfield. There he lay for several weeks almost helpless, but cheerful and hopeful — ministered to by as loyal and as loving a circle of friends as ever surrounded the couch of an invalid. In fact, it may be said, that the civilized world watched at that bedside, for the bulletins of his condition were telegraphed wherever men knew of the gospel of Jesus Christ. For a long time the hope of recovery was cherished; but early in the morning of December 22d it became clear that he could not survive the strain. He soon made the discovery for himself. "What is the matter? What is going on here?" he exclaimed as he awakened out of a slumber and saw evidence of unusual feeling. One of the children replied, "Father, you have not been quite so well, and we came in to see you." He well knew what these kind words really meant and began to make his preparations for the last great change by summoning his family and addressing to them his parting words. During a portion of the time he could talk freely, and said to his sons: "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do, and you are going to continue the work in the schools at East Northfield and Mount

Hermon and Chicago." Still later on, the stillness of the room was broken by the sobs of his daughter, who exclaimed, "Father, we cannot spare you!"

"I am not going to throw my life away. If God has more work for me to do, I'll not die," he said bravely.

Just as the shadows were closing in upon him December 23d, he opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Earth recedes and Heaven opens before me. If this is death, there is nothing awful here. It is sweet. This is bliss. Do not call me back. God is calling me. I must go. There is no valley here. It is all beautiful." A few moments later, the great soul passed to its reward.

It was only a few weeks before that that he had closed a sermon to the students with these impressive and prophetic words:

"By and by you will hear people say, 'Mr. Moody is dead.' Don't you believe a word of it. At that very moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall then truly begin to live. I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the spirit will live forever."

The world will not soon forget that scene, those words, that triumph!

The funeral occurred on the 26th of December, 1899.

The sun rose clear over the mountain, at whose feet Northfield nestles. In the distance, on the foothills of the Green Mountains, patches of snow appeared. The morning was frosty, but in the afternoon, as the friends gathered for the service, the temperature had risen several degrees. Early in the forenoon special trains arrived, and large parties on regular trains came later. Several of the older friends came the day before, and were entertained at The Northfield, which was opened for the occasion.

At 10 o'clock there was a brief service at the house, conducted by Dr. C. I. Scofield, the pastor of the Congregational Church, who was present during those "four glorious hours" as the Friday morning has been called by one who saw the great evangelist fall asleep, and Dr. R. A. Torrey, the pastor of the Chicago Avenue Church, and the superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. Dr. Scofield read the ninetieth Psalm and the fourth chapter of 1st Thessalonians, and Dr. Torrey offered prayer. No signs of mourning ap-



peared about the house; no crape was seen on the door. The window blinds were all open. People entered the house as if going to a reception. Inside, after the service, they sat in the library and parlor chatting pleasantly. Their conversation was mainly about Mr. Moody, recalling incidents in his eventful career, helpful words which he had spoken and deeds of kindness which he had done.

Shortly before 11 o'clock the body upon which others had leaned for a generation was taken from the room upstairs in which it had rested after being embalmed, and placed in the cloth-covered coffin with quiet trimmings and a plate bearing simply the name and dates of his birth and death:

### Dwight L. Moody

1837-1899.

The coffin was placed upon a cloth-covered frame and carried to the church, a half-mile distant, by thirty-two students of the Mount Hermon School, headed by the officiating clergymen and followed by Ira D. Sankey, Mr. Moody's associate for nearly thirty years, trustees of the Northfield School, and other intimate friends. Christmas greens festooned the galleries of the church, while on the coffin and about it were appropriate floral tributes from the trustees, faculties, and students of the several institutions here and in Chicago. At the head was a pillow, in which a crown had been worked in white, with a purple ribbon, on which Mr. Moody's last words were seen. "God is calling me."

An open Bible, with "Victory, I Corinthians xv. 55-57" on the left side, and "II Timothy iv. 7-8" on the other, rested at the foot. Palms, ferns, laurel, violets, cut flowers, and callas were placed about the pulpit.

Dr. Scofield had charge of the services, which began with the hymn, "A Little While." He then offered an invocation, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson read the Scripture lesson, and Dr. George C. Needham prayed. "Immanuel's Land" was the second hymn.

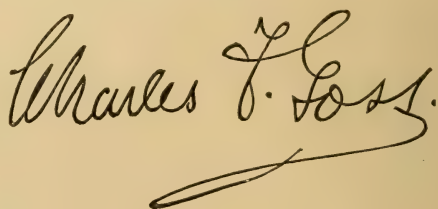
After the public services the coffin was carried again by the Mount Hermon students to Round Top, the Olivet of Northfield, and placed in a vault just at the crown of the little hill, where many of the best meetings are held every year. Mr.

Moody thought that the Lord might return while he was living, and he had been heard to say that there was no place on earth that he would prefer to be when that eventful hour dawned than on Round Top. His remark was recalled after he entered "within the gates," and no other place of burial was even mentioned.

From this resting-place one may see his birthplace, a little more than a stone's throw to the south; his own home for the last quarter of a century, about as far to the west; the seminary buildings, some of them a minute's walk to the north; the last two buildings erected at Mount Hermon, the chapel and Overton Hall, four miles distant, appear across the beautiful Connecticut River Valley. A prayer, a hymn, and the benediction composed the simple service at the grave — a grave which we believe will be one of the great shrines of history, one that for centuries will be visited by pilgrims from all over the world; for he was one of the few men of modern times whose fame and influence was conterminous with civilization.

There are many of us to whom it seems as if a big mountain had dropped out of sight or a great river ceased flowing. It will never be the same world to us any more.

We remember the words of Beecher over the coffin of Lincoln: "Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Disenthralled of flesh and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on thou that hast overcome. Your sorrows, O people, are his peace. Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God made it echo and triumph there. Pass on!"

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Charles F. Loring". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

# ECHOES FROM THE PULPIT AND PLATFORM

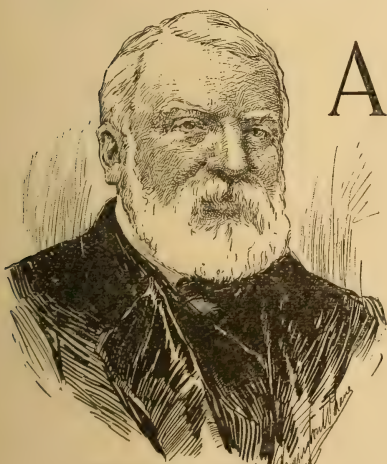
BY

*D. L. Moody*

## CHAPTER I.

### SIMPLY BELIEVING, SIMPLY RECEIVING.

An Incident in Manchester, England. — “Oh, I See It Now” — “I Understand You Have Been Stealing” — Calling Things by Their Right Names — Two Men Who Saw What they were Looking For — Story of a Remarkable Conversion — Forging His Own Chains — On the Deck of a Sinking Ship — “Jump Into the Lifeboat!” — The Man with Handbills — The Story of Little Nellie — “Help! Help!” — A Wicked Yorkshire Miner — “Don’t Cry, Lass; Don’t Cry” — The Silver Key and Tress of Auburn Hair — A Bed of Straw — “No One Cares for Me” — From a Dark Garret to the Kingdom of God.



DWIGHT L. MOODY, AT 62.

AT one of our Sunday meetings in Manchester, England, a good many years ago, a great many remained after the meeting, and we didn’t have workers enough. So I went up into the gallery and talked with inquirers. While I was talking a gentleman came and sat a little apart from the rest. I thought at first he was a skeptic, but when

I saw tears in his eyes I knew that he was interested, and I went up to him and said: “My friend, are you a Christian?”

"No," he answered, "but I should like to be one."

"Very well," I replied, "I will talk with you if you wish."

I read a passage of Scripture to him and said :

"Does that make it plain?"

"No, that doesn't help me at all."

Then I read another passage, and I felt sure I should see a new light in his eyes ; and I said :

"Does that help you?"

"No, that doesn't help my case at all. The fact is, I can't feel that I am saved."

"Oh," I said, "I get at your difficulty now. I want to ask you a question: Was it Noah's feelings that saved him, or was it the ark?"

"Oh," he answered, "I see it now; good night, Mr. Moody."

I heard him go down stairs, and I said to myself, "That is a little too quick for me."

At the next meeting I looked for him, but didn't see him. I had been looking for him about a week, when one Sunday someone touched me on the shoulder and said :

"Do you remember me, Mr. Moody? Don't you remember the man and the ark the other night?"

"Yes, are you the 'ark man'?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have been looking for you ever since; how is it with you?"

"Oh," he said, "the ark settled it. Why, I had been trying to save myself by my feelings; to make an 'ark' of my feelings, and when you spoke of the ark saving Noah I saw it at once. Any one can see that; it settled all my troubles, all my difficulties."

When I left Manchester some time after he was almost the last man to shake my hand; he gave me a good grip and said, "Everywhere you go tell people about the ark; any stupid man can see that." Some one has said that a fly was just as safe in the ark as an elephant; it is the ark that makes the weak



ones safe. If you are in the ark that saves you; it isn't your feelings, it isn't your righteousness, it is the ark; and, thank God, we haven't got to toil as Noah did to build the ark, it is already built.

I once heard of a minister who said I was preaching pernicious doctrine when I preached sudden conversion. But point out to me one single conversion in the Bible that was not sudden. Every conversion recorded there was instantaneous. If preachers say conversion is a life work they are keeping men out of the kingdom of God. We can have instantaneous conversion.

When I was in England they did not agree with me at all on this point. They said conversion was a life work from the cradle to the grave. I said all I could to convince them of the contrary. One day I was walking down the streets of York when I saw an English soldier coming towards me. When he came up I said:

"Would you allow a stranger to ask you a question?"

"Certainly, sir."

"How long did it take you to become a soldier?"

"Well, in the first place I made up my mind to enlist."

"Well," I said, "that's a pretty good point."

"After I made up my mind to enlist I went to the recruiting officer and told him I wanted to enlist. He took out a shilling and put it in my hand, and the moment that it touched my hand I was a soldier."

"Were you a soldier before you put on the uniform?"

"Yes, sir."

"And before you knew anything about military discipline?"

"Oh, yes, I was a soldier the moment that shilling touched my hand."

Here was a man who was a civilian one moment and a soldier the next; he could go where he pleased one moment, but the next moment he had to go where Queen Victoria sent him, or be arrested as a deserter.

A minister once preached a very powerful sermon against the doctrine that I was going to preach about, and he told his people they ought not to go and hear me. The pernicious doctrines I taught were sudden conversion, and assurance. I once heard a lady say she didn't like our meetings because I taught that people could be converted all at once if they would look to God. I thought I would like to get hold of some of those modern philosophers, and so I told them of a man who came to me and said he was in trouble. For some time he would not tell me what his trouble was, but finally he said that he had overdrawn his accounts,—the polite way of saying that he had been stealing. I said:

“Oh, I understand, you have been stealing?”

“Well, I suppose you might call it that.”

“Let us call it by the right name. How much have you taken?”

“I don't know; I haven't kept account.”

“Have you stolen a thousand dollars?”

“I think it would be more than that.”

“Fifteen hundred?”

“Yes, I suppose it would amount to that.”

“I will tell you the only way that thing can be settled; go and make restitution at once, that is all you have to do.”

Now I suppose if I am to believe one of these modern philosophers who don't believe in sudden conversions I ought to have said to that man, “You stole fifteen hundred dollars this year, but don't steal more than a thousand next year, and then don't steal more than five hundred the next. If your employer catches you at it tell him that you have been converted, that it is a gradual thing, and that you expect in the course of a few years you won't steal any.” See how it works?

Take a man who is in the habit of getting drunk, and every time he gets drunk it wakes up the devil in him, and he knocks his wife down. After he gets over his drunk he comes back to the meeting and wants to become a Christian. Now send one of these modern philosophers to him, and he says:

"What is the trouble? Are you a hard drinker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get drunk every week?"

"Yes, I am ashamed to say I do."

"And when you are drunk you go home and knock your wife down?"

"Yes, generally."

"Well, I don't believe in sudden conversions; I believe in being converted gradually. Now, don't you get drunk more than once a month next year. Wouldn't it be encouraging if your wife didn't get knocked down more than once a month next year? Then perhaps the year after that you won't get drunk more than once in three months, and the year after that not more than once a year. In a few years you won't get drunk at all, and then you will be converted, and yours will be a happy family."

Don't you think that is absurd? Conversion is *right-about face*. A man can't repent quick enough. How long did it take a man to be converted when Jesus Christ was on earth? When He said to the man who was sick with the palsy, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee," were they forgiven? They must have been forgiven in one minute when Christ was on earth; and after He was glorified they were converted a little faster — three thousand in one day, and Jews at that! And not only converted and baptized, but brought into the church of God in one day! Three thousand one day, and five thousand another day; that is what the Bible tells us.

Another favorite saying of these modern philosophers is: "I don't believe in revivals. I know men who were converted in a revival a few years ago who didn't hold out." It is a good thing to study the Bible and see what it says about revivals. A good many who were converted in Christ's day went back and walked no more with Him. Do all the blossoms on your trees bring forth fruit? If they did the fruit would break down the trees. Do you say that a mother ought not to rejoice when a babe is born because she isn't sure it is going to live? And

do you say that we ought not to rejoice when anybody is converted because we don't know they are going to hold out? There is not a denomination in christendom to-day that has not sprung out of a revival. The Roman Catholic Church claims to be apostolic; was it not born of the fires of Pentecost? Here are our Episcopal friends; they say they are apostolic; if that is so they came from Pentecost, too. Certainly, they ought not to be afraid of revivals. I have met Lutherans who were very much afraid of revivals; where did they come from if not from the great revival under Luther? I would like to know where Wesleyan Methodists came from? Was it not from revivals under Wesley and Whitefield? I should like to know if there is a Young Men's Christian Association or any religious society worth having, that hasn't sprung out of revivals. If you ministers are afraid converts won't hold out, I will tell you how to make them a good deal stronger; just let one hundred of these converts come into your church, then preach sermon after sermon to them and follow them up individually.

I heard a story in London a few years ago that illustrates the thought that men generally look for what they want to see, and they usually see what they are looking for. At a dinner in that city a merchant who had recently returned from India, and a missionary who had also returned from there, were seated near each other. Some one asked the merchant what he thought of the missionary work of Englishmen in India, and whether the native converts remained faithful to their new faith.

"Native converts!" exclaimed the merchant in surprise, "I have been in India twenty years and I never saw a native convert."

Every one looked at the old missionary, expecting to hear a vigorous defense of missionary societies, but he made no comment. In a little while he said to the merchant:

"I understand you were quite a hunter in India, and that you had wonderful success in hunting tigers." Immediately the merchant straightened up.



“Yes,” he said, “I have killed a great many tigers in India.” And then he proceeded to relate tiger experiences. When there was a lull in the conversation the missionary said quietly :

“Isn’t it strange? I have been in India twenty years and I never saw a tiger there!”

The moral is simple : One man had been looking for converts, and he found them ; the other man was hunting for tigers and he saw them.

We are told by both Matthew and Mark that the two thieves who died on either side of Christ reviled Him and scoffed at Him, as did the crowd. They cast His title in His teeth. We are told there was no difference between those men. Both had been in rebellion against God all their lives. Both were led to execution as thieves and malefactors, on the same day ; but one of them was converted during the day, and the other was not. Over one of them came a wonderful change. What was it? How was it? What brought him under conviction? I don’t know ; but one thing I do know — he was convicted of sin and confessed, and Christ saved him and snatched him from the very borders of hell. How simple the conversions of the Bible are! Simply believing, simply receiving.

Years ago when I went to St. Louis to hold a series of meetings one of the newspapers announced that it would publish every word I uttered in the meetings during the week. Sermons, prayers, notices, and every thing appeared verbatim. Every word I said was taken down by two stenographers. If one left out a word the other put it in. Everything went in, blunders and all. And then the headlines were the most sensational possible. One night I preached on the text “What must I do to be saved?” and the next morning the paper appeared with a full report of the sermon, with this headline :

“HOW THE JAILER OF PHILIPPI WAS CAUGHT.”

The thing went on through the week, and then the paper announced that it would keep up the verbatim reports as long as I remained in St. Louis. It was the severest strain that I

ever was under. It was like having a Turkish bath all the week. But knowing that everything I said was going to be printed, I worked in more Scripture in those sermons than I ever had done before. It was a good chance to get the Bible into the homes of the people.

A copy of the paper about the Philippian jailer was lying on the floor of a St. Louis prison, and one of the most hardened criminals saw the headline, "How the Jailer of Philippi was Caught." Said he :

"That's good; I am glad to know that one jailer has got his deserts."

He thought Philippi was a town in Illinois across the river, and he began to read the story to find out what the jailer had been doing and how he happened to be arrested. In a moment his eye fell on the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." He couldn't imagine what that had to do with the arrest of a jailer, but as he read the sermon he was convicted of sin and cried to God for mercy. In the morning a change in the man was noticed by the under-sheriffs, but the sheriff of the prison said :

"Burke is trying to play the pious dodge in order to get a light sentence."

After the trial, owing to some technicality, Burke was released from prison, and he tried to get honest work. He came to New York for that purpose, but finding it impossible to get work he returned to St. Louis.

Six months after his conversion the sheriff sent for Burke, and he supposed that some old charge had been trumped up against him, for he had been honest for the last six months. To his great surprise the sheriff told him that he had been shadowed every day since he left prison. He knew of his journey to New York and of his straightforward life, and now he wanted to appoint him deputy sheriff. In a little while he became treasurer of the sheriff's office. During all that time I had never seen him; but sometime after, when I was preaching in Chicago, he got leave of absence for a week to see the

man whose sermon had been reported in the daily paper and had been the means of bringing him to Christ. When I went to St. Louis a few years ago, on my way to Mexico, a man showed me two photographs — one of Burke when he was in prison, taken from the rogue's gallery, and the other taken a few days before I was there. The Lord had changed the appearance of the man's face so that I should never have known that the photographs were of the same person.

In Texas I told about the great change that had been wrought in this man, and a minister who was present rose to say that he had been invited to hold a ten days' mission in St. Louis, and finding that he was unable to remain the last few days, he made inquiries for some one to take charge of the meetings. Every one said :

“ Send for Valentine Burke.”

He sent to the sheriff to see if Burke could be excused for a few days, but the sheriff said that just then Burke was in charge of a store containing a large and valuable stock of diamonds, and he had no one else to whom he could intrust this very important matter. Burke won his way into the confidence of every sheriff from 1880 until his death in 1895. When he died the city was profoundly moved. Thank God for the daily press which led to the conversion of this man, who, I have been told by a friend in St. Louis, was one of the brightest stars won for the Redeemer by that series of meetings.

Many don't know what freedom is. They are still asleep and sunk in bondage. They are like Lazarus, who came forth from the grave with his grave-clothes on, bound hand and foot. The difficulty with these people is that they are always looking in their own hearts to find freedom, whereas it is the truth which makes us free, the word of God. A lady was telling about going down South a few years after the Civil War. She went to a hotel, and the room she was shown to was not very neat. She said to the old colored woman who attended her, “ I should like to have you put the room in order ; I am from the North, and you know the Northern people set you free.”

The lady went away and came back in a little while, and it seemed as if half a day's work had been done in her absence.

"Now," said the colored woman, "is I free or isn't I? My ole massa tells me I isn't free, and I go out among de colored-folks and dey say I *is* free."

A great many of God's people are in the same condition; they do not know whether they are free or not. It is not a matter of feeling. The proclamation of Abraham Lincoln set that woman free, and so it is the proclamation of God's word that makes us free; not that we feel this way or that way.

A parable was told by Mr. Spurgeon of a tyrant who ordered one of his subjects, a blacksmith, into his presence, and said to him: "Make a chain of a certain length, and bring it to me on a certain day." The blacksmith returned at the appointed time, bringing the chain. The tyrant said: "Make it twice as long and bring it to me." The blacksmith made it, and brought it to him. The tyrant looked at it and said again: "Make it twice the length, and bring it to me." The blacksmith obeyed, and after he had made the chain twice its former length, he brought it back. The tyrant then said to his officers: "Take the chain and bind that man hand and foot with it." That is what the devil is doing with many. He is making them forge their own chain. What you want is to become free.

When men are really converted they turn *right-about face*. People say, "I don't believe you can be saved so easily; I believe we have got to work a little for salvation. I believe in faith and works." So do I, but I don't believe a man is going to work out his own salvation. Suppose, for a moment, that this platform is the deck of a sinking ship. The vessel has sprung a leak and is going to the bottom. The captain shouts:

"Jump into the lifeboat! The vessel's going down!"

But I think I can keep the vessel afloat by pumping, and so I keep on pumping; and I finally say to the captain:

"I don't believe the vessel's going down."

Now, that would be trying to work out my own salvation; and all the time the vessel would be sinking. But Mr. Sankey



won't stay on the doomed vessel. He just leaps into the life-boat, takes an oar, and pulls with a will for the shore. That's working out your own salvation after you're saved.

There were two brothers in London, one of whom was quickened and the other converted at our meetings. They had a brother in the south of Ireland who was not a Christian, and they telegraphed him, "Come at once, very important business." When he arrived in London they took him into their private office and told him what the Lord had done for them. They brought him into our meeting that evening and into the inquiry-room and he was led to Christ. That dispatch was truthful: it was "very important business." If you have a brother out of the fold go and fetch him in. Do as Andrew did when he found his brother Peter, and as Philip did when he found his friend Nathaniel under the fig tree, and bring him to Christ.

There was a man converted in Chicago who couldn't speak a word of English, and we had to make use of an interpreter. What to do with that man after he became a Christian I didn't know. He wanted to do something for the Lord, and, finally, I stationed him at a street corner to give out handbills. When the Lord converted him he was so happy! His face was all aglow, and to every man that went by — and there were some pretty hard cases — he just gave a handbill. Some thanked him and some swore at him, but he kept on smiling all the time. He couldn't tell the difference between thanks and curses. He stood there every day for two months, without a hat part of the time, and every night he was there; when the short days came and it grew dark early he had a transparency lighted up on the corner; and he was instrumental in saving a good many souls.

The best thing we can do for children is to bring them early to Christ. Early impressions never, never leave them, and I do not know why they should not grow up in the service of the Lord. I contend that those who are converted early make the best Christians. Take the man who is converted at fifty. He

has continually to fight against his old habits; but a young person has a Christian character to form and a long life to give to Christ.

I was once urging the early conversion of children, and an old man arose at the close of the meeting and said, "I want to endorse every word." Sixteen years before, he was a missionary in a heathen country, and his wife died and left three little children. On the Sunday after her death the eldest girl came to him and said, "Papa, shall I take the children into the bedroom and pray with them as mother used to?" She was only ten years old, but she wanted to follow in her mother's footsteps. The father said yes, and she led them into the chamber to pray. When they came out he noticed they had been weeping, and he asked them why.

"Well, father," said the little girl, "I prayed just as mother taught me, and then little brother said the prayer that mother taught him; but Susie was so young that mother had not taught her a prayer, so she made a prayer of her own, and I could not help but cry when I heard it."

"What did she say?" said the father.

"Why, she put up her little hands and closed her eyes, and said, 'O God, you have come and taken away my dear mamma, and I have no mamma to pray for me now — won't you please make me good just as my dear mamma was, for Jesus' sake, Amen.'"

God heard that prayer. That little child, before she was four years old, gave evidence of being a child of God, and for sixteen years she remained in that heathen country leading little children to Christ.

Many years ago an infidel lived near my Mission School in Chicago. He was very angry because I had started the school near his house. An old proverb says, "Like Priest, like People," and you can say, "Like Parent, like Child." His children knew their father didn't like me, and when I went by the house they called me "hypocrite" and pretty much everything else that was bad. I worked months and months to get

those children into my Sunday-school, but met nothing but curses from children and parents. One night we were having a boys' meeting, and I noticed that one of his little boys, about thirteen years old, had come in. At first I thought God had sent him, but afterwards I thought perhaps Satan had, for he was sticking pins into the other boys, and doing everything he could to break up the meeting. I kept quiet, and when I went out I said :

"Allie, I am glad you came to-night. I hope you will come again."

He felt ashamed when I spoke so kindly to him, after he had behaved so badly, but he promised to come again, and he came night after night. One night he arose in the meeting and said :

"Boys, you know all about my home, and you know all about me. I wish you would pray God to convert me. I would like to become a Christian."

I said to myself, "That is the entering wedge into that infidel home."

One day about five weeks after, I noticed that he was crying. I thought perhaps something had gone wrong with him during the day, but he got up, weeping, and said :

"Boys, I wish you would pray for my mother."

"Thank God for that," I said.

After prayer I took him aside and said :

"Allie, have you ever told your mother what God has done for you?"

"No," he said, "but I have tried to show it in my life. I have been obedient and kind, and done everything I could to please her."

"That is splendid," I said, "but perhaps the time has come for you to confess Christ. And now, when you go home, won't you ask your mother to let you pray with her." He said he couldn't.

"You had better tell your mother what the Lord has done for you," I said.

The next morning he came to my place of business and said his mother wanted to see me at her house. I said:

"I will go up this afternoon."

He said she would like to see me right away. So I went. When I arrived at the house the mother wanted everyone to go out of the room but Allie, herself, and me; and when we were alone, she said:

"Mr. Moody, I sent for you to tell me what to do to be saved."

"Well, what has brought about this change?"

"Well," she said, "how can I help believing in religion when I have seen such a change in Allie? Last night he nearly broke my heart. He came to me from the meeting and hung around as if he wanted to tell me something, but he said nothing. At last I said, 'Allie, you had better go to bed.' He still lingered, and finally I commanded him to go. He has been a very obedient child lately. He started, and went up one or two steps, and then suddenly came back and buried his head in my bosom and began to cry. I said, 'Are you sick, Allie?' 'No, mother.' 'What is the trouble? Has any one hurt your feelings?' 'Mother, I have been trying to be a Christian for the past five weeks, and the boys at school laugh at me, and brother Charlie laughs at me when I pray, and I have nobody to help me. I wish you were a Christian, for if you were you would help me.' Then he went to his bedroom. I thought I would go to his room and see if he felt as badly as he pretended to. I heard him praying: 'Save my mother to-night. Have mercy on my mother.' I could not sleep. All through the night I could hear my little boy's voice pleading for me. I never spent such a wretched night in my life. If you will show me how to become a Christian, I will become one. I don't want to keep my boy back."

She became a Christian. She came to my school, took a class, and within a few weeks every member of that infidel family, but one, were Christians.

Two millers used to keep their mill running day and night;



and every night one came down the stream in his boat to within a short distance of the dam, where he would leave the boat and walk to the mill, while his brother would go back in the same way. One night when coming down the stream one of them fell asleep, and did not wake up until within a short distance of the dam. He knew that if he went over the dam it meant certain death. He managed in the darkness to get the boat near the shore, where he got hold of a small twig, but the moment he pulled on it it began to give way at the roots. He ceased pulling at it and simply held on, all the while crying out, "Help! Help!" At length some one heard his cry, and came near with a rope, which was thrown to him and by which he was saved from death. Now the rope let down into this unbelieving world is just that little word "believe," and it is offered to every soul, and all you have to do is to just lay hold of it. Give up trying to pull yourself out, and lay hold of the rope by which another will pull you out.

Conversion is through an unseen power — a supernatural agency. It is the Son of God who knocks at your heart and says, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." A friend of mine once said that when Christ first came to him He knocked pretty loud. The second time conscience was not so keen, and the knocking did not seem so loud. When He came a third time the knock seemed fainter, and the fourth time fainter still, and the fifth time almost inaudible, till by and by the knocking could not be heard at all. My friends, Christ stands knocking now.

At one of our meetings in London a man arose and said he had been carrying on the business of a dog-fighter in the East End of London. He had a valuable dog called "Tiger," which had cost him a large sum, and which had won a great deal of money in dog fights. He had a fight on for the dog for ten pounds, but a few days before it was to take place a little child of his died, and he concluded to go to a public-house

and try to forget his sorrow in smoking and drinking. But on the way he thought: "Well, there's Moody and Sankey; suppose I go up and hear them?" He came to our meeting, and he went out thinking it was all very good, but it did not concern him. The dog-fighting business was very dull, and having no sport to go to he came to the meetings again. This time Mr. Aitken was the preacher, and the dog-fighter said it seemed as if the preacher left off speaking to the audience and directed his remarks straight at him. He slid down lower in his seat so that the preacher could not see him, but he only hit him harder than before. The service being over he felt very uncomfortable, and he made inquiries. After a great deal of talk he was enabled by the grace of God to trust simply in Jesus, and from that time he was happy. But there was his dog! What was he to do with him? Every time he looked at Tiger he saw a terrible link between his past life and his present, and he was afraid if he sold him he would only lead some one else into sin. So he decided to drown the dog, although it had cost a good sum of money, and was a valuable animal. This he did; he tied him in a sack and drowned him in the river.

When I was holding meetings at Wharneckcliffe, a coal district in England, a great burly miner came up to me and said in his Yorkshire dialect:

"Dost know who was at meetin' t'night?"

"No," I answered.

"Why," said he, "so-and-so was there" (mentioning a name).

The name was a familiar one. He was a very bad man, one of the wickedest men in Yorkshire, according to his own confession, and according to the opinion of everybody who knew him.

"Weel," said the man, "he cam' into meetin' an' said ye didn't preach right; he said ye preached nothin' but love o' Christ; an' that won't do for drunken miners; ye want t' shake 'em over a pit; an' he says he'll ne'er come again."

He thought I didn't preach about hell.

I didn't expect to see the miner again, but he came the next night right from the coal-pit, his face unwashed and with all his working clothes on. He sat down on one of the seats that were used for children, and got as near to me as possible. The sermon was love, from first to last. He listened attentively, but by-and-by I saw him wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his rough coat. Soon after we had an inquiry-meeting, when some praying miners got around him, and it wasn't long before he cried, "O Lord, save me! I am lost; Jesus have mercy upon me;" and that night he left the meeting a new man.

His wife told me what occurred when he came home that night. His little children heard him coming along—they knew the step of his heavy clogs—and they ran to their mother in terror, clinging to her skirts. He opened the door as gently as could be. He had a habit of banging the door. My friends, if a man becomes converted, it will even make a difference in the slamming of doors. When he came into the house and saw the children clinging to their mother, frightened, he just stooped down and picked up the youngest girl in his arms, and looked at her, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he said:

"Mary, Mary, God has sent thy father home to thee," and he kissed her. He took up another:

"God has sent thy father home;" and he went from one to another, and kissed them all. Then he came to his wife and putting his arms around her neck, he said:

"Don't cry, lass; don't cry. God has sent thy husband home at last." All she could do was to put her arms around his neck and sob. Then he said:

"Have we got a Bible in the house, lass?" They hadn't.

"Well, lass, if we haven't, we must pray." They got down on their knees, and all that he could say was:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity' ———

for Jesus Christ's sake, amen." It was a simple prayer, but God answered it. While I was at Barnet some time after that, a friend came to me and said: "I have good news for you. So-and-so (mentioning the miner's name) is preaching the gospel everywhere he goes — in the pit, and out of the pit, and trying to win everybody to the Lord Jesus Christ."

Some years ago, a man who is now a very dear friend of mine was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl. He had everything that heart could desire; money, health, and grand business prospects; and in the near future he would have a wife and a happy home. In imagination he lived in the beautiful castles he built in the air, and every castle had a golden minaret; for when we build with the imagination we do not count the cost. All at once, as though a flash of lightning had come out of a clear sky, illness fell upon his betrothed, and she suddenly died. The shock to him was terrible. He was a man of large heart and generous sympathies, and those are they who make the best or worst men in the world. Broken down by grief he rushed into every sort of dissipation which New York life affords, — and New York life is very rich in that sort of material, — and he squandered an immense amount of money — nearly all he had. What he wanted was to forget, and he went on from bad to worse until he reached the black mud of moral iniquity. One day in the midst of all this, by one of those instincts that you and I can understand, he was led to open his safe and take from it a small package containing a little silver key, — the key which he himself had turned in the casket of his beloved, — and a tress of auburn hair. He looked at them and started back in horror as he reflected upon the gulf that now separated him from her, and he turned to a companion and asked if he thought he should ever see her again. His companion answered: "I don't think you ever will. I don't see how you can. The life you and I have been living these last twelve months does not lead that way. It leads down the other side, and you and I can never look a pure woman in the face again." The poor fellow burst into tears, and wringing

his hands, he cried: "Oh, I *must* meet her again. If there is anything in religion by which I can get rid of my past life, I am going to get rid of it, and I am going to right-about face, and keep my eyes upon Heaven. If she is there, I am going there too." He came to see me, and wrung my hand in a way I cannot describe, and there was a great resolution in his heart. One Sunday morning, while the memory of that auburn tress and silver key was fresh in his mind, he joined my church; and being asked if he would like to go back to the past, he exclaimed: "No, I have found a home at last, and I cannot go back to despair."

William Dorset, the Yorkshire farmer, was preaching one night in London, and in closing his meeting he said there wasn't a man in London so far gone but that the Lord could save him. A lady missionary whom I knew, had found a sick man in one of the most squalid parts of the East End of London, who said there was no hope for him; he had sinned away his day of grace. She went to Mr. Dorset, and said:

"Mr. Dorset, will you go with me and see that man, and tell him what you said?"

He said he would. She led him down a narrow street until they came to a dilapidated five-story tenement house, and away up in the garret he found a young man lying upon a bed of straw. He bent over him and whispered in his ear, and called him his friend. The young man looked startled, and said:

"You are mistaken in the person when you say, 'My friend.'"

"How is that?" said Mr. Dorset.

"Well, sir, I have no friends. No one cares for me."

Mr. Dorset told him that Christ was just as much his friend as of any man in London. Poor prodigal! After he had talked with him for some time, he prayed with him, and read to him out of the Bible, and at last the light of the Gospel began to break in upon that darkened heart. The young man said he thought he could die happy if he could only know that his father was willing to forgive him. Mr. Dorset said:



"Where does your father live?"

"In the West End of London," giving him an address.

"I will go and see him, and see if he won't forgive you."

"No, I don't want you to do that. He has disowned me. My father would abuse you if you should even speak to him about me. He does not recognize me as his son any more."

"But I will go and see him," Mr. Dorset said.

He went to the West End of London, to the address the young man had given him, and there he found a fine mansion. A servant dressed in livery came to the door, and Mr. Dorset was ushered into the drawing-room. Presently the father, a fine looking man, came into the room. Mr. Dorset held out his hand to shake hands with him, and said:

"You have a son Joseph, have you not?"

When the father heard that, he withdrew his hand, and said:

"If you have come to talk about that worthless vagabond, I want you to leave the house. He is no son of mine."

"Yes, he is your son now, but he will not be yours long," Mr. Dorset quietly said.

"Is he sick?" said the father.

"Yes," said Mr. Dorset, "he is dying. I haven't come to ask you for money, for I will see that he has a decent burial. I have only come to ask you to forgive him?"

"Forgive him! forgive him!" cried the father, "I would have forgiven him long ago if I thought he wanted me to. Do you know where he is?"

"Yes, he is over in the East End."

"Can you take me to him?"

"Yes."

The father ordered his carriage, and they were soon on the way. When they reached the tenement house, he said:

"Did you find my boy here?"

"Yes."

"Oh! if I had only known he wanted me to, I would have taken him home long ago."

When the father entered the squalid room he could hardly



A FATHER RECOGNIZING HIS LONG LOST SON. DEATH OF A PRODIGAL IN A LONDON GARRET.  
"No, father, I am too far gone, I am dying, but I can die happy in this garret, now that I know you have forgiven me." In a little while he breathed his last, and out of that dark garret, from a wretched bed of straw, his soul rose up into the kingdom of God.



recognize his long-lost son. He bent over and kissed him. The first thing the boy said was :

“ Father, can you forgive me? ”

“ I would have forgiven you long, long ago, my son, if I had only known you wanted me to. Let me take you home.”

“ No, father, I am too far gone, I am dying ; but I can die happy in this garret, now that I know you have forgiven me. And I think God, for Christ’s sake, has forgiven me.”

In a little while he breathed his last, and out of that dark garret, from a wretched bed of straw, his soul rose up into the kingdom of God.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PRODIGAL SON.

A Noble Character — Seven Children, and No Two Alike — A Jolly Fellow — A Father Who was “a Little Soft” — Trying to Borrow a Dollar — A Scheme of the Devil — Saloon-keepers and Free Lunches — The Gnawings of Hunger — “Use or Lose” — A Jew Caring for Swine — Sowing Tares and Reaping Shame — The Hardest of Battles — “There Goes a Tramp” — Watching for His Son — Love Makes the Eyesight Keen — The Forgotten Speech — A Story of Mr. Moody’s Early Life — A Mother’s Grief for the Wanderer — The Little Circle By the Fireside — Tears and Silence — The Roar of the Storm — The Wanderer’s Return — What if there Were Two Graves There? — The Face of a Stranger — His Tears of Penitence Betray Him — Welcomed and Forgiven.

I AM inclined to think that about ninety-nine persons out of every hundred start out on their career with a false idea of life. The prodigal son thought he could do far better away from home. Perhaps he didn’t like home restraints, didn’t like home influences; perhaps his father was too religious, and he wanted to sow a few wild oats; he wanted to give loose rein to his passions; and perhaps he thought he could get rich faster in a far-off country. Perhaps he didn’t tell his father when he wanted the heritage divided that he was going away; in fact, it might have been an after-thought with himself; but when he got everything into his own hands he took his departure.

We are not told where he went; perhaps down into Egypt; that was a very prosperous country at that time, and there were some very flourishing cities there. Memphis was a prosperous city at that time. Perhaps he did not get on well at home with that elder brother, for they were as unlike as Esau and Jacob,



or Cain and Abel; they didn't agree. One was proud, arrogant, and conceited; the other lived only for the present, and was ready for anything that would give him pleasure. One owed his downfall to his conceit and self-righteousness, and the other to his passions and lusts.

I want to call your attention to the nobility of that father. I think he is one of the noblest characters in history. He had great difficulty in managing those two boys. They were so unlike that what was medicine for one was rank poison to the other. The elder brother didn't want to enjoy his inheritance with his father, because his father didn't give him a kid to enjoy with his friends. You will find on many of the public buildings in France, including prisons, the words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." "Liberty" is a fine word to display on a prison where men are locked up in iron cells! Liberty is just what they haven't got. These words are also displayed on all their madhouses; a good deal of liberty in a madhouse, with a straight-jacket on! Liberty is just what that father wanted with these two boys, and that is just what they didn't want him to have with them. That is just what the King of Heaven wants, and that is what the world does not want. He wants us all to be sons. That is liberty. That was what that father meant when he said to his son: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." That is just it; it is all there. The elder brother didn't sin any more than the younger, nor the younger any more than the elder.

Let us follow that prodigal son. I can imagine him down in Memphis. If they had cigars there he probably smoked the best, drank the best wine, and had the best turnout there was in the city. He was very popular. You know most any man is popular now-a-days that has a pocket full of money, and nothing to do but spend it. Oh yes, he is a jolly good fellow! I have no doubt there were many mothers down there in Memphis who were glad to introduce this young man to their daughters. He moved in the best society. Ah, a rich man's son from Palestine! Nothing to do and plenty of money!

I don't believe there is anything that will ruin a man much quicker than idleness. I believe that the command to work six days and rest on the seventh is binding on us yet. I have great respect for a man that makes something out of himself. A rich man's son doesn't have an even chance in this world. The father earns money and lays it away for the son, and he generally contrives to spend it; he doesn't have a chance to use and improve the talent that is in him. I was once asked what I thought possessed a certain rich man to blow his brains out; and I said, "He hadn't anything else to do." He had plunged into all kinds of pleasure, and he had sampled the world through and through, and then he had nothing else to do but to kill himself. A young man who has nothing to do is the devil's playfellow.

I can't conceive of a greater mistake a rich man can make than to pile up wealth and leave it to his sons; you had better be your own executor, and dispose of your property before you die. I have got two sons, and I think if the youngest should say to me, "Father, you just divide with me," I would say, "If you want money, wait until you earn it."

I think the father of the prodigal son was a little soft to give the boy, while he lived, his own inheritance. It don't take a young man a great while to spend a large amount of money with gamblers and harlots. It don't take long to spend money anyhow. Most any one can do that; it don't even require brains to spend money. The prodigal son squandered it very lavishly; I suppose that the people with whom he spent it called him a very liberal young man.

Perhaps five years go by, and then he has got to the "end of his rope," as they say, and his money is all gone. When a man's money is gone his so-called friends drop off very fast. If a man or woman has friends who are friends merely on account of their position in society, their friendship is good for nothing. This young man found that out. When his money was all squandered he was in great distress, and all his so-called friends left him. I can imagine him going to one of them who

had helped him to spend his money, and trying to borrow a dollar; and his former friend laughs at him and says, "Why, I wouldn't lend you a cent, you stupid fellow! You came down here with thousands, and you have gone through the whole of it." That is taking place all the time.

Let a young man go to a great city and spend his money very fast, and when it is all gone let him go to the men that helped ruin him, and they will just kick him out. They do! I have seen it! Saloon-keepers strip a man; when he has no more money to give them they kick him out! The devil never gives! In a good many saloons they have free lunches. That is only a dodge of the devil to entice you in there. Just go in there a few days and take a free lunch, and the next thing you know you are buying their whiskey.

If they had pawnbrokers in Memphis at that time, you might see the prodigal son going to the pawnshops; perhaps that is the way he got rid of the ring that was the sign of sonship; he didn't have the ring when he came back. His good clothes were all gone; he had either pawned them or disposed of them in some other way.

About that time a mighty famine arose in that land, and he began to be in want. He had never known what it was to be in want before; but now he began to feel the gnawings of hunger. There was one redeeming feature about him; he wouldn't beg, and he wouldn't steal. There is a good deal of hope for a young man who won't beg or steal.

He began to look around to find something to do. A good many young men have come to me to get something to do — prodigals, and I don't know what to do with them. They are good for nothing! If a merchant should put them behind a counter in his store they couldn't do anything. Why, put them behind a bar in one of these saloons, and they would drink so much liquor a saloon-keeper wouldn't have them. Certainly they couldn't work with a pickaxe or a shovel, because their arms are as soft and their flesh as flabby as a baby's; they couldn't earn their salt by manual labor. Put them out in the

woods to chop wood, and they wouldn't chop enough to keep themselves warm! I think it was a good thing for the prodigal son when he was compelled to do something. God's law is "Use or lose." If a man does not use what God has given him he will lose what he has.

This young man had been living in idleness; what was he good for? Thank God, he found work, but the meanest work that a Jew could do! Did you ever see a Jew taking care of swine? No, you never did. I tell you, it is pretty hard work to get a Jew to take care of swine. Yet, here was a rich man's son from Palestine in that far country, and his job was to gather husks and care for and feed swine! Pretty low, wasn't it? But that is better than begging; it is better than stealing. There is a chance for a man who will carry in coal and shovel snow! There is hope for that man. I believe there is a chance for any man to rise when he is willing to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

"And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat." The devil gets a good grip before he pulls a man down; and when he gets him down how he holds him, and he won't let him up. Talk about aiding tramps! When this young man was hungry no one gave to him. That brought him to his senses. I honestly believe we make a great mistake in giving tramps and footpads aid. I believe that the best thing for them is to let them come to want, so that they will come to themselves. As long as they can get food for the mere asking they will tramp all around the country. If the prodigal son's father had sent him money every thirty days he never would have returned home; it is a good thing that he got to the end of his own resources. Then he had to think. It is a grand thing to get men to thinking. If he had stopped to think in the first place he probably never would have left home; he wouldn't have squandered his property the way he did. That is the trouble with people; they rush madly into all kinds of vice and sin; they don't stop to think. They believe they can sow to the wind and not reap the whirlwind; they

think they can sow to the flesh and reap from the Spirit ; that they can sow tares and reap wheat. They think they can sow these things and affect nobody but themselves ; but if I sow tares I have got to reap shame for my whole family !

Well, after the prodigal had fed the swine that morning, he leaned his head upon his hands, as Elijah did when he came from Carmel and sat under the juniper tree, and began to think. His mind traveled back into the past, and he thought of the home he left in the Valley of the Jordan. He heard the murmuring of the breeze through the great shade trees on the banks of the brook where he used to play ; he thought of the good times that he used to have there with his brother. Then he thought of his mother and how she tried to direct his steps, and how she taught him to pray at her knee in his early boyhood. Then he thought of his father ; and the thought dawned on him, " I don't believe there is any one in the wide world who loves me like my father. I didn't think so when I left home, but I don't find any one down here in Egypt who takes half as much interest in me as my father did. I remember that every night and morning he used to pray for both of us boys. I remember when he prayed the last morning I left home, and how he broke down and couldn't finish his prayer. I remember when he shook hands with me at the gate, he held my hand, and I saw his chin quiver and the tears trickled down his cheeks as he said, ' My heart is breaking ; I hope you won't be gone long.' I believe my father loves me better than anybody else. If I should die here I don't know that anybody would bury me ; perhaps they would leave me to the swine." Do you know, that is the greatest battle that a man ever fought ?

Then came the question, " Shall I go home ? I can't go in these rags ; I am ashamed to go as I am ; I wish I was in better condition. If I go home looking like this what will my old schoolmates and neighbors say ? They won't recognize me. When I left home five years ago I had my ring, the sign of sonship, and I had good shoes, and good clothes, and plenty of



them. Now, I have no shoes, no ring, and my clothes are in rags; if I go back as I am everyone will look down upon me."

Then pride rose up and said, "No, you can't go home." The worst enemy we have to overcome is this cursed pride in our own hearts, and the hardest thing that young man had to do was to conquer his pride. Do you know what pride made him do and what he lost? I will tell you. It is a good thing to take an inventory of what the prodigal son lost. He lost all his money, and all his so-called friends in that far-off country. He lost his testimony. There wasn't a man in that country that would believe that he was a son of a rich man. I suppose some of the people who lived in the high places of that country passed him by unnoticed, when they saw him in his rags among the swine. And one would say to another:

"Look at that poor wretch!"

"Call me a wretch? I am the son of a rich man in Palestine."

"Yes, you look like a rich man's son!"

He had lost his testimony, and nobody would believe him. He had lost his character. He might have brought a pocketful of good letters from home when he left there, but his character was now all gone, his reputation was blasted, and his good name tarnished. He had no food, no ring, no robe, no shoes, and his time had been wasted. I tell you when you serve Satan your time is lost!

But there is one thing he never lost — thank God for that! — he never lost his father's love, and that is what brought him home. That father loved his son all the while he was gone, and he loved him just as much as he ever did; the son hadn't got away from his father love, but while he was gone he didn't get the benefit of it. God loves you, but you don't get the benefit of His love, because you have gone away from Him. When the truth began to dawn upon the prodigal that his father loved him it brought him back to his home.

Oh, prodigal! if you would come back, I believe the news would sweep around the throne of God. One of the sweetest

chapters in the Bible to me is that chapter that tells what causes joy in heaven — that a prodigal has made up his mind that he will come back to the Father who loves him so. It was a very hard thing for the young man to make up his mind to return; his pride rebelled against it; but when he made up his mind to do it then it was that he found the way had become easy, and the light of heaven flashed across his path and showed him the way home.

If you had gone into that home a week before the prodigal son came back you would have learned that his father loved him just as much as ever he did. If you had been there at morning prayers you would have heard him pray, not only for that elder son, the first born, and for his servants, but before he finished his morning worship you would have heard him pray for his absent son. If you had asked the servants to whom their master referred in his prayer, they would have said:

“To his absent son.”

“Do you mean that he has two sons?”

“Yes, the younger son came of age, and his father gave him his portion of the inheritance. He left home, and since then his father hasn’t heard from him.”

“Where is his other son?”

“Right over there in the field.”

Go into the field and there you find the elder brother, and you ask him what kind of a man his younger brother is.

“Oh, he is a mean, low, worthless vagabond!”

“Would you like to have him come back home?”

“No, I hope he will never come back; if he does he will disgrace us all.”

Go and talk with that father about his sons, and the moment you mention the younger one, how his face lights up. “My youngest boy is away; I have been looking for him for years, and I have been in hopes he would come back every day.” “Would you forgive him if he came back?” “Forgive him! Why, there is nothing but love in my heart for him. I have prayed for him every night since he went away; I have prayed

that God will let me see him again before I die. If I wasn't so old and feeble I would go down to Egypt to find him and bring him home. He does not know how I love him ; if he did, he would not stay away so long." I don't believe there is a sinner in this world that would stay away from God if he knew how God loved him !

When the absent son remembered how his father loved him, he started for home. If you had seen him passing along the highway you would have said, " There goes a tramp." Not a bit of it ! He is an heir of glory ! a joint-heir with Jesus Christ ! Think of it ! He had been down in the pit, but, thank God ! he is now out of the pit.

I remember the first time I was in Europe and had been gone for six months, how I wanted to get back, and when I came in sight of my native land, and could see the black smoke rising from the city chimneys, I began to rejoice that I was in my own country again. I can imagine that prodigal as he crossed the line and entered Palestine again, how his heart began to beat fast, and his eyes filled with tears of joy. He said, " The moment I get upon that mountain peak over there on that blue ridge in the distance I shall see the Valley of the Jordan ; I shall see my old home." He pushes on. His heart is light, and that made his face bright ; it seemed as though every obstacle had been swept out of the way, it was so easy for him to return home !

At three o'clock it was his father's custom to go on the roof of his house and pray towards Jerusalem. I can see the old, white-haired man there on his knees with his face towards Jerusalem praying that God would bring back his wandering son. After he had prayed I can see him put up his hand to keep the sun away from his eyes, and he looks off towards the west in the same direction that his son went when he left home. Many a time has that father watched for his return. That afternoon I can see him watching again from the roof. Suddenly, he thinks he sees a man far off on the highway coming towards him. By and by the man gets a little nearer, and a little nearer,

and he is soon near enough for the father to see him. Love makes the eyesight keen. Something told him that it was his long-lost son. And though he was still a great way off, the father ran to meet him. He didn't wait until he got to the threshold. The servants in the house saw their master running, and they thought it was very strange, and they ran to the hedge and looked over to see what it meant. They saw a man that looked like a tramp, and the old man had his arms around his neck and was kissing him.

The wanderer had a very fine speech all made up beforehand; it was a very fine speech. Did you ever make up a speech, and then forget every word of it when you wanted to deliver it? This boy had made one up; he had it all planned out. I remember the first time I ever spoke for Christ. I made up a speech and wrote it down; but when I got up to speak I forgot every word of it. The prodigal son turned his speech over in his mind all the way home. "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." Before he had time to say more his father stopped him. What a false idea that son had of his father! That father make his son a servant! "Father, I have sinned" — the old man didn't want to hear another word; that was enough. "I have sinned" — the father fell upon his neck and began to kiss him. The servants came running out, and the old man gave his orders: "Bring out the best robe!" No old, second-hand robe that that elder brother had cast off! Then he noticed his son's ring was gone, and he said to another servant, "Bring a ring and put on his finger." Then he noticed his feet, and he said to another servant, "Get a pair of shoes and put on his feet." Then he said to another servant, "Go and kill the fatted calf." I don't believe there was ever a calf killed as quickly as that one was, or a feast prepared as soon as that feast. I don't believe the returned prodigal ever tasted meat that was as good as that fatted calf! The prodigal was no longer bareheaded, barefooted, and in rags. The father didn't let the elder brother

see him in that condition. I can see the old man sitting at the head of the table. He never tasted a morsel of food; all he could do was to feast his eyes on his returned son, who was never so dear to him in his life.

I have heard people say, "I am afraid if I am converted I won't hold out." I have seen men feeding swine, who were afraid if they returned to their father's house they would want to go back to feeding swine again. Just imagine the prodigal son, as he sits at the feast, bowing his head and weeping, and the father saying, "My son, are you sorry you came home?"

"No, father, it is the happiest moment in all my life."

"Then what are you crying about?"

"I am crying because I am afraid I shall want to go back to feeding swine again."

My friend, if you are not tired and sick of swine, stay there! After you have returned to your father's house, and sat at his table and eaten of the fatted calf, is there any danger that you will want to go back to feeding swine? A man may return to his cups after he has been saved from drink; but I tell you I don't believe there will be much backsliding if you really come back home delivered by the power of God, and become a joint heir with Jesus Christ. May God bring you back! There is bread enough and to spare! God wants you with His sons and daughters. He wants the prodigal that is feeding swine. That prodigal's father represents your Father and mine, and He is waiting to make a feast for you if you will only come back to His house.

Just as we were about to leave Liverpool for London to preach a lady came to see us privately. With tears and sobs she told a pitiful story. She said that her son, nineteen years of age, had left her. She gave me his photograph and said:

"Mr. Moody, you stand before many and large assemblies. My boy may be in London now. Oh, look earnestly at the audiences you will preach to and you may see my dear boy before you. Should you see him tell him to come back to me. Oh, implore him to come to his sorrowing mother, to his de-



sented home! He may be in trouble; he may be suffering; tell him for his loving mother that all is forgiven and forgotten, and he will find comfort and peace at home."

On the back of this photograph she had written his full name and address; she had noted his complexion; the color of his eyes and hair; why he had left home, and the cause of his so doing. "Whenever you preach, Mr. Moody, look for my poor boy," were the parting words of that mother.

A man once asked me, "How is it that a man who has lived an ungodly life can be saved all at once?" Why, God so loves the sinner that He is willing to give him salvation instantly — He wants to save every one. The trouble is that we don't want God to be merciful; we don't want His forgiveness. God is full of compassion and love. It is the spirit of the devil that makes you believe the sins committed during the past twenty years cannot be forgiven. Suppose a father has a son whom he has not seen for twenty years. Well, when he arrives home one night his servants say to him:

"Your son has returned."

"What!" he exclaims, "my absent son here — in this house?"

"Yes, he is in the kitchen; we wanted him to go into the parlor, but he wouldn't; he said the kitchen was good enough for him."

He finds his son, and the boy cries:

"Father, father, I have been bad; I haven't done a good act in twenty years; I have been very unkind to you; but, father, won't you forgive me?"

Say, father, wouldn't you forgive him? Wouldn't you? I would like to see a father who would not.

I can tell you something about this out of my own experience. My father died suddenly when we were little children, and my good mother had a hard time with her large family of boys and girls. After a while one of the older boys took it into his head that he could make his fortune all alone by himself, and so he ran away.

For years and years we heard nothing of him. Sometimes it seemed as if my mother's heart would break. "Oh, if I could only know he was dead," she would sometimes say, "it would be better than this. Maybe he is sick and in need, or maybe he has fallen in with wicked men, who will make him as bad as themselves."

We used to sit around the fire on stormy winter nights and listen to the stories that mother used to tell us about our father; about what he said, how he looked, how he was kind to a friend and lost a great deal of money by him, and how our home was mortgaged, and we were poor; but if anybody happened to speak the name of that absent boy a great silence would fall upon us, the tears would come into my mother's eyes, and then we would all steal away softly to bed, whispering our good-nights, because we felt that the mention of that name was like a sword thrust to the heart of our mother.

After we got to bed we would lie awake and listen to the roaring of the wind and storm, thinking perhaps *he* was out in the cold somewhere. Maybe he had gone to sea, and while we were snug in bed he might be keeping watch on the storm-beaten deck, perhaps climbing the mast in just such darkness and storm. Now and then, between the gusts we would hear a sound like a wail of the summer wind when it used to make harp-strings of the leaves and branches of the great maple trees in the dooryard; now, soft and gentle; then rising louder and louder. How we would hold our breath and listen! Mother was sitting up to pray for her lost boy. Next morning, perhaps, she would send one of us down to the post-office to ask for a letter — a letter from *him*, though she never said so. But no letter ever came.

Long years afterward, when our mother was growing old, and her hair was turning gray, one summer afternoon a dark, sunburned man, with heavy black beard, was seen coming in at the gate.

He came up under the window first and looked in, as if he were afraid there might be strangers living in the house. He

had stopped at the churchyard, on his way through the village, to see whether there were two graves instead of one where our father had been laid so many years ago, but there was only one grave there; surely, his mother was not dead. But, still, she might have moved away. Then he went around and knocked at the door, and mother went to open it.

Years of hardship and exposure to sun and storm had made him strange even to his mother. She invited him to come in, but he did not move or speak; he stood there humbly and penitently; and, as a sense of his ingratitude began to overwhelm him, the big tears found their way over his weather-beaten cheeks. By those tears the mother recognized her long-lost son. He had come back at last. There was so much love of the old home in him that he couldn't always stay away. "Oh, it is my lost son!" she cried, "my dear, dear son," and she entreated him to come in. But he would not cross the threshold until he confessed his sin, and heard from the same lips which had prayed so often and so long for him the sweet assurance that he was forgiven. "No, no," said he, "I cannot come in until you forgive me."

Do you suppose that mother kept her boy outside until he had gone through with a long list of apologies, done a long list of penances, and said ever so many prayers? Not a bit of it. She took him to her heart at once; she made him come right in; she forgave him all, rejoiced over him more than over all the other children who had not been away.

And that is just the way God forgives all the prodigal souls who come back to Him. O wanderer, come home! come home!

## CHAPTER III.

### THE NEW BIRTH.

A Photograph of the Heart — “I Will Take Fourteen Dozen” — Breaking the Plate and Abusing the Artist — “Ticketed” through to Heaven — “My Brother is an Archdeacon” — Signing Good Resolutions with Blood — The Crab-apple Tree — “Can’t You Give Me Something To Do?” — Turned Out of House and Home — A Personal Experience — Story of the Crane and the Swan — “I Want Snails” — The Descent into the Pit — No Such Thing as Wind — A Puzzling Question — The Mystery of Life — A Thrilling Incident — “He Isn’t Going to Catch Me” — Cornering Him in One End of a Pew — Jumping Over the Backs of the Pews — “I Am that Nephew” — Joking at Mr. Moody’s Expense — “You Ought to be a Different Man” — The Story of a Drunkard’s Downfall — Thrilling Testimony — A Story of the Civil War — The Empty Cot.

I WAS told some years ago when I was preaching in a New England town, on the New Birth, that that doctrine would do for the slums of great cities, but not for intelligent and cultivated people. There is no difference. Culture is right in its place, but that is not the New Birth. You may be a moral man and not be a Christian, but no man can be a Christian without being a moral man. The longer I live and mingle with men, the more I doubt that men and women are “naturally good.” Who was Nicodemus? Was he a drunkard, a gambler, or a thief? He was one of the best men in Jerusalem; no doubt about that. He was an honorable Councillor; he belonged to the Sanhedrim; he held a very high position; he was an orthodox man, and he was one of the very soundest of men. Why, if he were here to-day he would be made president of one of our colleges; he would be put at once into one of our seminaries, and have “Reverend” prefixed to his name — “Reverend Nicodemus, D.D.,” or even “LL.D.” And yet

what did Christ say to him? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

A perfect God couldn't give an imperfect standard; a perfect God sees that the law is pure and good; but we are not good if we don't come up to the standard. Now, if a man should advertise that he could take a photograph of people's hearts and give a perfect likeness, do you think he would get a customer? If we have a photograph taken we dress ourselves up and crimp our hair, and we have it taken sitting and standing, and sitting in this position and sitting in that position, and standing in this position and standing in that position, and if the artist makes us look handsome when we are homely, we say, "You are the first man that has ever done me justice; I will take fourteen dozen." And we send them around to our friends, and say, "Yes, that is a good likeness." Suppose the artist could get a true photograph of the heart of man, do you think he would get many customers? A good many of us would break the plate and abuse the artist. Some would say, "I wouldn't like to have my wife see my heart. I wouldn't like to have her read my secret thoughts." The heart of man is a fountain of corruption, vileness, and pollution, and there is no hope for his being saved until he finds out that he is bad.

There is nothing that will close a man's mouth who boasts of being pure, and good, and moral, as to get a look at himself in God's looking-glass. Just a little while before the Chicago fire I said to my family one morning that I would come home early after dinner and take them out to drive. My little boy jumped up and said:

"Papa, will you take us up to Lincoln Park to see the bears?"

"Yes, I'll take you up to Lincoln Park to see the bears."

I hadn't more than left the house before he began to tease his mother to get him ready. She washed him, put a white dress on him, and got him all ready. Then he wanted to go out doors. When he was a little fellow he had a strange passion for eating dirt, and when I drove up his face was covered



with mud and his dress was very dirty. He came running up to me and wanted me to take him into the carriage and go to Lincoln Park.

"Willie," I said, "I can't take you in that condition; you must be washed first."

"No, I'se clean!"

"No, you are not. You are dirty. You'll have to be washed before I can take you out driving."

"O, I'se clean, I'se clean; mamma washed me."

"No," I said, "you are not."

The little fellow began to cry, and I thought the quickest way to stop him was to let him look at himself. So I got out of the carriage, took him into the house, and showed him his dirty face in the looking-glass. That stopped his mouth. He never said his face was clean after he saw himself. But I didn't take the looking-glass to wash him with. I took him away to the water. The law is only given to show man his needs; to show him his guilt — not to save him.

Now, you will never make a man right as long as his heart is wrong. No outward reformation will make that life right. You will never get a pure stream as long as you have an impure fountain. Make the fountain good and the stream will be good. Make the tree good and the fruit will be good. Make the heart right, and the eye, the hand, the thoughts, the will, all will be "full of light."

I think some ministers would be amazed if they should catechise some of their oldest members on the subject of the New Birth. I sometimes ask people who have been in the church for years, "What makes you think you have been 'born from above'?" "Well, because I go to church regularly." Satan goes to church as regularly as any church-member. He is there before it is dedicated; he is always busy, and he will snatch away the "seed," if it is possible, so that it cannot stay in your heart. The idea that he is only to be found in gambling dens and brothels! If there is any danger of men and women coming into God's kingdom, he will try to whisper wicked

thoughts into their hearts. If it was only attending church that is going to make people Christians, we would manage to get them there some way. A man may be a deep-dyed villain and go to church to cover up his villainy. I once met a man who said he would go to heaven if anybody did, for his daughter played the organ in church, and he entertained the minister. I once asked a woman if she were a Christian, and she replied: "My brother is an Archdeacon of the Church of England." She seemed to think because her brother was an Archdeacon that that sort of ticketed her through to Heaven.

What is your hope? What makes you think you are a Christian? A good many people tell me that they were born in this country, and this is a Christian country. That is, they are to go to heaven because they were born in America. And some say, "I not only go to church, but I am a member." "I have been baptized." "I have been confirmed." "I have united with the church." You may do all of these things and not be "born of God." Did not Judas go out from the last supper and betray his Master for thirty pieces of silver? A man may go from the communion table and do the darkest deeds. If you could baptize people into the kingdom of God all you would have to do would be to pass a law that all children should be baptized. But that is not being "born of the Spirit," or "from above," or "again." Nor is being "born again" simply coming to revival meetings and having your feelings wrought upon, feeling sad and feeling good, and "turning over a new leaf," and making "good resolutions."

When I was a young man I said I would "turn over a new leaf," and on Monday night the new leaf was as black as that of Saturday. I went so far once as to draw blood out of my veins and sign my good resolutions with it. It didn't hold. When a friend dies, you attend the funeral, make good resolutions, and tell the minister that you are going to "lead a different life." There's not a minister who does not have that kind of converts, those whose feelings have been greatly wrought upon by their sorrow. That is not the New Birth.

WHAT IS IT? Listen. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" — the power, the privilege, the authority, to become the sons of God! "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." BORN OF GOD.

If I should take my watch and plant it, I wouldn't get little watches, would I? Why? Because the germ of life is not there. You may take a bushel of gravel and plant it, and you would not get more gravel, would you? Why? Because the germ of life is not in it. But take a bushel of grain, and let the rain and the dew and the sun fall upon it, and see if there does not something come from it. Why? Because the germ of life is there.

People talk about culture! I have heard about culture until I am sick of the whole thing! Cultivate a crab-apple tree, and the more you dig around it the more crab-apples you will have. In order to change the nature of the tree or the fruit you must graft in a new nature. Suppose I plow an acre of land next Spring. I begin Monday morning and I plow the ground lengthwise; the next day I plow it crosswise; the next day I plow it diagonally, and so on through May and June, varying the process by harrowing it and brushing it and rolling it, and I keep it up until the last of October. Then you come along and say:

"What in creation are you doing with that land?"

"Well, I believe in a high state of culture; I am cultivating it."

"Why, I saw you plowing that same land last Spring; what are you going to put into it?"

"I'm not going to put anything into it; seed isn't necessary to culture, and I believe in a high state of culture."

Take the Word of life into your heart and lay hold of it. *Put the seed in* and then cultivate all you want to.

God can use children to bring others to Christ. I remember a little boy who became a Christian. His father was a

profane, drinking man, and he would not allow a minister to come into his house. Some one led the boy to Sunday-school, and he there found the Saviour and got a new heart. One day his father found him on his knees, and he asked him what he was doing. The boy said he was praying that Jesus would make him a good boy. His father said: "You have heard me say I would not have anyone living under my roof that prayed. I don't want you to pray any more. If I catch you praying again I will flog you." When Christ gets into the heart flogging will not keep us from Him. The boy prayed in secret. He was obedient, kind, and affectionate, and he tried to honor Christ.

One day his father again found him on his knees, praying. He was very angry. He flogged the boy, and told him, in a great rage and with an oath, that if he caught him praying again he would make him leave the house. The lad kept on praying in secret that God would convert his father; and it was not long before his father again found him praying. He ordered him to leave the house and take his things with him. He didn't have many things to take. Drunkards' children do not have many things. He went to his mother and said, "Good-bye, mother." The mother said, "My boy, where are you going?" "I don't know. Father says I can't stay at home any longer, because I've been praying." His mother knew it would do no good to remonstrate, so she took him to her bosom and kissed him. She did not know when she would see him again. He went to his little brother and his little sister and bade them good-bye and kissed them. He then bade his father good-bye, and told him that as long as he lived he would pray for him. He took his bundle and left the house, not knowing where he was going. He had not gone a great way before the Holy Spirit touched his father's heart. He ran down the street and overtook the boy, and said, "If religion will do this for you, I want it." That boy had the privilege of leading his father to Christ.

I am over sixty years old. God has showered blessings

upon me. My lot has fallen in very pleasant places, but there is one blessing high above them all. One night in 1855, it pleased God to reveal His Son to me, and I became a partaker of the divine nature. I was passing by Tremont Temple in Boston the next afternoon, and it seemed to me that the sun was shining brighter than ever before. I walked through the Common, and it seemed as if the birds were singing for my benefit. It seemed as if the old elms waved their branches for joy, and all Nature was at peace. I did not know myself. I love to tell people they can get something better than this whirl that keeps them always in a tumult. One night the Bible was as dry as a last year's almanac. I could not get interested in it. But the next morning it was a new book. The light of heaven shone on every page. It seemed as if the ink hadn't got dry, and it dropped down deep into my soul. I had a new nature, and an appetite growing for God. I believe that is what people want, an appetite for spiritual things.

In India they believe that swans are sacred birds and come down from heaven. They have a legend that a swan once came down and lighted near an old crane that was looking for snails. The crane stretched out its neck, and said :

"Where did you come from?"

"I came from heaven."

"Heaven — I never heard of that. Is it far away?"

"Very far away."

"Is it a good country?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is it as good as this?"

"Oh, yes, far better."

And the swan told about the lakes and the rivers, and the fountains, and the flowers, and the crane stood there listening.

"Are there any snails there?" said the crane.

And the swan drew itself up and indignantly answered :

"No, they wouldn't have the vile things there."

"You may keep your heaven," said the crane, "I want snails."



Listen. There's a mighty truth wrapped up in that. Did you ever see a young man whose mother loves him with all her soul? Her home is as beautiful as a bit of Paradise down in this world. He has a loving father and brothers and sisters. Yet, he frequents the slums and sinks lower and lower and lower, until he hangs around low grogeries, and cleans out spittoons for a drink of liquor. Tell him that his mother wants him to come home; tell him how she loves him and yearns after him; tell him what a welcome he will receive if he will only return; but he turns a deaf ear to all entreaties and refuses to go back. He will give up his mother and his white-haired father, his reputation, his character, his soul, and his hope of Heaven, if someone will only give him whiskey. What's the trouble? He has got the "crane nature," he is content with snails. Put the swan nature into him, and he will gladly forsake his low haunts and evil habits. He will become a partaker of the divine nature.

"Born again," "born of the Spirit," sounds very strange to some ears. How can these things be? A great many people say, "You must reason it out, but if you cannot reason it out, don't ask us to believe it." When you ask me to reason it out, I tell you frankly I can't do it. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." I don't understand all about the wind. It may blow due north here, and due south somewhere else. I may go up a few hundred feet and find it blowing in an entirely opposite direction from what it is blowing down here. You ask me to explain these currents of wind, but because I can't explain it and because I don't understand it, suppose I assert, "Oh, humph! there is no such thing as wind." You might just as well tell me that there is no wind as to tell me there is no such thing as a man born of the Spirit. I have felt the Spirit of God working in my heart just as much as I have felt the wind blowing in my face. I can't reason it out. There are a great many things I can't reason out that I believe. I never could reason

out the Creation. I can see the world, but I can't tell how God made it out of nothing.

A party of young men were going to the country, and on their journey they made up their minds not to believe anything they could not reason out. An old man heard them, and presently he said :

" I heard you say you would not believe anything you could not reason out."

" Yes," they replied, " that is so."

" Well," he said, " coming down on the train to-day, I noticed some geese, some sheep, some swine, and some cattle, all eating grass. Can you tell me by what process that same grass was turned into hair, bristles, feathers, and wool? Do you believe it is a fact? "

" Oh, yes," they said, " we can't help believing that, though we fail to understand it."

" Well," said the old man, " I can't help believing in Jesus Christ."

I can't help believing in the regeneration of man when I see men that have been reclaimed.

There is no mystery about death, but there is always mystery about life. Just think of a little seed planted in the ground, and out of that comes forth the sweetness and fragrance of the beautiful flower. Then look at the different forms of the different flowers; look at the rose, the lily, and other flowers; look at the different colors; there is mystery about that life. It is wonderful to see a tree three hundred feet high, and the sap running up to its top and giving life to its branches. When there is so great a mystery about the life of a flower or a tree, do you suppose there is no mystery about this new spiritual life? A good many men say, " I won't have anything to do with it because I can't understand the mystery." Why don't you throw away your natural life? There is a good deal of mystery about this body that you can't understand. I am conscious of my body, but I can't understand its life. So there are a good many things about this new life that I can't under-

stand, but I believe I have a new life as distinct from animal life as light is from darkness.

I was once preaching in the North of England, and one afternoon a lady said :

“ Mr. Moody, my nephew has promised to come and hear you preach, on condition that I shall never ask him to come to another religious meeting as long as he lives. If you don’t reach him now, I think he will never be reached.”

The young man was a graduate of Cambridge. His father, a man of moderate means, had made great sacrifices to educate his son. He was a young man of great promise when he went to college, but while there he became a confirmed drunkard. His father and mother went to their graves broken-hearted. The young man went from bad to worse, until all his friends had given him up. His aunt said :

“ He does not believe in the Gospel you preach, but he has made me promise never to ask him to go to another meeting as long as he lives. Won’t you preach right at him, and at the conclusion come to the pew and talk with him? He has had the delirium tremens already, and I fear one more attack would kill him. He is near to death. Won’t you come to the pew and talk with him? ”

“ If I go to see him,” I said, “ I shall have to go over the backs of the pews ; everybody will be looking, and that will make him angry.”

“ Well,” she said, “ it is a desperate case, and I want you to promise.”

You know how it is with these godly women, — they see a thing and they don’t see the pitfalls in the way. No argument would turn her away. To pacify her, I said :

“ I will try to have an interview with him.”

When I first entered the pulpit I didn’t see him, but on looking around later, I discovered that his aunt had got him at the inner end of the pew, and she sat by the pew door to keep him in until I could get to him.

While I was preaching I could see his brows knit. I

fancied he was saying, "Moody isn't going to catch me." But I could see that his aunt was praying. When I got through his brow was knit more than ever. I didn't know how to get at him unless I went over the backs of the pews. She stood up talking with some one in the aisle, with her back to him, to keep him in the pew till I got there. I started. He saw me aiming towards him. He didn't want to be rude and push by his aunt, but he concluded that if I could go over the backs of the pews he could do the same, and so he did. When I got there the aunt turned to introduce me, and lo! he was gone. She sat down and cried as if her heart would break. I said:

"We can reach him."

"How?"

"By the way of the Throne."

I get a good deal of comfort out of the fact that I can talk to God and a man can't help himself. Many a man has been saved in spite of all the powers of hell and darkness, in answer to the prayers of some godly, sainted wife or mother. Never give a man up. You can pray for a man if he will not let you talk with him.

We prayed for this young man. I left England, but returned to that same town some eight years later. About that time a lady wrote me that a brother of hers had been saved from drunkenness after she had spent eighteen years in praying for him. She wrote me about it, and told me to tell others *never* to give up. The letter was well written. I thought it would touch some one's heart, and I read it in a meeting in that town.

When the meeting was over a fine-looking man came up and said:

"Did you say that man was in America?"

"Yes, sir. Why? Did you doubt what was stated?"

"No, I could not doubt it; but I thought it was myself until you mentioned America."

"What! Were you ever a hard drinker?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long since you gave it up?"

"Seven years. Do you remember a lady who made you promise to come and talk to her nephew, and the man jumped over the backs of the pews?"

I had forgotten it, but I remembered it then, and said:

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I am that nephew."

"You are? You don't look like him." God had "restored His image" in him. Said I:

"Would you tell me about it?"

"Well," he said, "I drank harder that ever for a year after that. I had a good many jokes at your expense in the public houses, telling how I had 'fooled' Moody. But seven years ago this month I was in London on business, and one night as I sat in my lodgings with my feet on the table and a meer-schaum pipe in my mouth, my thoughts turned in upon myself. I said to myself, 'Richardson, you ought to be a different man.' 'Yes, I know it. But I never shall be.' 'You ought to give up drink.' 'Yes, I know it; but if I could have done it for anybody I would have for my father, and he could not keep me, nor my mother. They are dead and gone. I don't care what becomes of me. The sooner I am dead the better. Every friend has cast me off. I can't break away from this habit. It is impossible.' And then the thought came to me, 'With God all things are possible.' And I fell on my knees and cried to God, 'All things are possible with Thee! Save me!'"

He went out and tried to find a minister, but could find none. He came back and prayed again. And then he got a Bible and read. He grew sleepy, and the thought came that he would wake up the next morning and think it was only "the blues," and all would pass off, and he would drink more. He tried to keep awake. But he still grew sleepy, and he knelt down and prayed again. He fell asleep for a few hours and woke up, and never felt so badly in his life. Then he fell on his knees and thanked God He hadn't left him, and he felt no desire to take the pipe into his mouth. Every morning, when he had dressed, his first thing was to "liquor up" for the day.



But that morning the appetite didn't come back. That was seven years that month. "And," he said, "it has never returned."

When the man had gone out I said to a prominent man :

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, he is one of the leading lawyers of London."

"Do you know anything else about him?"

"Why, yes! He is a member of the same church that I am a member of."

"Do you know anything about his experience?"

"No, sir, I only know that he was a great drunkard."

"Do you know of his doing anything in Christ's kingdom?"

"Oh, yes. He is a great worker in our church; he has a Bible class of a hundred young men."

"You never heard him tell his experience?"

"No, sir! he never refers to it."

I sent for him and he came to see me. Said I :

"Will you go down to the meeting and tell three thousand men what God has done for you?"

His lip quivered, as he answered :

"I have three little children, and I don't want them to know what their father was."

"Wouldn't you go to help a man if he was down in the pit?" said I.

"I would be the happiest man on earth to do so," he said.

I sent invitations into every public house in that city. I had the meeting thoroughly advertised. There was a great demand for tickets. I suppose that among the three thousand men who were present nearly one thousand were hard drinkers. I have heard the great orators of my day, and I think I know what it is to see an audience moved; but I don't know that I have ever seen an audience moved as that audience was, as that clean-looking man, with the stamp of nobleness on his face, stood there and told them how he went down step by step, how he stood at his father's grave and took a solemn pledge never

to drink again, and in forty-eight hours was drunk. He told them how his mother died, and how he sunk lower and lower, and gave up all hope until that memorable day when he heard that voice and prayed to heaven, "All things are possible with God." He said:

"Gentlemen, I have never touched tobacco or drink from that hour, and the appetite has never once come back."

I believe God Almighty put strength in him then and there. I haven't any doubt about it. His testimony thrilled that audience. I didn't have to ask anybody to stand. Men who had been slaves to drink for years were freed. He went with me to Glasgow, to Edinburgh, to London, and I believe hundreds, if not thousands, were saved through his testimony. I believe that God will put strength into every man, however fallen, if they will let Him. If they become partakers of God's nature, He will break the fetters and set them free. And this is what this lost world wants to know. "Except a man be born again," born of the Spirit, — born from above, "he cannot see the kingdom of God." Keep that in mind.

On the Pacific slope one can see gigantic trees that have been growing since the time of Moses. But there is one thing you will never see unless you are born again, and that is the tree that grows in the Paradise of God. You may go to Paris, to London, to Rome, but the city that Abraham saw, whose builder and maker is God, you will never see unless you are born of God. You may see the Princes of Germany, of Italy, and of England. But the Prince of Peace you will never see unless you are born again. That city with pearly gates and jasper walls, and the streets paved with transparent gold, you will never see unless you are born again. You may look into the face of your godly wife, your saintly mother; but the time is coming when, unless you are born again, there will be a separation, and you will never see them again. Can you afford to be deceived? Some of you have lost sweet and dear children that you will never again see unless you are born of the Spirit.

Perhaps some of you may ask, "How can we be born again?" Listen. Christ not only told Nicodemus that he must be born again, but He told him the means. What was it? "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I don't care how far down you have gone nor how deep the pit into which you have fallen, He can lift you up and transform you, as we know from the third chapter of John. I want to tell you how I read that chapter one night, when it sounded sweeter than ever it did before. I was in the army of General Grant. After the terrible battle of Pittsburgh Landing I was in a hospital at Murfreesboro looking after the wounded and dying. I had been up two nights and was so utterly exhausted that I almost went to sleep while walking around among the cots of the wounded soldiers, and I was obliged to take a little rest. Just as I had fallen asleep in the middle of the night a soldier woke me up and said that a man in a certain ward wanted to see me.

"Well," I said, "I will see him in the morning."

"But," he said, "he will be dead in the morning; if you want to see him you must come now."

So I went with him, and he led me to the wounded man's cot. The dying soldier said:

"Chaplain, I want you to help me die."

"My dear friend," I said, "I would take you right up in my arms and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could; but I cannot do it; I cannot help you die."

"But, Chaplain, can't you help me see the way; it is hard to die all alone."

I tell you that is when we want help. I told him about Jesus Christ; but he shook his head and said:

"He won't help me, because I have been fighting against Him all my life."

He said that when he told his mother he had enlisted she said:

"I could give you up and let you go if you were only a Christian; but the thought that you may be cut down and die without Christ is terrible to me."

"I told mother that when the war was over I would become a Christian." 'But,' said she, 'You may never live to see this war over'; and now I have got to die, and I never shall see her again. Can't you help me?"

"I will do all I can," I said.

I took my Bible and read the promises to him, but I couldn't get him to believe that one of those promises was for him.

I saw that his life was fast slipping away, and I couldn't bear to have him die in that condition; so I lifted my heart to God for direction. Then I turned to the third chapter of John, and said:

"I am going to read a conversation that Christ had with a man who went to Him in your state of mind." So I began: "There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him."

The dying man's eyes were riveted upon me, as he eagerly listened to every word that fell from my lips, and when I got to the fourteenth verse and read, "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life," he cried:

"Stop, is that there?"

"Yes," I said, "it is right here."

"Read that again, will you?"

I read it slowly and carefully that he might hear every word: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Then he said:

"That helps."

"Well," I said, "bless God for that!"

"It sounds good, Chaplain, read it to me once more," he said.

And I read it again. A radiant smile came over his face, and it seemed as if a new life had dawned upon him. When I had finished the chapter, I sat quietly beside him for some time. I noticed that his lips were moving, and I thought perhaps he was trying to pray. I bent over him and I could hear him faintly whisper, "That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Then he opened his eyes, fixed a calm, resigned look upon me and said:

"Chaplain, you needn't read to me any more; it is enough; Jesus Christ was lifted up in my place. I am not alone now."

After I had prayed with him and made him as comfortable as possible, I left him for the night. The next morning I hastened back to the ward. The cot was empty. I asked the nurse:

"Did you stay with him till he died?"

"Yes."

"Tell me how he died?"

"Why," said she, "he kept repeating those verses over and over again, and just as he breathed his last I heard him say, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up!'"

I thank God for the third chapter of John! I think it is the most precious thing in all the world.



## CHAPTER IV.

### SEEKING CHRIST AND FOLLOWING HIM.

Faithful, Anxious, and Curious Followers — The Man Who Came to See the Chairs — “I Thought You Were a Humbug” — A Startling Question — “Do You Know That Man?” — Reward of Ten Thousand Dollars for a Lost Diamond — Crawling Under the Chairs — Jumping from the Gallery — “You Are Just the Man” — Mr. Moody’s Condition When He Arrived in Boston as a Boy — Crying Unto God in His Extremity — “Moody, I Don’t Like Your Style” — Personal Reminiscences of the Burning of Chicago — A Night of Horror — An Indignant Woman — “None of Your Business, Sir” — “Where is Mary?” — The Man Who Ran up Behind Mr. Moody — A Visit to the New York Tombs — “Talk to the Other Man; I’m All Right” — An Astonished Prisoner — A Dry Goods Box for a Pulpit — The Man Who Pretended He Wasn’t Listening.

**I** WANT to call your attention to three things. One is a question, the second is an exhortation, and the third is a command.

In the first chapter of John we find this question, “What seek ye?” These are the first words that fell from the lips of the Son of God as recorded by John; they might have been the first words that John ever heard Him utter. It was about four o’clock in the afternoon that John the Baptist stood with two of his disciples and saw Jesus at a little distance and said, “Behold the Lamb of God!” These two disciples left their master and followed Christ. When Jesus turned and saw them following, He said to them, “What seek ye?” They answered, “Rabbi, where dwellest Thou?” He said, “Come and see.” They went, and they were so impressed by that interview that they never left Him; they became His fast friends, and all through His ministry they followed Him. They followed Him to the cross; they were witnesses of His

crucifixion; they went to Bethany and saw Him ascend into the heavens, and the clouds receive Him out of their sight; and it is supposed that one of them went to a martyr's crown.

It is very evident that John and Andrew found in Christ what a good many men did not find in that day, because in one place we read that many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. It looked to them as if Christ wasn't all that He claimed to be; they seemed to be disappointed. It makes all the difference in the world what men follow Christ for. If a man follows Christ for what he can get, he will be disappointed; but if he follows Christ for what He *is*, he never will be disappointed.

When Christ was on earth, all classes of people followed Him, and for all kinds of motives, until one day He turned around to them and said, "Ye seek Me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." That was what they wanted, loaves and fishes. I suppose some of the neighbors told them how He fed five thousand people a few days before, in the desert, with five little barley loaves and two small fishes, and when they got through they had twelve basketfuls left, a good deal more than they began with. That excited the curiosity of a good many people, and they rushed into the desert in hopes He would make some more bread. I can imagine one man touching another on the elbow and saying:

"Do you think He will make any bread to-day?"

"I don't know."

"Did you taste of the bread He made the other day?"

"Yes, I had some."

"How did it taste?"

"I never tasted better bread in my life."

"How did the fish taste?"

"I never tasted better fish."

"Well, I should like to taste some of that bread and fish myself."

They were very anxious that He should make a few more

loaves and fishes. They didn't care anything about the doctrine He preached, but they would like to tell their grandchildren that they had eaten bread that had never been baked, and fish that had never seen water. That was the height of their ambition. They didn't get anything from Christ; they were disappointed.

There was another class that thought He was going to set up a temporal kingdom. They wanted office. The most popular man in the country is the newly inaugurated President when he has a lot of offices to fill; but when the offices are all filled, he is not quite so popular. I suppose some of them thought if He should set up a temporal kingdom that they would be postmasters or something else. But when they found it was a spiritual kingdom, not a temporal kingdom, that He was to set up, they went back, and walked no more with Him.

I was preaching in Philadelphia some years ago, and a man arose and said he hadn't been inside of a church for twenty years until the week before. A man had told him it was a marvelous building in which our meetings were held, and a strange sight to see eleven thousand empty chairs on the floor. He wanted to see eleven thousand empty chairs, and as soon as the hall-keeper opened the doors, in he came. After he had seen the chairs he was curious to learn what the people came for. That man wasn't hard to reach. He came within hearing of the Gospel and the word reached him the first thing. He came to see empty chairs, and he found a living Christ.

We were once holding meetings in a city after an absence of eight years, and a man came up to me one day and said:

"Mr. Moody, I want to thank you for leading me to Christ." And he gave me such a grip, as he shook hands, that I didn't get over it for about two hours.

"I wish you would tell me all about it," I said.

"Well, when you were last here I didn't believe in you at all; I thought you were a humbug, and I wouldn't go to hear you until you were having your last meeting down in the City

Hall, when a friend persuaded me, and I went just to please him. When I got there every seat was taken and I stood back by a post with my hands in my pockets. All at once you pointed down at me, and said, 'Young man, will you take eternal life to-night as a gift?' The question startled me. I took my hands out of my pockets, and the thought suddenly came to me that I would be a very stupid man if I didn't take eternal life as a gift; and I have been serving the Lord ever since."

I said to a gentleman who was present:

"Do you know that man?"

"Yes, we consider him the brightest star from your work here eight years ago. If you remain here long enough you will find out what kind of a Christian he is."

He came to all the meetings for a month, and got there before I did every time. He helped in the inquiry meetings, and would come in with his Bible under his arm, and the moment he found an unconverted man he would slip right into the seat and go to work for him. He came into a meeting without a thought of seeking Christ, but having found Him, he became an earnest worker in His cause.

The exhortation is this: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." Notice that the text does not say seek health, seek happiness, seek peace, seek joy,—it says "*Seek ye the Lord.*" I don't find any place in the Bible where it says, seek the Lord with your head; it says *seek with your heart*, and when you seek with all your heart, you will find Him.

I said to a man one day:

"Well, my friend, are you a Christian?"

"No, sir."

"Would you like to be one?"

"I don't object."

"My friend, you will never be saved with that spirit."

The poor fellow had been wondering why the Lord didn't save him. If you ever see the kingdom of God, you have got

to be in dead earnest. Strive to enter in at the straight gate. If the kingdom of God is all it is represented to be it is worth seeking with all your heart. The Bible says, "In the day that ye shall search for Me with all your heart ye shall find Me." It does not take a seeking Saviour and an anxious sinner a great while to find each other.

If salvation is what it is represented to be it is worth giving up everything else and giving your whole attention to it; it is worth letting business affairs and home duties go until this great question is settled. Suppose I should say to an audience that when I came into the building I had a very valuable diamond, and that I lost it somewhere in the building, and I would give to anyone who would find it ten thousand dollars if he would restore it to me inside of twenty-four hours. Why, you would see the most earnest crowd in the world. They wouldn't wait to hear another word; every one of them would begin to search in earnest. If a man in the gallery saw it on the floor below he would jump right down there; he wouldn't be particular about appearances either. If there was a chance to get ten thousand dollars they would stay there all night. After midnight, should some one ask them if their folks wouldn't worry about them they would say, "Let them worry." If I should say to one of them in the morning, "You had better go to breakfast," he would say, "Oh, no, Mr. Moody, I don't want any breakfast." If they thought there was one chance out of a hundred thousand of getting that ten thousand dollars they would stay there for the next twenty-four hours and creep all around the room on their hands and knees; they would crawl under the chairs and tables and hunt the floor all over. They wouldn't care what the papers might say; they wouldn't care anything about public opinion; not one of them would have to be waked up; they wouldn't go to sleep; they would be tremendously in earnest to get that ten thousand dollars. I tell you it would be the liveliest crowd you ever saw. If some of them had a hard time during the year, and they could find that ten thousand dollars, it would



give them a good lift. They would go without eating, drinking, and sleeping for the possible chance of getting that ten thousand dollars.

Isn't eternal life worth more than ten thousand dollars? Isn't it worth more than one hundred thousand? Isn't it worth more than all the wealth of the world? If you can get eternal life right now by just asking for it, isn't it the height of madness to go without it? You may have eternal life now if you will only seek it! Say that from this hour you will seek the kingdom of God; that you will not eat, drink, or sleep until this great question is settled. I never saw a man come to that decision who did not get into the kingdom very quickly.

I met a man in Scotland many years ago, and I said to him:

"Are you a Christian?"

"No, but I am trying to become one."

"What is the trouble?"

"I don't know; when I got up this morning I prayed that I might be converted to-day. I haven't been to my business to-day; I spent the day in prayer, and I came here to-night determined I wouldn't go out of this church until the question was settled. Now the services are over, and I don't know why I am not a Christian. When I left home to-night I said I would not go back until I knew that I was converted; but I am not."

"You are just the man," I said. "I will see if the Bible won't turn the light on here." I took my Bible and showed him the way, and it didn't take him long to get into the kingdom.

Those men on the day of Pentecost got in pretty quick, didn't they? They just cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?" They were wide awake. I believe if every man and woman will seek the kingdom of God first, they shall not want; I believe God will take care of our temporal affairs very quickly.

When I first went to Boston I was what you might call a tramp; I was in that city without a place to lay my head; my

money was all gone, and in my extremity I cried unto God on the streets; I promised that I would serve Him. And I had work inside of an hour. I have never known what it was to want from that day to this. I have had plenty of work right along. I pity a man that has nothing to do, even if he is worth his millions. Seek the kingdom of God first, and you will have plenty to do; no fiction about that.

A man once told me that he "would consider it." If I should tell my boy to go and get a glass of water and he should say, "I will consider it," I think I would have something to say to him. When God says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," and a man says, "I will consider it," what do you think of that man? I will consider it! What a piece of impertinence to Almighty God! I tell you if you want prosperity, just take that command and obey it to the letter. Make up your mind that, cost what it will, you are going to have the kingdom of God first.

A man said to me some time ago: "Moody, I don't like your style of preaching."

"Why not?"

"You always try to get the people to act at once. Why don't you give them time to meditate and consider?"

"Well, my friend," I said, "I once gave an audience a week to decide what they would do with Jesus Christ. I would thrust my arm into the fire before I would do that again. I would not dare to give an audience a week or even an hour. I don't know what may happen in an hour."

I remember preaching in Chicago on five consecutive Sunday nights on the life of Christ. On the fifth night I had got Him into the hands of Pilate, and Pilate was like a good many people, perplexed, not knowing what to do with Christ. I had taken the familiar text, "What shall I do with Jesus, who is called Christ?" After I had preached as strong a sermon as I could I said to the audience, — and it was about as big a blunder as I ever made in all my life — "I want you to take this question home and consider it, and next Sunday night I

want you to go to Calvary with me, and there, under the cross, we will settle what to do with Jesus Christ."

Just then the great city bell, only a block away, rang out an alarm of fire. That was nothing in those days, and I paid no attention to it. But the alarm continued, and while the bell was ringing out a general alarm, Mr. Sankey closed the meeting by singing "To-day the Saviour calls." The last verse rang through the hall,

"To-day the Saviour calls,  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of vengeance falls,  
For death is nigh."

It seemed afterwards as if that verse was prophetic. We held an inquiry-meeting, but not many remained. How could we expect it when I had given them a week to decide what to do with Jesus? After the inquiry-meeting we started for home. As soon as I started I found that the city was doomed; even the clapboards of the building we were in were falling, and the burning shingles were dropping down. The fire was breaking out all around me. It was a very serious question whether I could get home to my wife and children and get them to a place of safety. When I got them out of bed, flames thirty feet high were following me, and before midnight the hall where I preached that sermon was in ashes; before two o'clock the church where I worshiped was in ashes; before three o'clock the house that I lived in was in ashes. Before daybreak next morning one hundred thousand people were burned out of house and home. It seemed to me that I had a glimpse in that fire of what the Day of Judgment will be, when I saw flames rolling down the streets, twenty and thirty feet high, consuming everything in its march that did not flee. I saw there the millionaire and the beggar fleeing alike. There was no difference. That night great men, learned men, wise men, all fled alike. There was no difference. And when God comes to judge the world there will be no difference.

No one knows exactly how many perished in the flames

that awful night. It was estimated that a thousand people were burned alive; and right around that hall a good many perished. I have reason to believe that some who heard me were in eternity before midnight. That was in 1871. I shall never meet that audience again, and I had given them a whole week to decide what to do with Jesus.

In England, the first time I went there, as I descended from the pulpit one day, a lady stood near, and as I passed her on my way to the inquiry-room I said to her:

"Madam, are you a Christian?" Her eyes snapped, and she said:

"None of your business, sir."

I thought I had made a fool of myself, and would have gone back and made an humble apology if I dared. To my great joy and delight she was back at the next meeting, but I didn't go near her. She was there every day for a week. It was Sunday afternoon when I spoke to her.

The next Sunday afternoon I preached on "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." When I was part way through, I said, "If there is anyone in the audience who wants God to take away his sin, he need not wait till I am through the sermon, but he can bow his head and say, 'O Lamb of God, take away my sin,' and He will do it." I saw that lady bow her head. When the inquirers were invited to go into the chapel, back of the pulpit, I met her and she held out her hand and said:

"Mr. Moody, I want you to forgive me for being so unlady-like last Sunday."

"My friend, I want you to forgive me. I didn't intend to offend you," I said.

"Oh, but I am so glad you spoke to me as you did. I have had a hard week of it."

"Why don't you ask God to forgive you, and have the question settled?"

"Oh," she said, "I am forgiven. I am a Christian."

I thought that was strange, and I asked:

"How long have you been a Christian?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"Did you become a Christian to-day?"

"Yes, sir. Don't you remember saying if any one wants to become a Christian, if he will just bow the head and say from the heart 'O Lamb of God, take away my sins,' it would be done? Didn't you mean it and believe it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, I took you at your word. I have not had any peace for a week; and it seemed as if I could not carry the burden any longer. And when you said that I just bowed my head and cried, 'O Lamb of God, take away my sins,' and I believe I have been converted."

I thought I would test her. And so I said:

"Will you go and talk to that factory girl?" indicating a girl fourteen or fifteen years old.

That wealthy lady went and sat down by the side of the poor factory girl, and in about an hour I saw her get down on her knees and pray with her; and the girl went out, wiping away her tears, and with the light of heaven shining from her eyes. Then the lady came to me and said:

"Mr. Moody, I believe I am the happiest person on earth. To think that I am not only forgiven, but have been used to help that girl! Can't I come here to-night to the inquiry-meeting and try to find some other poor person and help her?"

In the next few weeks I believe she led more persons to Christ than any other worker. She brought her friends in one after another, and in a few months the news came to me that thirty or forty had been led to Christ through her influence. When I returned to America about two years after, the first letter I received from England had a black border, and it told me she had gone home. But, from the time she bowed her head that afternoon and said, 'O Lamb of God, take away my sins,' she seemed to be pressing right towards the mark. Friends, it is that simply. You need not wait for anyone to ask you to come to Christ. Christ asks you now.



The reason why so few come to Him is because so few believe they are lost. A lady came to a crowded meeting, bringing her little girl, and somehow they got separated; and after the mother had failed to find her, the matter was reported at the pulpit, and they went to work to find the child. The minister called out:

"Where is Mary? Mary! Mary!"

But the little girl did not answer. They looked all over the house, but no trace of her could be found, and the mother became almost frantic. Then the bell-ringer was called out, and he went through the streets crying:

"Child lost! Child lost!"

When the meeting was over they found the little girl sitting on the front seat, and some one said to her:

"Why, Mary, why didn't you speak out when they called your name?"

"Why," said Mary, "I wasn't lost!"

You laugh at her, and you laugh at yourselves. A great many are lost and they don't know it.

Lost! Do you know what it means? Do you know what it is to be without hope and without God in the world? One evening as I was going home I heard a man running up behind me. I turned and was accosted by one who said:

"Sir, I just passed two ladies, and I heard one of them say, 'That is Mr. Moody.' Are you Mr. Moody?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to pray for me. I want you to intercede with Christ for my lost soul. I am without God and without hope in this world."

Thank God, there was a man who had been waked up. He realized that he was lost.

Some years ago a young man in Brooklyn was spiritually awakened, and he said that night after night as he went home after a debauch and saw his mother's portrait hanging on the wall it seemed as if her eyes would pierce his inmost soul. At last he could bear it no longer, and he turned the picture

toward the wall. The Son of man was seeking that young man through the face of his mother.

During the Civil War I came from Grant's army to the city of New York, and I went into the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. After the service a gentleman wanted to know if I would preach to the prisoners in the Tombs. I said I would. I supposed they would all be brought out of their cells into the chapel; but when I arrived I found, to my dismay, that I had got to preach to the prisoners in their cells. There were three or four tiers of cells, one right over the other, and I had to stand and talk to them in a long passageway. It is curious work to preach to people whom you cannot see. I confess I like to look at my audience while I am talking. When I got through I had great curiosity to see how they received my message. I went to a little window in the first cell, just a small opening without glass, and I could talk through it. Two men were in the cell playing cards; I suppose they had been playing all through the preaching.

"How is it that you are here?" I said.

One of them spoke up and said:

"Well, chaplain, we don't want you to get the idea that we have done anything wrong; the fact is, we got into bad company, and we were arrested because we were with bad men."

I said to myself, "I won't spend my time on these men," and I went along to the next.

"How is it that you are here?"

"Well, stranger, the man that did the deed looked exactly like me, and so they arrested me instead of the guilty man. I shall get out when I have a chance to explain."

Another innocent man! So I went along to the next.

"How is it that you are here?"

"Oh, I am all right; talk to that other man; I am all right."

So I went along to the next.

"How is it that you are here?"

"Well, you see, they got a false witness to go into court

and swear to a lie; that is what brought me here; I am perfectly innocent, and I am going to prosecute him when I get out."

Another innocent man! So I went along to the next.

"How is it that you are here?"

"I am unjustly accused; I am going to have a trial this week, when I will establish my innocence, then I shall be out of prison."

And so I went around among the cells. There were between three and four hundred prisoners, and I never found so many innocent men in my life in one day as I did there; I never saw so many men justifying themselves. I said, I will see if I can find a sinner in the whole crowd.

Human nature doesn't change one bit by putting it under lock and key. I continued my rounds among the cells, and when I was almost through I found a poor fellow in one of them with his face resting on his arm, and the tears running down his cheeks.

"How is it that you are here?"

He looked up and said with a sob:

"My sins are more than I can bear."

"Well," I said, "thank God for that. You are the man I have been looking for."

"Why have you been looking for me; do you know me?"

"I never saw you before in my life; but you are the man I have been looking for."

"Why," he said, "you must be the man who preached to us this morning!"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Do you say you are glad my sins are more than I can bear? I thought you were a friend?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"How do you make it out?"

"If your sins are more than you can bear, you will be glad to cast them on One who can bear them for you," I replied.

"I don't understand it," he said.

"Well, I have been going all through this prison trying to find a man that was lost."

I stood there for half an hour talking with him. It was like finding a cup of cold water in the desert to find in all that prison one man who knew he was lost and wanted to be saved. I told him how Christ came "to seek and to save that which was lost." After I had talked with him I said:

"Let us pray."

He got down on his knees on the inside of the cell, and I knelt down on the outside. I said:

"You pray."

"Oh, you don't know how wicked I am; it would be mockery for me to pray."

"If you want mercy, ask for it," I said.

He couldn't raise his head; but he managed to cry out:

"God be merciful to me, a vile wretch!"

When I rose from my knees I put my hand through the little window, and as he took it a hot tear fell upon it. I said to him:

"I will meet you at the mercy seat at nine o'clock to-night."

That night I had so much liberty in prayer I felt as if I could not go away without seeing him again. The next morning I went to the Tombs and persuaded the officers to let me visit him in his cell. The moment he saw me he grasped my hand and said:

"Mr. Moody, I want to thank you; but I never can thank you enough in time or eternity." Then he went on to tell me what peace and joy had come into his soul. He said:

"When I was put into this prison I thought I never could face my friends again; now I thank God I was brought into this cell; if I hadn't been brought here I should not have been saved."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know just what time it was when the Lord came in here, and I can't tell just how He came; but I was on my face crying to God for mercy, and it

seemed as if Jesus Christ came right into this cell and said to me, 'Your sins, which are many, are forgiven.' I think I am the happiest man in the whole State of New York."

Can you tell me why the Son of man passed by one cell after another until He found that one cell and went in there? It was because He found there one who was lost, and the Son of man came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

I once heard of a lady who was exercised about her soul. She dreamed she was in a dark, deep pit from which she was trying to escape. She would climb up and slip back, and at last she said, "I am lost!" She lay down in the pit to die, and that moment she looked up at the mouth of the pit and saw a star shining in all its beauty and glory, and it seemed to lift her up out of herself, and out of the pit. She was rejoicing that she was to be lifted out of the pit, but she looked at herself and said, "I am just the same," and dropped back. Then she fixed her eyes on the star again and she rose higher and higher and higher, until she got clear out of the pit; and when her feet rested on the rocks above she shouted with joy and awoke to find it was only a dream. "But," she said, "I learned a lesson." She found that if she was ever to get out of the pit of sin she must keep her eyes fixed on the star of Bethlehem.

When I see a poor drunkard, when I see a thief, when I see a prisoner, it is a grand, a glorious thing to proclaim the Gospel to him, because I know he can be saved. A prison chaplain once told me of a scene that occurred in prison. The commissioners went to the Governor of the State and asked his consent to pardon five men for good behavior. The Governor consented, with the understanding that the record was to be kept secret, and at the end of six months the five men standing highest on the roll should be pardoned. At the end of six months the men were gathered in the chapel, the roll was called, and the president of the commission spoke to them. Then, putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out the papers, and said to those convicts:



"I hold in my hand pardons for five men."

Every man held his breath, and the place was as silent as the grave. Then the commissioner began to tell why the Governor had given these pardons; but the suspense was so great that the chaplain spoke to the commissioner and told him to read the names of those pardoned before he spoke further. The first name read was that of Reuben Johnson.

"Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon."

He held out the paper, but no one came. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet; still no one arose, and he turned to the officer of the prison and said:

"Are all the convicts here?"

"Yes," was the reply. Again he called:

"Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon."

The real Reuben Johnson was all the time looking around to see where Reuben was; and the chaplain beckoned to him, and he again turned and looked around and behind him, thinking some other man must be meant. A second time he beckoned to Reuben, and called to him, and a third time the man looked around to see where Reuben was. At last the chaplain said to him:

"You are the man, Reuben;" and the poor fellow got up out of his seat and sank back again, thinking it could not be true.

He had been in prison for nineteen years, and was under a life sentence. At last he came forward, trembling from head to foot, and looked at the pardon as if he could hardly believe his eyes; he went back to his seat, buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. Reuben had been so long in the habit of falling into line and taking the lock-step with the rest that when the convicts were marched back to their cells he fell into his place, and the chaplain had to say:

"Reuben, come out; you are a free man."

That is the way men sometimes work out their pardon — by good behavior; but the Gospel of Jesus Christ is offered to all that have sinned and are not worthy.

"But," some say, "I have tried to find Christ and failed." Of course you will fail as long as you try to save yourself. During the Civil War I received an invitation to go into a country town and preach. I was very busy at the time and couldn't go for some weeks after; but there came a day when I could go, and I went to the town and called on the minister who had invited me. He said:

"That letter was written weeks ago, but you did not come when requested, and now it is too late, the hall is otherwise engaged."

"Well," I said, "we can go into the street and preach the Gospel there."

I tell you, my dear friends, nearly every sermon that Christ preached was out in the open air. He preached on the mountain side, and on the sea, and in the fields. I tried every way I could to get the church people to go into the street with me, but I couldn't; then I said I would try to get the sinners. When the hour came I stood upon a drygoods box and preached the best I could. You never saw a colder crowd in your life; there were a lot of young men sneaking around the outside, afraid some one would laugh at them; they wanted people to understand that they were not interested.

After I had been there a few nights a gentleman drove up one evening while I was preaching. He had a fine turnout, a magnificent horse, a silk hat on one side of his head, and a big cigar sticking out of his mouth; he sat there until the sermon was over, and pretended that he wasn't listening, and then went away. To my great amazement, he was back again the next night, and by and by he came quite regularly.

One night I noticed that his forehead itched. Did you ever see a man in a religious meeting have an itching forehead? A good many men consider it a sign of weakness to shed a tear in a religious meeting. I noticed that this man took off his hat and rubbed his forehead, and sometimes he managed to pass his fingers across his eyes. When the meeting was over, I said to one of the citizens:

"Who is that man? He is interested."

And the reply was: "You ought to have heard him make sport of you to-day; I never heard a man say such things in my life; if half the things he said about you are true you ought to be hanged. He will tell more vile stories than any one I know; he can't talk a minute without taking God's name in vain; and the habit is so strong that he swears when he doesn't know it."

"Well," I said, "he is interested; I am sure of that; it is no sign that he is not interested because he abuses me; on the contrary, it is a pretty good sign that he is interested."

I have known people to get so angry that they would talk as hard as they could against the preacher one night and be converted the next day. If you see a dozen dogs together and throw something at them, it is the dog that gets hit that goes off yelping. I said:

"Where does he live?"

He replied, "Don't go near him, he will only curse you."

No man can curse you; you can bring curses down upon yourself, but you can't curse anyone else. I questioned a little further, and they told me a little more about him. They said he was the wealthiest man in that part of the country; he had a beautiful wife and seven children, but his influence was against everything that was good.

I found out where he lived, and went to his house. He was just coming out of the front door. I said:

"I believe this is Mr. ——?" He turned around and said gruffly:

"Yes; what do you want?"

"I should like to ask you a question."

"What is it?"

"I am told that God has blessed you above all men in this part of the country; He has given you good health, great wealth, a good wife, and seven children; and yet it is said that all God has received from you is blasphemy and curses, and I would like to know why you treat Him in that way?"



AN INCIDENT IN MR. MOODY'S EARLY CAREER PREACHING TO A STREET CROWD.

"Well," I said, "we can go into the street and preach the Gospel there." I tried every way I could to get the church people to go into the street with me, but I couldn't; then I said I would try to get the sinners. When the hour came I stood upon a drygoods box and I went at it. There were a lot of young men sneaking around the outside.





"Come in," he said. He led the way to the drawing-room, and we sat down. Then he began:

"What you said is true, every word of it. Do you know, I had company last week, and my wife said she wanted the floor to open and let her out of sight because I kept on swearing, and I didn't know it. I have tried a hundred times to stop swearing, but the more I try the worse I swear, and I can't be saved."

"I think you can."

"You preachers don't know how we business men are tempted."

"I am a business man myself," I said. This was just before I went out of business.

"Aren't you a minister?"

"No."

"Well, you don't know how men who are in the habit of swearing are tempted. I have sworn since I was a little boy, and the habit is so strong that I swear when I don't know it; you don't know anything about it."

"I am ashamed to tell you I know a good deal more about it than I wish I did. Of course you meet a good many men who know nothing about it by experience, but I am sorry to say I do."

"Did you ever swear?"

"Yes, I am ashamed to say I did."

"How did you stop?"

"I never stopped."

"What, you don't swear now, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Well," said he, "how did it come about?"

"It stopped itself."

"Well, how did you make it stop itself?"

"I will tell you how to have it stop itself; if you will take Jesus Christ right into your heart you will never swear again as long as you live. One night I took Jesus Christ into my heart, and when I got up the next morning there was love in

my heart; I didn't feel like cursing; and as I walked through Boston Common it seemed as if the birds were singing for my benefit, and the sun shone brighter than it ever did before; from that day to this I never have had a desire to swear."

"I don't understand it," he said.

"I know you don't understand it," I replied, "and that is why I came to see you; if God comes into your heart you will begin to praise Him and pray."

"How can I get God to come into my heart?"

"Ask Him; get down here and pray."

He said he had never been on his knees in his life. He didn't know how to get down; his knees seemed to crack; it was the stiffest kneeling I ever saw. I prayed, and then I said:

"Now you pray."

"I have been trying all day; what shall I say?"

"Ask God to have mercy upon you; ask God to save you."

He stammered out a prayer, and after we arose he asked:

"What is the next thing to do?"

"Go down to the church and tell God's people you want to be among them, and that you want them to pray for you."

"I never go to church; I haven't been to church for twenty years, unless it was to the funeral of some prominent citizen."

"It is time you did," I said.

At the next meeting he was there before the minister was, and he came up and sat behind me. When he arose he took hold of the back of my seat, and I could feel it tremble, and he said:

"My friends, you know all about me. If God can save a wretch like me I want you to pray that He will save me."

There were not many dry eyes there. I returned that day to Chicago and I haven't been in that town since.

Some years after, I was out on the Pacific coast. I preached at Pasadena, and after the service a gentleman stepped up and said:

"Mr. Moody, will you go over to the hotel and take dinner with me?" I hesitated a little, and he said:

“Do you know me?”

“I know your face,” I said.

“Don’t you remember Mr. ———?”

“Yes, I do; is it possible this is you? I want you to tell me one thing: have you ever sworn since that day when you kneeled in your drawing-room and asked God to have mercy on you?”

“No, I never had a desire to swear after that,” he answered.

Within three months after his conversion he was elected an elder of the church, and he had been an elder ever since.

I believe that every soul can be saved. I believe that if you make an honest cry for mercy you will get it. If you want salvation it is within your reach. The vilest can pray, the blackest can pray, the greatest sinner can pray; if there is an honest appeal sent up from your heart God will hear and answer it.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE HOLY SPIRIT AND HIS WORK.

What Is the Holy Spirit? — “What Made You Tell Mr. Moody All About Me?” — An Old Negro Preacher’s Observation — The Clock Without Hands — “Everything Going to Pieces” — A “Long-headed” Man — One “Long” Eye, and One “Short” Eye — The Hon. Mr. Lot, of Sodom — Grumblers and Fault-finders — Coming “To See How Moody Does It” — People Who Write Letters to Mr. Moody — “The Terrible Sin of Robbing Hen-Roosts” — A Caution to the Old Grave-digger — “To Rent, With or Without Power” — Two Ways of Digging a Well — A Well that “Froze up in Winter and Dried Up in Summer” — Forty Years of Work — The “Boy Preacher” — The Old Wooden Pump on the Farm — Lots of Noise but Little Water — Holding Meetings in a Tent — Running Against a Man’s Theology.

**I** REMEMBER, after I had been a Christian about ten years, hearing an old Presbyterian minister say, in an evening prayer-meeting in Chicago, that we do not honor the Holy Ghost as we ought to when we speak of Him as an influence, not as a person. Up to that time I had always looked upon the Holy Ghost as one of the attributes of God, like Mercy, Love, and Justice, and I thought the old man was a little out of his head. After reaching home I took my Bible and read all there was in the Gospels about the Holy Spirit, and I found that Christ always spoke of Him as a person, never as a mere influence.

The Bible ought to settle, it seems to me, all doubt in our minds that the Holy Ghost is a person, and not merely an influence; and if we want to honor Him, let us treat Him as one of the Trinity, a personality of the Godhead.

Now if I should ask what Jesus Christ came into the world to do, you would say that He came to seek and to save that

which was lost; that He came to reveal the Father; but if I should ask what the Holy Ghost came to do, I believe a good many would have a little difficulty in answering the question. I was in the church a long time before I took pains to look into the subject to know what is His work in this world.

In the first place, His work is to convict of sin. I believe I had rather go out in the street to-day and break stone or shovel snow than attempt to do the work of convicting an audience of sin. Thank God, that is not my work! There is no power that can convince a man or woman of the exceeding sinfulness of unbelief except that of the Holy Ghost. I believe Elijah might come back here and preach as he did on Mt. Carmel, and if the Holy Ghost did not convict of sin, not one soul would be convinced. I believe that Gabriel might come and preach as only an angel could, and if the Holy Ghost didn't work in the hearts and consciences of men, not a soul would be convinced.

People do not want to be troubled; they don't like to be told their faults. If a minister only flatters us and tells us that we are such very good people, and so angelic, that is just what we like. I heard of a man who said he liked to go to a certain church because the minister never touched on religion or politics. A friend and I once found a man asleep on the sidewalk. It was one of the coldest days of winter, and we knew he would freeze if we didn't wake him. We awoke him, and he got mad and wanted to fight. That was just what we wanted — to get his blood stirred and then he would be all right. Sometimes the Holy Ghost wakes up men and they wake up angry. There are a good many people who don't want their consciences disturbed; but when the Holy Ghost works upon everybody, there will be some troubled ones. I have known people to go out of our meetings and slam the door behind them as hard as they could. That is not a bad sign; I would rather have them go out mad than go to sleep.

I remember when I was preaching in Philadelphia a lady and her husband were present at one of the meetings. As she



took his arm to go home, she made some remark about the meeting, and he was as cross as could be; she couldn't get a word out of him. He had never before, since they were married, let a night pass without kissing her, and she felt that she had made a great mistake in trying to get him out to those meetings. The next morning when she spoke to him he wouldn't answer, and it was the same way at noon and at night. He kept that up for a whole week. Finally, when he couldn't hold in any longer, he said:

"Wife, what made you tell Mr. Moody all about me?"

"Why," said she, "I never spoke to Mr. Moody in my life."

"Then you have written to him about me."

"No, I have never written to him, and he didn't know you were there."

"Well," he said, "I never saw him before in my life; but the wretch held me up before that audience for a whole hour, and told them all about me."

I wish I had the power to make every one think I was preaching right at him individually. The greatest trouble is, as the old negro preacher told his congregation, people are very liberal with sermons and give them all away. I was once preaching in a church that had been built by a rich whiskey dealer, and when I found that out I bore down on him pretty hard; but after the service he came to me and earnestly told me what a fine sermon it was. He had applied it to somebody else. When the Spirit of God works, He applies the truth, and just carries the truth home to the heart and conscience, and conviction follows. That is what we want, and we are going to get that by honoring the Holy Ghost. We are not going to get it from the minister; he hasn't got that power.

After a man has been convicted and is willing to give up sin, the next thing the Spirit does is to shed abroad the love of God in the heart. People try to *make* themselves love, but they can't do that. Love must be spontaneous. You may try to love an unlovely person, but you can't do it by trying. Love is shed abroad by the Spirit.

I thought when I was converted that every Christian ought to wear a badge, — an outside badge, — but I have changed my mind, because if that was done every hypocrite would get a badge and put it on. When Christ was on earth He said, “A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another.” If we are filled with love, even infidels and skeptics will say: “Those people are Christians.” I have seen it over and over again.

A man may be a miser with his money, and with his comforts, but he cannot be a miser with his love. Love must have an outlet. You cannot keep it. It must have an object outside of itself. When a man is filled with the love of God, he cannot help but work for Him. A man may be a successful merchant, but have no love for his customers; he may be a successful lawyer, and have no love for his clients; he may be a successful doctor, and have no love for his patients; but a man cannot work for God without love. He can't do it. A man's religion that has no love in it is like a clock without hands. It may have beautiful machinery, and you may put it in a fine case and stud it with diamonds, but it will not be worth anything as a timekeeper. A person has got to love, to win other people to Christ. If I am cross and peevish and disagreeable, I may be ever so sound in doctrine, but I shall not win any one to accept it. They will hate me, and hate it, and despise it.

I once went into a restaurant with a couple of professing Christians, and we sat there five minutes; and one of them — he was a prominent man — called up the head waiter, and said in a loud voice, “What does this mean, sir? We have been here half an hour waiting for some one to come,” and he gave the head waiter a good blowing up. That man knew there was not a word of truth in it. We hadn't been there over five minutes. I was ashamed of the company I was in, and have been careful not to be caught again. Yet that man boasted of his sound theology. He lives on that. What do I care for his theology? You have got to be lovely yourself if you

are going to win other love. Love begets love; a smile begets a smile. You have got to win souls, not drive them away. It takes true wisdom to do that.

The next thing the Spirit of God does, is to impart hope. I never have seen a man or woman filled with the Spirit of God who did not hope. They look on the bright side all the time; they look into the future, and find there is nothing but victory ahead. Where the Spirit of God is there is liberty. In some churches if a man gets up to speak he is hampered. You have seen men in the pulpit who were floundering around and couldn't get on. Ministers know what I am talking about. I have been there myself lots of times. Sometimes the fault was with D. L. Moody, and sometimes it was in the congregation. The Holy Ghost has got to have an atmosphere to work in.

A friend of mine was teaching in Natchez before the Civil War, and he and a friend went out riding one Saturday and drove into the country. Seeing an old slave coming up, they thought they would have a little fun. They had just come to a place where there was a fork in the roads, and there was a signpost which read, "Forty miles to Liberty." One of the young men said to the old darkey:

"Sambo, how old are you?"

"I don't know, massa. I reckon I'se 'bout eighty."

"Can you read?"

"No, sah; we don't read in dis yer country. It's agin de law."

"Can you tell what is on that signpost?"

"Yes, sah; it says 'Forty miles to Liberty.'"

"Well, now," said my friend, "why don't you follow that road and get your liberty?"

The old man's countenance changed, and he said:

"Oh, massa, dat is all a sham. If dat post p'inted out de road to de liberty dat God gives, we might try it. Dar wouldn't be no sham 'bout dat."

My friend said he had never heard anything more eloquent

from the lips of any preacher. God wants all his sons to have liberty.

A friend of mine once asked a judge in his church to accompany him to a schoolhouse in the country, where he was going to preach. He told the judge he would like to have him speak to the people. The judge said, "Oh, I can't do that." "Why can't you? You can speak in court well enough, and without any trouble. Why can't you speak here? Suppose you just try it." When they arrived the judge declined to speak, but the minister said, "I want to put the judge into the witness-box and question him." And the judge got his lips open at last and told how he was converted, and how the spirit of God came down upon him. There was mighty power in what he said, and the result was that many were converted, and the judge became an earnest working Christian. I think there are hundreds bound, as he was, by station. I met at a meeting a man whom I had known to be a professing Christian for three years, and I supposed of course he had prayed in public. I noticed that he hesitated when I asked him, but he rose, and as soon as he had opened his lips the words came easily. I heard him tell a friend afterward that that night he felt as if he had been converted a second time. How many there are in the church that are bound to silence by long habit!

I believe that the weakness of many Christians is that they are trying to do their work with money, or with influence, or with intellectual and social power. These are all right in their place, but they are not going to redeem the world.

I suppose if you had gone to Sodom a week before its destruction, they would have told you that Mr. Lot was one of the most influential men in that city, — perhaps had the finest "turn-out" and owned some of the best corner lots in the town. If you had talked with him about removing your business and your family down to Sodom, he would have said, "Well, I am doing very much better here than Abraham is doing on the plains with his tent and his altar." A good many

men, no doubt, thought Lot "long-headed." Such men may be the most successful of business men, but their children may be going to ruin while they are pushing for money. Such a man is often called "long-headed." The Lord pity him!

I had a friend once who said he could never understand why his wife was always so eager to buy paintings. He couldn't see any beauty in them. A few years ago his sight began to fail. He went to an oculist, who said to him, "My dear sir, how have you got along all these years? You have one 'long' eye and one 'short' eye, and you never saw anything straight." He fitted him out with glasses, and he became even more interested in paintings than his wife was. He built an art gallery and filled it, and "saw" beautifully. Many a Christian has a "long" eye and a "short" eye. You can never see clearly in that way.

Abraham was a long-sighted man and Lot a short-sighted man. Lot saw the well-watered plain of Sodom, and chose it for himself and family. I suppose if there had been a railroad running from Sodom to Jerusalem, Mr. Lot would have been the president of it. He would have been universally spoken of as the Hon. Mr. Lot, of Sodom. An honorable name, but his family was going to ruin all the time. Lot was a man of great influence, but I can find a thousand Lots where I can find one Abraham. I can find a thousand men piling up their millions and all the time their children are going to perdition.

Get the spirit of criticism and grumbling out of the way and go to work. Men and women who are doing nothing easily get into the habit of finding fault; then they write letters, and criticise the minister, and tell how he ought to preach. That is part of the business of people who have nothing to do; I have seen it over and over again. People go out from a meeting and say of the preacher, "What do you think of him, anyhow?" "Why, I must confess I was greatly disappointed. I like that man in St. Paul's Church better." "Oh, I'd rather hear our pastor any day. There are plenty of men who can preach better than he can." "I didn't like his ges-



tures; I don't like his manner." "He wasn't logical; I have got a logical turn of mind, and when I go to hear preaching, I want to hear logic." "He was not argumentative; I am of an argumentative turn of mind, and I like argument." "I have a good deal of hard work during the week, and when I go to church I want a man to appeal to my emotions. If he don't appeal to my emotions, I don't like him. He isn't my style, anyway." And so they pick the preacher to pieces, and wonder why they don't have a blessing. Anyone can criticise. I have always noticed if a man fails in everything else he can go into the business of criticising. And if they can't reach me in any other way, they'll write me letters. It takes neither brains nor heart to do that; anyone can do that. I have had men tell me how to preach who couldn't find enough people to preach to. I have seen people come to our meetings and sit with their brows knit to "see how Moody does it." Never think of praying for me, — only want to "see how he does it!" They come on the platform to "see what is the secret of his success." There is no secret; nothing mysterious. Get up and go to work, and pray God to teach you the secret, and stop fault-finding and grumbling.

A great many people have had their feelings terribly wounded, and have written me letters, because I have spoken of some things in the church that ought not to be there. Do you tell me I don't love the church? Do you think I would have given up business over forty years ago, and given my whole life, and all I have, if I didn't love the church? I know I love it, but "faithful are the wounds of a friend." If there is anything wrong in the church, let us get it right. One minister said if he overhauled his church he would lose his pastorate. Lose it! I would rather be out of the church if I did not have liberty to preach.

Some one asked an old colored man how he liked his minister.

"Oh," said he, "he's a fine preacher! Such a good preacher."

“What did he preach on this morning?”

“This morning? Oh, let me see, he had for his subject the terrible sin of robbing henroosts, but he was so polite he didn’t hurt nobody’s feelings.”

We don’t want to be “polite” in that sense. I want to hurt people’s feelings if they are doing wrong.

When Christ died on the cross the veil of the Temple was rent in twain; and from that time on these bodies of ours became the temple of the Holy Ghost. Christ said, “He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.” Don’t get the idea that He comes to you in church and leaves you when you go out of doors. He shall abide with you. If this is true, ought we not to take good care of these bodies? If they are the temple of the Holy Ghost, ought we not to keep them pure and sweet? I never had the advantage of an education, but when God called me into His service, I hungered and thirsted to be used by Him, and I wanted to get hold of the Bible. I left this country and went to England, that I might sit at the feet of Charles Spurgeon and George Müller. Spurgeon said to me something I have never forgotten. He said, “Young man, take good care of your body, because it is a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. You can’t take care of your soul; God must take care of that; but you can take care of the temple it dwells in.” If these bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost, ought we to defile them with whiskey and tobacco?

I heard Andrew Bonar say, when he was in this country many years ago, that once when they were burying a saint of God, and because he was old and very poor, and his children and friends had all passed on before him, the bearers were hurrying him away to the grave as fast as they could. An old minister was officiating, and as they were hurrying to get the body into the grave, he said to the grave-digger, “Mon, tread softly, ye bear the temple of the Holy Ghost.” And when I think of this body of mine being a temple for the Holy Ghost, and that it belongs to God, and it is not my own, I feel as if I want to keep it as pure and sweet as I can. May God help us

all. And I believe when the temple is ready, God will come and fill it.

Now we come to the question, What is the baptism of the Holy Spirit? The moment you are "born again," the Holy Spirit comes into your heart and makes it His temple. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him." Your body and mine is the temple of God. No Christian can receive more of the Holy Spirit than he already has. If you should invite me to come and spend a week with you, I would not come in sections, first my head, then my arms, then some other part of my body. All there is of me would come at once, because that is the only way I can come. The Holy Spirit is a person, and when He comes, all there is of Him will come at once.

I heard Dr. Gordon say that you might walk through any great city thoroughfare and you very often would notice the sign, "This shop to rent, with or without power." He thought it was very suggestive, and that it would be a good thing to apply to Christians. Now, do you want to be numbered among those with power, or without power? If you want to be numbered among those with power, pray that God may give you power, and that you may be quickened as God wants to quicken us.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Better than showers, isn't it? Better even than a spring. There is a spring up in the mountain near my home that feeds a little brook, and that little brook goes babbling over its pebbly bed, making a noise all the time and always making itself known; but when the heat of summer comes the waters of that brook are dried up, and there is nothing left of it. Then, not far away, is the great, silent Connecticut River. I never hear that river; would not know it was there, because it does not make any noise; but follow it down in its silent course and you will find all along its banks great mills and manufactories that are given power by

its waters. I believe it is the privilege of every one to have the Spirit of God resting upon him, so that he will be just like that river.

There are two ways of digging a well. One is to dig until you come to water, and stop there, though the water won't last long. Another is, to dig down and down and down till you get a never-failing supply. Some of our Mt. Hermon boys once undertook to dig a well. When they got down six or eight feet they struck water. A pump was put in and set in motion, and very soon the well was pumped dry. Then they went on digging till they struck a rock, and the water burst forth. They thought they had got deep enough that time. But when the pump was set to work, it wasn't many days before the well was dry again. We said we mustn't stop till we got to where the water couldn't be exhausted. So we went down and down till we struck clay, and then gravel, and then flinty rock; and at last we got to a lower stratum that yielded a never-failing supply of water.

I remember the first time I was in California I stood in a valley and noticed that in one section vegetation was green and vigorous. But just over the fence everything was dried up. On that side of the fence was another ranch, and there was scarcely a bit of vegetation there. I thought that was very curious, and I said to a farmhand: "Can you explain why on one side of the fence vegetation is fresh and green, and on the other side it is all dried up?" "Oh, yes," said he, "one man irrigates — he brings water down from the mountain and thoroughly waters his farm. The other doesn't." I think that is the way with a good many Christians in our churches. Some are dried up; but others have a secret communication between their souls and Heaven, and God sends the water to them and keeps them always fresh. You may be as dry as Gideon's fleece — all dried up — no power at all; but it is the privilege of each one of us to have the dew of Heaven resting upon us all the while. That is what God wants.

Drink deep; don't be satisfied with merely "getting water."

If I have got a tumbler full of water, I can say I've got water as much as if I owned a river; and you can say a great many people have Christ, but you have got to probe deep to find life. Jesus came that we might have life, and that we might have it "more abundantly." A man said he had a well, a good well, only "it froze up in winter, and dried up in summer." There are many Christians who are just like that. People talk about "spasmodic effort." I am as much opposed to that as any other man. I don't believe in spasmodic efforts. When a man drinks as God wants him, he can't help working summer or winter.

I am one of those old-fashioned people who believe the Bible. I believe it is literally true of any man who examines it with the Spirit that rivers of truth will flow out of him. As a tree is full of sap, so is the Christian who is full of the Spirit. The tree full of sap will bear leaves and blossoms and fruit. And when a man is full of the breath of God, his life will be filled with fruit.

You haven't got to go back to the days of Martin Luther, or to Wesley, or to Whitefield, by a good deal, to find lives that have been filled with fruit. Only a few years ago a man died, — no, thank God! he never died, he lives more now than ever before — who had never been to Oxford, or Cambridge; but God said to him, "Charles, you go to London and I will let rivers of life flow from you." He went to London, and stayed there forty years, and tens of thousands listened to him every Sunday; and no man ever attracted such vast crowds under one roof. At first they called him a "Boy Preacher." They laughed at and ridiculed him. They tried to make him out an ignorant clown. But see where his influence is to-day. See what power he has to-day, and what he had for forty years. Every Thursday a sermon of his came out printed in many languages, and it went into all the corners of the earth, and thus he preached to people everywhere. I cannot begin to tell of the results of that one man's work. He founded an orphan asylum for two hundred and fifty boys, and another for two



hundred and fifty girls, where children taken from the streets were given a home and trained in ways of righteousness. He founded one of the finest theological seminaries in the world, which is constantly training young men for the ministry; he had a society of colporteurs circulating good books; he had evangelists that went all over London and the suburbs preaching the Gospel; he had an institution that he called a "poor man's house," where he gathered in the poor and forsaken and preached the Gospel to them. When I was in London many years ago there were at that time eighty churches in the city and its vicinity that had sprung up through that man's efforts. You can hardly go into a minister's library anywhere to-day that you do not find volumes of Charles Spurgeon's sermons. He fed the flock of God for forty years in a great many different ways. How many different volumes of books have come from his pen! How many streams of life he set in motion! I don't believe the four walls of any church can hold the influence of a man filled with the spirit of God. I believe the world has yet to see what God can do with a man full of the Holy Ghost.

I remember an old wooden pump on the farm when I was a boy, and how I used to pump water for the cattle and pump for the family, pump, pump, pump, until it seemed as though my arm would drop off; and sometimes the old pump would squeak and make a good deal of noise, and I wouldn't get much water. I find lots of people pumping away, squeaking and making a great deal of noise, but they get hardly any water. They are pumping out of dry wells. Haven't you seen people pump and pump, and talk and talk like a parrot, and all they said didn't amount to anything? No heart in it! No power!

A lady once came to me at the close of a service and said:

"Mr. Moody, you have made me perfectly miserable."

"How is that?" I said.

"Why, you said you pitied a woman who had no religious home influence over her husband and family. When I mar-

ried my husband, I thought I would soon bring him into the kingdom of God, I thought I should have no trouble in getting him to come to Christ; but now I think he is further away than he was then, and I have not as much influence as I used to have. When I try to talk with him about his soul it is a forced conversation, and I can't talk with him about eternal things. I have trouble with my servants all the time, and I never have been able to help one of them to Christ, although I have wanted to."

"Would you allow me to speak very plainly with you?"

"Yes."

"Don't you get angry with your husband once in a while, and give him what in New England we sometimes call 'a good blowing up'; and then when you want to talk to him about becoming a Christian, you have a feeling that he will say, 'You had better look at home, you are no better than I am?'"

"Yes, Mr. Moody, that is true."

"Then, instead of praying for your husband, hadn't I better pray for you?"

She asked me to pray for her, and I did. Some days after that she came to me and said:

"Mr. Moody, I want to thank you for talking to me as plainly as you did the other day. If I had known that you were going to talk to me in that way I wouldn't have come near you. When I left you I went home and locked myself up with God, and my conscience searched my soul and revealed me to myself. I saw how irritable I had been, and how I had scolded my husband without provocation; then I noticed that my conduct with my servants had not been at all Christ-like. When my husband came home that night I met him at the door and asked him to forgive me. He was very much surprised and wanted to know what I had been doing. I said, 'Well, you know we have been married now for so many years, and I haven't lived as a Christian ought to live. I haven't been consistent; I have been cross and irritable so many times, and I have scolded so many times without cause,

and my life has been such that I am afraid I have kept you from becoming a Christian, and God knows I love you better than any one on earth, and I wouldn't stand between you and God for all the world.' My husband couldn't stand that; he broke right down, and God gave him back to me that night."

If you have ever lived in England you know what a great barrier is built up between the Church of England and what they call the Dissenting churches. I was asked a few years ago to go down to a county parish to preach on Saturday and Sunday. When I arrived I found that a large tent had been provided to hold the services in, and that the Church of England people and the Dissenters were working together harmoniously. I was entertained by a wealthy churchman of great prominence in the community, and I found that his house was filled with Dissenting ministers who had come to the meetings, whom he was entertaining. It was so unusual to find a man in his position fraternizing with every conceivable kind of worker in the whole county that I said to him, "How long has this been going on?" He replied, "There was a time when if I met a Dissenting minister I wouldn't look at him or bow to him; I really thought that every Dissenting minister was doing all he could to tear down the Church of England. I went over to Kassoek and I met some men there who told me about being filled with the Spirit of God, and I tried to get into this higher life. When I was filled with the Spirit, the first thing I did was to go to every Dissenting minister in my county and talk and pray with him; and since then every minister who has come into this county has never preached but he has had my prayers." Here was a man who was a blessing to nearly every family in the whole region. He got the blessing and passed it on to others.

The first time I was in Dundee I went into a great stone church and the congregation was so slim you could have fired a cannon ball right through it and not hit anybody; but the young minister's heart was full of the fire of the Holy Ghost, and when I was there a few years afterward you couldn't get

into the aisles. Hundreds of people had been converted just because that young man was filled with the Spirit of God.

I remember when I first went to England with Mr. Sankey, at a service where I was presenting this subject, I noticed a Presbyterian minister in the audience who hid his face in his hands. I said to myself, "I have run against that man's theology." I used to be very much afraid of running against the theology of ministers! When the meeting was over he went out of the door as though he had been shot out of a cannon, and I said to Mr. Sankey, "I am afraid that minister is offended at something I said." At the next meeting I looked for him but he wasn't there; and at the next and the next, and so on for a whole week, but I didn't see him. It was just at the beginning of our work in England, when we were trying to get a foothold there, and I was very anxious not to offend any of the ministers. About a week from that time he came into the noon prayer-meeting, and rose and told about being at the meeting a week before; and he said he came to the conclusion on that day that if God had got anything more for him he was going to have it; and, he added, "I have been closeted with God for the past week, and He has answered my prayer." He moved that whole assemblage; everybody knew that he had received a great blessing, and it spread through the audience like wildfire. He said that before he got this blessing his church wasn't one-third full. On the third Sabbath after that I went down to his church and I couldn't get inside; I had to stand outside and look in at the window. Some time after, he said to me, "I haven't preached one sermon since God gave me that anointing that there have not been conversions."

Some Englishmen were traveling in Africa with the idea of colonizing. They came to a beautiful place in the mountains and asked the natives if they had an abundance of water. They said, "No, there were a few months last summer when we didn't have any rain. The clouds came over us but they didn't break, and it is pretty dry up here now." They went to an-

other place and were told that during a certain season there was no rain. But at the third place the natives said they had plenty of water; the clouds were pierced up there on that high ground, and they got under the clouds. I have seen churches that were living under pierced clouds, and they go on year after year with an abundance of living water; and I have seen churches as dry as the mountains of Gilboa — not a drop of dew on them.

I know a minister who sought this blessing, and in ten months he received three hundred and eighty into his church on profession of faith. The church had never been so full since it was built. Over two thousand people in that city flocked to hear him preach just because he was filled with the Spirit of God. It is not a new Gospel that we want, it is the old Gospel with new power.



## CHAPTER VI.

### SOWING AND REAPING—WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

Family Skeletons — Teaching Servants to Lie — “Isn’t It Strange?” — Teaching Clerks Dishonesty — Mr. Moody’s Challenge — A Man Who Accepted It, and the Result — Reckoning the Cost — Foreclosing the last Mortgage — Sowing Wild Oats — Sentenced to Prison for Life — The Man in Tears in the Balcony — The Story of a Confidential Clerk — “I Am Beyond Help” — Reaping as He had Sown — “Hello, Stranger, What Are You Sowing?” — A Story of John B. Gough — Mr. Moody’s Reminiscences of Him — The Man Who Sowed Oats and Thistles — An Incident in Chicago — Deserting Wife and Children — The Fugitive Forger — The Last Night at Home — In a Convict’s Garb — A Terrible Dilemma — A Letter of Warning — Returning to the Old Home — “No Such Person Lives Here” — The End of a Misspent Life.

**I** BELIEVE that the text “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,” applies to saint and sinner alike; to every human being on the face of the earth. It makes no difference what nation he belongs to, whether he is Jew or Gentile, Romanist or Protestant. Here is a law that has been in force for six thousand years, and neither devil nor man has been able to break it.

You might as well try to blot the sun out of the heavens as to blot out this truth. You can’t get around it or over it. It meets every man, whether it be the minister in the pulpit or the man in the pew; it is the law for David, or for Ahab; ruler or peasant, agnostic, infidel, pantheist, deist; it makes no difference. You can’t take up the daily papers but you read that men reap what they have sown ten, fifteen, or twenty years before. You haven’t got to go out of your own experience for proof of the truth of this text. You will yourself say, “That is true in my case. I have had to reap.”

I remember giving out this text at one of our meetings, and a man said he didn't believe it. "Well," I said, "my friend, that does not change the fact." There's a class of people who labor under the delusion that because they don't believe a thing, the thing isn't true. Now listen, truth is truth whether you believe it or not. A lie is a lie whether you believe it or not. The fact was, that man didn't want to believe it. When the meeting broke up an officer was at the door who had a warrant to arrest that very man. He was taken into court, tried for crime, found guilty, and was sent to prison for twelve months. I have no doubt when he got into his cell he found the text true.

You can deceive your wife; you can deceive your neighbors; yes, you can even deceive yourself. But you can't deceive God. So, if we are deceived, let us pray God to open our eyes. You may trifle with some things, but don't trifle with eternal things. There is no one truth in the Bible that has had such an influence over my life as that one. I have said to myself, "How stupid I was not to see that truth years ago." Look at the men and women who are sowing now, only to reap, in after years, in tears and agony and untold sorrow.

I am not in the habit of dividing up my texts; I don't like to say "firstly," "secondly," and "finally," and "in conclusion," and all that. I get lost before I get to the "conclusion." But it is a good thing to do. Spurgeon told me he could never "get on" unless he had five points. That is the preparation he made, and he would fill them up in the pulpit. I have never been able to get on with so many divisions; but I am going to divide up this subject, and bring everything under four heads.

First: *A man expects to reap.*

Second: *He expects to reap the same kind of seed he sows.*

Third: *He expects to reap more than he sows.*

Fourth: *He must reap the fruit, no matter how ignorant he may be, or claims to be, of the nature of the seed.*

*A man expects to reap.* Do you think farmers would plant their grain and potatoes if they knew that there was to come a famine? No, they would save their seed and their time, and let their farms rest. Men remain a long time in college, and many go abroad to finish their studies, and then start in some profession. It is slow work getting started, but they look forward to a time when they will reap a good harvest. Young men spend years in learning a trade, but they look for their reward by and by; instead of the wages of a day laborer they expect to receive the wages of an experienced mechanic. Every man looks forward to the reaping time.

An insurance case was brought to Daniel Webster when he was a young lawyer in Portsmouth. Only a small amount was involved, and a twenty-dollar fee was all that was promised. He saw that to do his client full justice a journey to Boston would be necessary, in order to consult the law library. He would be out of pocket by the expedition, and for the time he would receive no adequate compensation. But he determined to do his best, cost what it might. He went to Boston, looked up the authorities, and won the case.

Years after, Webster, who had meanwhile become famous, was passing through New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had suddenly been taken ill. Money was no object, and Webster was begged to name his terms and conduct the case.

"I told them," said Mr. Webster, "that it was preposterous to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice. They insisted, however, that I should look at the papers, and this I finally consented to do. It was my old twenty-dollar case over again, and as I never forgot anything, I had all the authorities at my fingers' ends. The court knew that I had no time to prepare for the case, and was astonished at the range of my acquirements. So you see, I was handsomely repaid both in fame and money for that journey to Boston. And the moral is that *good work is rewarded in the end.*"

*A man expects to reap the same kind of seed he sows.* If I

should tell you that I sowed ten acres of wheat last year and that watermelons came up, or that I sowed cucumbers and gathered turnips, you wouldn't believe it. It is a fixed law that you shall reap the same kind of seed you sow. Plant wheat and you reap wheat; plant an acorn and there comes up an oak; plant a little elm and in time you have a big elm. This law is just as true in God's kingdom as in man's kingdom; just as true in the spiritual world as in the natural world. If I sow tares, I am going to reap tares. If I sow a lie, I am going to reap lies. If I sow adultery, I am going to reap adulterers. If I sow whiskey, I am going to reap drunkards. You cannot blot this law out. No other truth in the Bible is so solemn.

A lady once said to me:

"Why is it that I don't get better service from my servants? Isn't it strange?"

"No," I said, "I don't think it is strange. When ladies will teach their servants to go to the door and tell callers that they are 'out,' when all the time they are 'in,' and at home, but don't want to be seen, they won't have trustworthy servants. If they lie to your callers, they will lie to you."

"Oh, Mr. Moody, we don't mean anything when we say we are 'out.' It is only a society lie."

"Yes," I said, "but madam, a society lie is as bad a lie as any other lie. There is no difference."

A man said to me some time ago: "Why is it that we cannot get honest clerks now?" I replied that I didn't know. But perhaps I can imagine a reason. When merchants teach clerks to say that goods are all wool when they are half cotton, and to adulterate groceries and say they are pure; when they grind up white marble and put it into pulverized sugar and the clerk knows it, you will not have honest clerks. As long as merchants teach their clerks to lie and misrepresent, to put a French or an English tag on domestic goods and sell them for imported goods, just so long they will have dishonest clerks. Young men who cheat in their lessons while going through college will cheat when they get out. It is not fiction **but**

solemn fact that a man must reap the same kind of seed that he sows.

This is a tremendous argument against selling liquor. Leaving out the temperance and religious aspects of the question, no man on earth can afford to sell strong drink. If I sell liquor to your son and make a drunkard of him, some man will sell liquor to my son and make a drunkard of him. Every man who sells liquor has a drunken son, or a drunken brother, or some drunken relative. Where are the sons of liquor dealers? To whom are their daughters married? Look around and see if you can find a man who has been in that business twenty years who has not a skeleton in his family.

You will find some men who have made themselves millionaires by the sale of liquors. Where are their sons? In drunkards' graves. You won't have to travel far to prove what I say. I once threw down that challenge, and a man came to the hotel where I was staying, and said:

"I understand you threw down a challenge. Take it back; for it is not true."

"Give me the facts," I said. "I will make a retraction if it is not true."

"My father was a rumseller, and I am a rumseller, and the curse never came into my father's family nor mine."

"Well," I said, "I have traveled all over Christendom, and this is the first time I have heard my statement denied."

"You call it an accursed business, but the 'curse' has never struck either family," he said.

Two prominent citizens were in the room at the time, and I said to them:

"I will investigate. I am going to speak to-night, and I will take back my statement if it is not true."

When he went out, one of those men said:

"That man's brother committed suicide only six weeks ago in this city, and left a widow and seven children, and he has that widow and children to care for. And he himself was drunk this week."



And yet he said "The curse never came into my family." Some men don't think the curse comes to them unless it comes down on their own heads. Their daughters may marry drunkards, and may have "a little hell" all their own, but it does not seem to "come to them" at all. No man can afford to sell whiskey. If you are in the business, take my advice, get an axe and knock the barrels in the head.

Am I speaking to a man or woman who is renting property for whiskey selling? The curse will come to your family. I was in a town sometime ago where a wealthy man had built a handsome house in a very respectable part of the city, and when the house was finished some one offered him a very large rent for it, to be used for a brothel. He had four promising sons, and every one of them were ruined in that house. How much did he make? Sit down and reckon it up. Sow brothels and you will reap adultery and it will come into your family. You can't put temptation in the way of young men, but it will come back to you.

If you will read the Bible you will find that for six thousand years men have reaped what they sowed. God made Adam reap before he left Eden. There was no detective, no police, no sheriff, no constable there. I would like to know what these agnostics and infidels and atheists make out of that,—that God brought men to judgment? Sin found Adam out, didn't it? Men may escape the law of the State; laws may be made at the capitol, and man may evade those laws; but God has laws that no man can escape. *You will reap as you have sown.*

*A man reaps more than he sows.* If I sow a bushel I expect to reap ten or twenty bushels. I can sow in one day what will take ten men to reap. And it takes a longer time to reap than to sow. When I hear a man talking in a flippant way about sowing his wild oats, I don't laugh. I feel more like crying, because I know he is going to make his gray-haired mother reap in tears; he is going to make his wife reap in shame; he is going to make his old father and his innocent children reap

with him. Only ten, or fifteen, or twenty years will pass before he will have to reap his wild oats; no man has ever sowed them without having to reap them. Sow the wind and you will reap a whirlwind.

There was a man in the Ohio penitentiary who died of cancer a little while ago. He was there between thirty and forty years. A railroad line to New York was laid out to run through his town. They came to him and wanted to buy his farm and lay the line through it. He said, "No. I expect the town will grow, and I think the railroad will injure my property." He refused to sell. The Commissioners could do nothing with him, and the court authorized the railroad company to lay the route right through his farm. One dark night after the railroad was completed some one put an obstruction on the track, and there was a dreadful railroad accident. Lives were lost. Suspicion fell upon him. He was tried, found guilty, and sent to prison for life. That little town has grown to be a city of over thirty thousand inhabitants. The development of that farm made him a millionaire; but he himself was branded and died a criminal. In that little, narrow cell he spent his days, and a cancer relieved him from this life. It took him thousands of hours to reap what it took him but a few moments to sow, to say nothing of the eternity to which he has gone. Tell me that a man doesn't reap more than he sows. It is going on all the while. Men seem to think they can escape God's law; they may escape man's law, but not God's.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceeding small.  
Though with patience He stands waiting,  
With exactness grinds He all."

I was once speaking on this subject, and a man in the balcony right in front of me dropped as if he had been shot, and sobbed aloud. A gentleman said to him:

"My friend, you seem to be in great trouble. Can I help you?"

"No, sir, I am beyond that. No one can help me."

“What is your trouble?”

Pointing down to where I was, he said:

“What that man said to-night is true. It takes a longer time to reap than to sow. Four years ago I filled a responsible position in this city. I was a confidential clerk. One night, in a saloon, while under the influence of liquor, I committed a crime. I was sent to prison, a culprit, for four years. I am just out. I called on my old firm to-day, and they ordered me out of their place of business; they said I had disgraced them, and I was never to come back to them. I have been up and down the streets trying to find work, and when I told people where I had been for the past four years they didn't want me. I met men who hold inferior positions to the one I once filled, but not one of them would return my bow.” And he wrung his hands.

It is all true; it takes a longer time to reap than it does to sow. I have been a great many years building up my character, but I could blast it inside of an hour. It takes a long time to build a monument, but not long to destroy it. It don't take a long time to blast one's character; but it takes a long time to recover it, if one loses it.

I used to swear before I was converted; it didn't seem to trouble me. But after I was converted if I got an oath half-way out I bit it in two with my teeth. It caused me more agony than all the oaths I had ever taken. It is an awful thing for a man to know these truths and then act against them. This truth applies to the preacher and saint as well as to the sinner. We have all got to reap, every one of us, and MORE THAN WE SOW.

*A man must reap the fruit, no matter how ignorant he may be, or claims to be, of the nature of the seed.* Ignorance of the kind of seed makes no difference. If I think I am sowing good seed, and it is bad, I shall have a bad harvest. Therefore it becomes me as a rational creature and a thinking man to look well to the kind of seed I am sowing.

Suppose I meet a man who is sowing seed, and I say:

"Hello, stranger, what are you sowing?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know whether it is good or bad?"

"No, I can't tell; but it is seed, that is all I want to know, and I am sowing it."

You would say that he was a first-class lunatic, wouldn't you? But he wouldn't be half so crazy as the man who goes on sowing for time and eternity and never asks himself what kind of seed he is sowing or what the harvest will be. Young man, are you letting some secret sin get the mastery over you, binding you hand and foot? It is growing. Every sin grows.

Mothers, fathers, your children are coming on after you; look well to the seed you are sowing. If a man could do all his own reaping at last, it wouldn't be so bad. But when you sin remember that you and your children will reap shame and disgrace, and your old, white-haired parents will reap in bitterness and tears. I have seen white-haired men and women in agony worse than death. I don't want to see it again if I can help myself. And so I want to say it becomes us to look well to the kind of seed we are sowing. You commence very early with children to sow seed, and if you teach them to disobey God you may be sure they will disobey you. If a man will teach his children to curse God they will curse him. Isn't that so?

I want to ask young people a question. What kind of seed are you sowing, good seed or bad seed? There will be a harvest, and we are bound to reap, whether we want to or not. Tell me, how do you spend your spare time? Telling vile stories, polluting the minds of others while your own mind is also polluted? Do you read literature that makes your thoughts impure? How do you spend the Sabbath? Boating, fishing, hunting, or on excursions? Do any of you think ministers are old fogies, or that the Bible belongs to the dark ages?

How do you treat your parents? If you will tell me I will tell you just about what kind of a harvest you are going to

have. Now, I have traveled through this world a great deal, and I have not traveled with my eyes shut. And I want to testify that I never in my life have seen a young man or young woman treat their parents with contempt who have ever prospered. Tell me how you treat your parents and I will tell you how your children will treat you. A man was making preparations to send his old father to the poorhouse, when his little child came up and said, "Papa, when you are old, shall I have to take you to the poorhouse?" If your father is living, treat him kindly. You will not always have him with you. If your mother still lingers, treat her kindly. I can't tell you the contempt I have for the boy who will associate with fast young men of the town and talk against his father and mother, and say they crammed religion down his throat, and that now he is a "free man." I think I would rather have my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth than to speak in that way of my mother. If there is any one thing that God has given me in this world that I am most thankful for, it is for my godly, praying mother. I know that if any calamity had come to me, if I should be stricken down with dangerous disease, and she were living to-day, and the news should reach her, she would take the first train to come to me, and, if necessary, would take the disease in her own body and die for me.

Tell me, young man, what kind of seed are you sowing? Are you polite to other people and peevish and cross to your father and mother? God forgive you if you are. A son stays out until one, two, or three o'clock in the morning, in gambling dens, and when his mother remonstrates he curses her, and in doing so he kills her by inches. Come, my friend, what kind of harvest do you expect? What kind of seed are you sowing? Bear in mind the reaping time is coming. I will venture to say there is many a man who would give all he has in the world if he could call his mother back and get her forgiveness. I was a member of the Mount Vernon Church in Boston with John B. Gough. I used to go to his house, and when he came to Chicago I used to entertain him. In later years he



came often to my home, and but a little time before he died I heard him say, "If I could tear one thing from my memory I would willingly give my right arm." And I have always supposed it was the way he treated his mother. She could not stand it to see her boy going to a drunkard's grave, and her heart broke, and John B. Gough came to himself; but his mother was gone. If you are not right with your father and mother, get right with them at once. They will be gone by and by.

A man wrote to me that this idea that one must reap just as he sows will do for the unconverted, but not for a man who has turned from his sins. But if I get drunk and break my right arm and that arm is amputated, though I may afterward become not only a temperate but a godly man, I must still go through life without that right arm. Suppose I send a man to sow ten acres of oats, and when they come up I find half of them are thistles. I say, "It is the work of an enemy. Some one has sowed those thistles." I call the man who sowed the seed and say to him:

"John, do you know anything about those thistles?"

"Do you remember, Mr. Moody," he replies, "that two or three years ago you were talking with me and you told me if I had done wrong and I came to you and confessed it you would forgive me? Well, some time after that I got angry with you and I mixed thistle seed with the oats. There has not been a day since that I was not sorry; and though I could not face you, I now hold you to your promise of forgiveness."

"Well, John, I will forgive you, but when you reap the oats you must reap the thistles along with them."

I know what it is to reap thistles with my oats. I don't believe there is a minister or elder or deacon in the church who does not understand this. There are some things for which I can never forgive myself. There is not a cloud between my soul and God this day. I have a clean testimony to this, but there are many things I wish I had not done.

I know a man who deserted his wife and children, and after

being gone for years he returned home, like the prodigal, and sought out his wife. She supposed he was dead, and she had married again; and the poor man has never seen his wife and children alone. He has stood on the street watching his children, but he never spoke to them. I believe God will forgive that man, but he will never forgive himself. He must reap the consequences of his sowing.

Some years ago in Chicago I preached from the text, "Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there." A man came to me and said:

"Can I see you alone?"

"Yes," I said.

He shut the door and turned the key. The perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead. He put his head on my shoulder and trembled and sobbed. I let him have it out. After he got control of himself I said:

"Tell me your trouble."

"I am a fugitive from justice. The Governor of my State, Missouri, has offered a reward for my apprehension. I have been hiding here in Chicago for months."

He then told me the story. He had forged thousands of dollars' worth of county bonds and sold them. He did not intend to defraud; he expected to succeed in speculation, call the bonds in, and never be found out. But he got beyond his depth, and he had to flee from the city. He had disfigured and disguised himself all he could. He said:

"I am away from my business, my friends and associates. I dare not receive a letter or write one. I have nothing to do. I am afraid to be out in the daytime. If I walk out I can hear the footsteps of an officer on my track. They tell me there's no hell, but it seems to me I have been in hell for months."

"Why don't you give yourself up? Why not go back and face the law?"

"Oh," he said, "I can't do that."

"Well," I replied, "I would rather be in prison with Christ than outside without Him. God cannot help you until you

do the right thing." He looked me straight in the face and said:

"Mr. Moody, I would rather go to prison than to suffer what I have suffered for the last few months. My conscience smites me day and night. I have been in perfect torment all the time. All the while it seemed as if some one would touch my shoulder and arrest me for the reward offered. But I have a wife and three children, and how can I bring this public disgrace upon them? My wife is a refined woman, looked up to and respected. I have three beautiful children. How can I put this stigma upon them for life?"

The case looked different to me then. I have a rule that I have carried through life. It is this: If a man comes to me for counsel I try to put myself in his place. When he spoke of his wife and children I was dumb. That is what makes me hate sin. You cannot alone reap its results; others reap and suffer with you. I said:

"My friend, I don't know what to say. It is always safe to pray, pray about everything."

I got down and prayed, and I wept, — I couldn't help it. I said:

"To-morrow I will meet you at twelve o'clock."

He was there on time. He said:

"Mr. Moody, it's all settled. Don't trouble yourself about me. I am going back this afternoon to give myself up. If I ever meet the God of battles I must go through prison. I have made up my mind to do right. I ask you to do one thing — pray God to help me; pray for my wife and children. I don't know what will become of them; pray God to help me and them."

I did pray, and I wept with that man. He said:

"Don't speak of it until I am in the hands of the law. Little did I think it would ever come to this."

Well, he took the train and started for Missouri. He arrived in his town about midnight, stole off to his home, and stayed there a week. His children were young, and he was

afraid to have them know he was home lest it should get out and he would be arrested. He wrote me a letter that week. It brought tears to my eyes. He said he heard his little child say:

“Mamma, doesn’t papa love us any more?”

“Why, yes, what makes you ask such a question?”

“Why, he never left us before, and he has been gone a long time, and he don’t write to us, and he don’t send us anything, and I’m afraid he has forgotten us.”

And there the father was in the house all the time. He would go up and look at the children, in their innocent sleep, but he was afraid to kiss them, lest it should wake them up. Think of it! And think of the stigma, the brand he was to put upon them. Talk to me about sin being pleasant!

Well, he had been at home a week. He felt as though he must give himself up. The last night came. He left his house about midnight. He wrote me how he took his wife to his bosom and kissed her again and again, not knowing whether he should ever see her again. He was afraid to kiss the children, but he took a long look at those dear little ones. Then he left his home and went across the country and arrived at the sheriff’s house the next morning at daylight. There wasn’t much of a trial. He went into court and plead guilty.

Do you know, I think we ought to have a change in our laws, and when a man says he is guilty, then make it so much easier for him. Don’t teach him to lie out of it. I believe hundreds of men in difficulty would come out at once and confess if we had that state of things. I am not much of a lawyer, but I tell you I believe in mercy. I want it for myself. And I believe that when a man does confess his wrong there is a kind of feeling that prompts us to forgive him and help him and stand by him. Not that he ought not to go to prison for a length of time. I believe that he ought to, but make it as easy as possible when a man confesses his guilt and starts to do right.

The court sentenced this man to the penitentiary for nine-

teen years. That's the shortest time they could give him on the eight indictments. I went down to see him, and, although he had on the prison garb, I believe he was a child of God as much as I was. God had spoken peace to his soul. He was not half as agitated as he was when he came to me in Chicago. The cloud had lifted; the burden was gone. Thank God, we got him out at last and he was restored to his family. He has gone up on high. I expect to meet him in the kingdom of God. To his dying day he could never forgive himself, but God forgave him.

A fine looking young man once came into the inquiry-room. He had been brought up in a happy home with a good father and mother. He had gone astray. He said he wished to become a Christian, but he could not, because he knew what it would make him do. He had robbed an express company, and that sin stood between him and God. He had been tried and the verdict was in his favor, but he knew he was guilty. He had gone into the witness-box and committed perjury. He went out of the inquiry-room and left the building. He came again, however, and I never felt so much pity for a man in my life. He wanted to become a Christian, but the thought of having to go back and tell his father that he was guilty, after his father had paid \$2,000 to conduct his trial, deterred him. After a great struggle he got down on his knees and cried out, "O God, help me! forgive me my sins;" and at last he got up and said, "Well, sir, I will go back." A friend went down to the railway station and saw him off, and shortly after I got this telegram from him:

"Mr. Moody — God has told me what to do. The future is as clear as crystal. I am happier than ever before."

He reached his native village, and I soon received a letter from him that filled my soul with sympathy. Let me say here, if anyone has taken money from his employer, go and tell him of it at once. It is a good deal better for you to confess it than to have it on your mind, or try to cover it up. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." If you have taken any



money that does not belong to you, make restitution by confession at least. If any one is being tempted to commit a forgery or any crime, let this young man's letter be a warning to them:

"My Beloved Friend and Brother: I am firm in the cause. I have started, and feel that God is with me in it. And, oh, dear brother, never cease praying for my dear father and mother, and I wish you would some day write them and tell them that God will make this all for the best. If I live for ages I will never cease praying for them, and I never can forgive myself for my ungratefulness to my dear broken-hearted sisters and brothers and dear good parents. Oh, the link that held the once happy home is severed. O God! may it not be forever. Would that I had been a Christian for life; that I had taken my mother's hand when a child and walked from there, hand in hand, straight to heaven; and then the stains would not have been. But we know, O God, that they can't follow me into heaven, for then I will be washed of all my sins, and the things that are of this earth will stay here.

"Oh, my dear Christian brothers, my heart almost failed me when I was approaching my home, and thought that I was the one out of eight brothers and sisters to break the chain of happiness that surrounded that once happy and beautiful home. The beautiful sunshine that once lit that dearest of homes is now overshadowed with darkness. Oh, I fear it will kill my dear parents; it is more than they can bear. When I reached home, and they all greeted me with a kiss, and I told them I had started for heaven, and God sent me home to tell them, my mother shed tears of happiness. But when I was forced to bring the death-stroke upon her the tears ceased to flow, and God only can describe the scene that took place. I called them all around me, and I thought I could not pray if I were to attempt it. But when I knelt with them in prayer God just told me what to say, and I found it the will of God; and after I had prayed I kissed them all, and asked their pardon for my ungratefulness, which I received from them all. Then I made my preparation to leave home, for how long God only knows, but I got grace to leave in a cheerful way, and it appeared for a short time; and if God lets me live to return home I will join my mother's side, take her to church, and bring my brothers and sisters and father to God. We will all go to heaven together. My beloved brother, I must see you some day, and just tell you what God has done for me, and I know he will never forsake me, when I am shut up in those prison walls receiving the punishment I justly deserve for my crime. When I can't communciate with any one else I know I will not be shut off from God. Oh, glory!

"I came to Cleveland last night, and was going to get that money and return it to the General Superintendent, but my attorney had made that arrangement already. I find there is an indictment at A——

against me now for perjury, and I am going to take the morning train and go there. Court is in progress there now, and I am going to plead guilty. I will write you again soon, and give you all the particulars and the length of my sentence."

I want to urge this letter upon your consideration as a warning. Think of the punishment that young man brought upon himself; think of the agony of that father and mother when he broke the news to them — when he told them of his guilt. He had sowed seeds of evil, and they with him reaped the harvest of sorrow.

A prominent citizen in the north of England told me a sad case that happened in Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was about a young boy, an only child. The father and mother thought everything of him, and did all they could for him. But he fell into bad ways, associated with evil companions, and finally with thieves. He didn't let his parents know about it. One night his companions prevailed upon him to break into a public house. They stood outside while he entered the house and broke into the till. He was caught, and in one short week he was tried, convicted, and sent for ten years to Van Dieman's Land.

After his term of servitude expired he returned to his native land, and to the town where his mother and father used to live, and soon stood at the door of his old home. He had been gone ten years, and what a change he found there! He knocked, but a stranger came to the door and stared him in the face. "No, there's no such person lives here, and where your parents are I don't know," was the only greeting he received. Then he went down the street, asking even the children that he met about his family, and where they were living. But everybody looked blank. There, where he was born and brought up, he was an alien, and unknown even in his old haunts.

At last he found a couple of townsmen who remembered his father and mother, and they told him the old house had been deserted long before; that he had been gone but a few months

when his father died broken-hearted; and that his mother had lost her mind. He went to the madhouse where his mother was, and went up to her and said: "Mother, mother, don't you know me? I am your son!" But she raved and struck him in the face and shrieked, "You are not my boy!" and then raved again and tore her hair. He left the asylum more dead than alive, and so completely broken-hearted that he died in a few months. Yes, the fruit was long growing, but at last it ripened to the harvest like a whirlwind, and vengeance made quick work of it. The death harvest was reaped.

And that is true in regard not only to individuals but to nations. Nations are only collections of individuals, and what is true of a part, in regard to character, is always true of the whole. In this country our forefathers planted slavery in the face of an open Bible, and didn't we have to reap? When the harvest came, nearly half a million of our young men were buried, many of them in nameless graves. Didn't God make this nation weep in the hour of gathering the harvest, when we had to give up our young men, both North and South, to death; and almost every household had an empty chair, and blood, blood, blood, flowed like water for four long years? Ah, our nation sowed, and how in tears and groans she had to reap!

Once, in speaking to His disciples, Christ spoke about being cast into hell, "where the worm dieth not."

I believe the worm that dieth not is our memory; I believe that what will make that world of the lost so terrible to us is memory. We say now that we forget, and we think we do, but the time is coming when we will remember, and we cannot forget. Memory is God's officer; and when God touches its secret springs and says, "Son, remember," we cannot help but remember. When He shall say, "Son and daughter, remember," tramp, tramp, tramp will come before us a long procession — all the sins we have ever committed.

I have been twice in the jaws of death. Once I was drowning, and as I was about to sink the third time I was rescued.

In the twinkling of an eye it seemed as though everything I had said, done, or thought of flashed across my mind. I do not understand how everything in a man's life can be crowded into his recollection in an instant of time, but nevertheless it all flashed through my mind. Another time when I thought I was dying the past all came back to me again. It is just so that all things we think we have forgotten will come back to us by and by. It is only a question of time.

I was at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and I noticed there a little oil painting, only about a foot square, called "Sowing the Tares." The face of the sower looked more like that of a demon than a man. As he sowed the tares, up came serpents and reptiles, and they were crawling up on his body, and all around were woods with wolves prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah! the reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh you must reap the flesh. If you sow to the wind you must reap the whirlwind. You can decide your destiny if you will. Heaven and hell are set before you, and you are called upon to choose. Which will you have? If you will accept Christ He will receive you to His arms. If you reject Him He will reject you.

## CHAPTER VII.

### TEMPERANCE. — TO DRUNKARDS AND REFORMED MEN.

Bound Hand and Foot — Carried Over the Rapids — Sowing Wild Oats — A Thrilling Incident in Mr. Moody's Experience — Begging for Mercy in the Dying Hour — The Drunkard's Home and Family — The Ragged and Filthy Tramp — "I Have Got it Now" — The Arrow that Reached His Heart — Remarkable Story of a Vagrant and Outcast — A Chicago Business Man's Experience — The Preacher Who Made an Impression — "Mary, I Wish You Would Pray for Me" — Keeping Out of Debt — Working for Twenty-five Cents a Week — "That's the Man for Me" — Praying to God for More — "I Guess I'll Reform Too" — Three Hundred Cords of Wood and a Lot of Sawbucks — Drinking Up a Coat — "Mike, Where are your Shoes?" — Waiting For Something to Turn Up — Singing Hymns in Haunts of Vice — Taking Sixteen Men Out of a Saloon in One Night.

THERE was not a day that some poor captive did not come to our meetings bound hand and foot with the chains of intemperance. Some of them said, "Oh, I'm all right"; others said, "I'll come 'round all right in a little while"; and some said, "I took the pledge, and broke it, and kept on drinking until the habit became a cord that bound me to intemperance; and the cord became a chain, and now I cannot break away from it." Thank God, I can proclaim the good news that Christ can deliver you from all your sins. I don't care if you are bound hand and foot with sin. He will save you if you only come to Him.

How many young men there are whose characters have been blasted by strong drink. How many brilliant men have gone down to death through it. Some of the noblest statesmen, some of the most brilliant orators and men of all professions, have been borne to a drunkard's grave. Many men say, "I am not going down to a drunkard's grave." They think



they have sufficient strength of will to stop drinking when they choose. When strong drink gets a firm hold there is nothing within us by which we can save ourselves. God alone can give you power to resist the cup of temptation. He alone can give you power to overcome its influence.

Look at that man in a boat on Niagara River. He is only a mile from the rapids. A man on the bank of the river shouts to him:

“Young man, the rapids are not far away, you’d better pull for the shore.”

“You attend to your own business; I will take care of myself,” he replies.

Now he has got a little nearer, and another man on the bank sees his danger, and shouts:

“Stranger, you’d better pull for the shore; there’s danger ahead, and if you go further you’ll be lost. You can save yourself now if you pull in.”

“Mind your own business; I’ll take care of myself.”

On he goes. I can see him in the boat enjoying himself and laughing at the danger. Another man on the bank is looking at him, and he lifts up his voice and cries:

“Stranger, stranger, the rapids are below you; pull quick for the shore; if you don’t, you will lose your life;” and the young man laughs at him — mocks him. By and by the young man says:

“I think I hear the rapids — yes, I hear them roar;” and he seizes his oars and pulls with all his strength, but the current is too swift. Nearer and nearer he is drawn to the brink of that awful abyss, until with one unearthly cry, over he goes.

Ah, my friends, this is the case with hundreds. They are in the current of riches, of pleasure, of drink, that will take them to the whirlpool. Satan has them blindfolded, and they are on the road to destruction.

Think of the lost souls in the saloons and gambling dens — young men who are noble, who might be jewels that would sparkle in the Saviour’s crown for eternity, and yet Satan is

taking them bodily down to death. Is it not written that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Is God true or not? If any man tells you that a drunkard can reel into Heaven, tell him he is a liar. Heaven would be as corrupt as earth if that were possible.

We hear some young men say in a jesting way, "Oh, we are only sowing our wild oats; we will get over this by and by." I have seen men reap their wild oats. I remember I went home one night and found my household in alarm. They had seen a man come running down the street, and as he approached the house he gave an unearthly scream, and in terror they bolted the door. He came right up to the front door, and instead of ringing the bell, he tried to push the door in. They asked him what he wanted, and he said he wanted to see me. They told him I was at the meeting, and away he ran, and they could hear his screams and groans as he disappeared. I was coming along the street, and he shot past me like an arrow. But he had seen me, and he turned and seized me by the arm, saying eagerly:

"I have got to die to-night. Can I be saved? The devil is coming to me at one o'clock to-night."

"My friend, you are mistaken," I said.

I thought the man was sick. But he persisted that the devil had come and laid his hand upon him, and told him that he might have till one o'clock that night. I said:

"He will not come after you."

"He will; there's no chance of my getting away from him. He is coming! Won't you go up to my house and sit with me?"

I couldn't convince him, so I persuaded some friends to go to his house and look after him. At one o'clock that night the devils came into his room, and the six men there could not hold him. He screamed,

"Look there! See them! There they are! They are after me! He is taking me! He is going to take me to hell! He is after me!"

He was reaping what he had sown. When Death came and laid his icy hand upon him, Oh, how he cried for mercy — how he besought pardon. Ah, yes, young men, you may say, in a jesting way, that you are “sowing your wild oats,” but the reaping time is coming.

Look at that rumseller. When we talk to him he laughs at us. He tells us there is no hell, no future, no retribution. I remember one saloon keeper who ruined nearly all the young men in his neighborhood. Mothers and fathers went to him and begged him not to sell their sons liquor. He told them it was his business to sell liquor, and that he was going to sell it to every one who wanted it. His saloon was a foul blot as dark as hell upon the place. But he had a son, and a father's heart. He didn't worship God, but he worshiped that boy. He didn't remember that whatsoever a man sows, that shall he reap. Time rolled on, and that young man became a slave to drink, and his life became such an intolerable burden to himself that he put a revolver to his head and blew out his brains. The father lived a few years longer, but his life was full of bitterness, and he went down to his grave in sorrow. My friends, we generally reap what we sow. The reaping may not come soon, but it will surely come. If you ruin other men's sons, some other man will ruin yours. Bear in mind God is a God of equity; He is a God of justice. He is not going to permit you to ruin other men and then escape yourself.

You are doing the devil's work when you rejoice at a man's fall instead of trying to raise him up. Go to work and get him away from the devil if you can. When the devil gets a man down, a good many try to help the devil to keep him down. Because a man has fallen again it is no sign that he has not been reclaimed. A man came into one of our meetings who was not only a tramp, but he had sunk about as low as any tramp could go. His will power was gone. He had nothing but rags to cover his nakedness. He was as filthy and as far gone as any man I have ever seen. He remained after the second meeting, and some friends prayed with him. He

said, "Jesus won't answer my prayer, I am too great a sinner." He afterwards told me that after the first meeting he had a fifteen-cent scrip\* in his pocket, and he said, "If the Lord will help me keep that piece of scrip twenty-four hours without spending it for whiskey I will regard it as a token that He will answer my prayer." He had no place to sleep, so he walked the streets of New York for the next twenty-four hours. I met him sometime afterwards and asked him how he was getting along; and all he said was, "I have got it now." The last time I heard from him he said, "I have got it now." He hadn't spent it for whiskey. He said he intended to keep that piece of currency as long as he lived. That shows how God can save the poor drunkard.

In Philadelphia, at one of our meetings, a drunken man arose. Until that time I had no faith that a man could be converted while intoxicated. This drunken man got up and shouted, "I want to be prayed for." His friends tried to quiet him, but he only shouted louder "I want to be prayed for," and three times he repeated his request. His call was attended to, and he was converted. God has power to convert a man even when he is drunk.

I have still another lesson. I met a man in New York who was an earnest worker, and I asked him to tell me his experience. He said he had been a drunkard for over twenty years. His parents had forsaken him, and his wife had left him. He went into a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie, mad with drink. The lawyer proved to be a good Samaritan, and reasoned with him and told him he could be saved. The man scouted the idea. He said: "I must be pretty low when my father and mother, my wife and kindred, have cast me off; there is no hope for me here or hereafter." But this good Samaritan showed him how it was possible to secure salvation, and he got him on his feet, and guided him, and he was saved. He said to me: "I have not touched a drop of liquor since." He became leader of a young men's meeting in New York.

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\*Fractional Currency issued by the Government during the Civil War.

I asked him to come up to my native town, where there were a good many drunkards, thinking he might encourage them to seek salvation. He came and brought a young man with him. They held a meeting, and it seemed as if the power of God rested upon that meeting when these two men told what God had done for them—how He had destroyed the work of the devil in their hearts, and brought peace and happiness to their souls.

A man who was induced to come into one of our meetings in Chicago slipped out and didn't come back. Some friends found out his name, and went to the saloon where he made his headquarters, but could not find him; they went there a number of times, and at last they left a card for him, which was headed, "My dear friend." He was a miserable drunkard; his friends had left him and he was sinking rapidly into a drunkard's grave; he thought that his end was near, and he had given himself up to die. When he entered the saloon the little card headed "My dear friend" was handed to him.

"Why," he said, sarcastically, "this is singular, I've got a friend." He read on:

"If you will come up to the hotel to-night at seven o'clock, I should like to see you."

He read it again, and said:

"But I have no real friend, and I don't understand what this expression, 'My dear friend,' means." He said it went like an arrow into his heart and burned into his very soul, to think that some one should address him as "My dear friend." While drunk he had fallen in the street and his face was badly bruised. He was so ashamed of himself that he tried to get some one to go to the hotel for him. But he found that he hadn't many friends—drunkards don't have many—and he had to go himself. When he arrived at the hotel he was ashamed to go in, so he watched from behind a post until he saw a man whom he had seen come out of the Tabernacle, and whom he thought might be the man who had sent for him. Approaching him he said:



"Is your name Hawley?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I have been looking for you, and I want you to come down to the Tabernacle."

"You do; well, I won't go to the Tabernacle."

"Why not?"

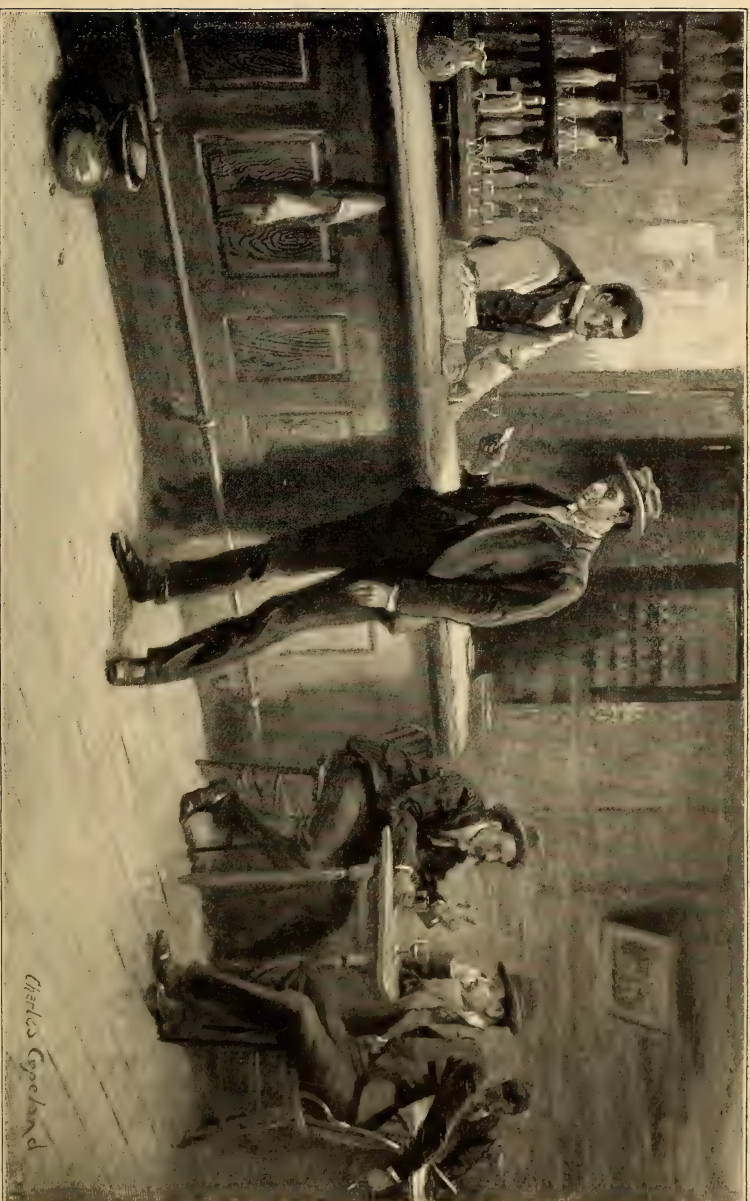
"I have got a black eye, the skin is broken on my nose, I am dirty and disfigured, and I won't go."

"But I want you to go."

The man replied that he could not go, for he had become so much of a slave to liquor that he couldn't sit an hour in a meeting without going out to get a drink. At last he was persuaded to go in, and he took a seat behind a post. He went into the inquiry-room, and that very night the Spirit of God met him, and he became one of the leading men in the city. He not only brought his friends to Christ, but he went into other towns telling every one what great things the Lord had done for him. God went down to the very gates of hell to save that man.

So let us tell drunkards there is hope; let us tell them that the Son of man was made manifest to destroy their appetites, and that He can and will take them away. He can destroy their taste for liquor, and when that is done the saloons will soon be closed.

In one of our temperance meetings in Chicago a business man arose and told a most remarkable story. He said that eight years before, he was a confirmed drunkard; his father, who died a drunkard, used to give him liquor when he was a little boy of four years; his friends had forsaken him; he had been taken into court and sent to jail as a vagrant; his only fear was that the police would get hold of him; his only ambition was to keep out of the hands of the law and to drink liquor all day and sleep at night wherever he could. One night he went down to the lake shore, and a terrible storm arose, and for the first time in his life he cried to God to help him. He said, "My friends, although a vagrant and an outcast, God met me there on the lake shore; He took hold of my right hand



A DRUNKARD SURPRISED IN A BAR-ROOM. THE LITTLE CARD HEADED "MY DEAR FRIEND."

He was a miserable drunkard; his friends had left him and he was sinking rapidly into a drunkard's grave. When he entered the saloon a few hours afterwards, the little card headed "My Dear Friend" was handed to him. "Why," he said, sarcastically, "this is singular, I've got a friend." He read on: "If you will come up to the hotel to-night at 7 o'clock I should like to see you."



and I have never had any taste for liquor since; He has kept me for eight years." Now, I believe that God destroyed that man's appetite for liquor, root and branch.

When we were in Chicago, a St. Louis merchant, staying in the city on business, heard that we were trying to reach and reform drinking men; and he thought he would try to induce a friend, who was a hard drinker, to come to the meeting. The man had not been to a meeting for twenty years. For six months he had been studying the Gospel of John, and trying to prove that it ought not to be in the Bible. He had settled it in his own mind that it ought not to be there. He went to the meeting and there he heard this hymn sung:

"When my final farewell to the world I have said,  
And gladly lie down to my rest;  
When softly the watchers shall say, 'He is dead,'  
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;  
And when, with my glorified vision at last  
The walls of 'That City' I see,  
Will any one then at the beautiful gate,  
Be Waiting and Watching for me?"

He wondered if anyone was waiting and watching for him. He went out of the meeting, but he could not get that "Waiting and Watching" out of his head. He went to the hotel and ate dinner, and all the time he kept saying to himself, "I wonder if anybody is waiting and watching for me." He tossed on his bed all night, and finally got up, and knelt down and prayed for the first time in his life. He prayed that Christ would have mercy on him. He said, "Lord Jesus Christ, take me in Thine arms." God heard his prayer, and he became one of the best workers we had, and led many souls to Christ.

There are people who tell us there are no miracles that cannot be explained by natural causes. They try to prove that all the miracles Christ performed were done by a sort of sleight-of-hand performance; that nothing supernatural occurred while Christ was upon earth. I should like to have a man explain how the water was turned to wine; in fact, I should like to have some one explain how He performed all

these miracles if they were not supernatural. I think that we are having miracles now just as wonderful as those which Christ performed when He was on earth. In one of our meetings a man stated that he had been a confirmed drunkard for thirty years, and that God had taken away his appetite for strong drink. His face shone as he told what God had done for him. The conversion of that man I considered supernatural. I should like to have a man explain how such a thing is done by natural causes. I know there are a great many who doubt these witnesses. If a man had told me years ago that a man could be a drunkard for thirty or forty years, and then could have his appetite taken away from him, I should have doubted his word. I have always believed that God could save a drunkard, but I believed that he had to carry that appetite down to the grave; but God, I find, is going to destroy the works of the devil, and this appetite for strong drink is one of the devil's works. Taking away a man's appetite for drink is supernatural work, and that is what God does.

Let us take the case of a drunkard who has heard of the saving power of God. I think a drunkard's home is about the darkest spot on earth; I think it is about as near hell as you can get in this world. In heathen countries I have visited I haven't found anything darker than a home in a civilized land where there is a drunken father; I believe a drunken father and a drunkard's home is the curse of curses. A drunkard is a slave; when he would break away from liquor an unseen power drags him on; when he would push forward, there is a power that holds him back. Many and many a time he has tried to break away from strong drink; but at last the simple truth reaches him, and he hears that all he has to do is to look to Jesus Christ for salvation, deliverance, and redemption. He begins to wake up and he says, "I wonder if it is true that I can be delivered from the power of strong drink? 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever' — '*Whosoever*' — that means me; it means every drunkard. '*WHOSOEVER*' —



Thank God for the sweep in that text. Can I be saved from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell, and once more lift up my head in society? Can my children look up to me once more and speak to me respectfully? That would be a wonderful transformation! I wonder if it is all true?"

He goes home to his wife and asks:

"Mary, have we a Bible in the house?"

"Oh, John," Mary says, "I hope you are not going to take my mother's Bible from me; it is the only thing I have left that mother gave me. When she died she said, 'Mary, there are untold treasures hidden in that Book, and I want you to keep it.' Oh, John, don't pawn it! You took my wedding ring and sold it for whiskey, and you have sold almost everything else for whiskey; but you are not going to sell my mother's Bible for whiskey, are you?"

"No," says John, "I don't want to pawn it; just go and get it."

And she brings the Bible, and John says:

"I wish you would find the third chapter of the Gospel of John."

She finds the place at last, and begins to read; and when she gets along down to the fourteenth verse, John stops her and says:

"Just read that again, carefully." And she reads it again.

"Mary," says John, "I thought Jesus Christ came into the world to condemn me, because I am a drunkard, because I am a poor sinner. I have condemned myself; my children have condemned me; my father has condemned me; my mother has condemned me; but I read there for the first time that Jesus Christ didn't come to condemn me, He came to *save* me." It began to dawn upon him that God sent His Son that he might be delivered.

"Mary, can you pray?"

"Well, John, I used to know how to pray, but when things got so bad, I became discouraged and gave up praying."

"Won't you try? I want you to pray for me."

And I see the poor drunkard and his wife get down on their knees, and she tries to pray that God will deliver him. Then John tries to pray; he can't pray very well, but it is an honest cry for mercy. The greatest drunkard will be heard, if there is an honest cry for help; in prayer he is looking away from man to a higher source; he is looking to God, who has almighty power. After a while he says:

"Mary, I never had such a feeling in my heart as I have now;" and he kisses his wife. It is a long time since he kissed her, and the dear woman begins to think how happy she was when she first married him.

The next morning he repeats that prayer; they wake up the children, and the children can't understand it; they have been used to hearing him curse and swear, and now he is talking about religion, and praying. He speaks kindly to the children, and they can hardly believe their senses. He goes out and finds work that brings him in a dollar. He passes the saloon on his way home, but he does not go in. God has kept him all day, and no Rothschild ever felt so rich as when he went home with that dollar for his family.

Go into that home six months hence, and the place is transformed. The rags are gone from the windows, the old broken furniture is gone, and new has taken its place. The wife has grown ten years younger, and is happy and cheerful. After supper he sings the old hymn,

"Just as I am without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me;  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee;  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come."

The misery and woe and the curses of the drunkard are gone forever, and songs of Zion are sung in that home. Thank God! that is taking place all over our land.

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The first duty of a reformed man is to take care of his family. Your money belongs at home. If your wife has had a hard struggle, and you have been squandering your money in



REMARKABLE SCENE IN A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

"Mary, have we a Bible in the house?" "Oh, John," Mary said, "I hope you are not going to take my mother's Bible from me. Oh, John, don't pawn it!" "No," said John, "I don't want to pawn it." And she brought the Bible. The children can't understand it; they had been used to hearing him curse and swear.



saloons and rumshops, you want to take it home now; your aim should be to make your home just as comfortable for your dear ones as you possibly can. Clothe your children, and don't let them be hooted at on the street as children of a drunkard. Give them comfortable clothes and a comfortable home.

Now, here is a question that has been asked: "Ought a man to pay his liquor bills after he is converted?" "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." If you want to have any influence with these rumsellers, go and pay your bills. If you owe a liquor bill, the mistake is made; you never ought to have contracted the bill, but you must go and pay the debt. We have a right to go into debt for only one thing, and that is love. I believe that a great many people are suffering a thousand times more than they would if they had not run into debt, not only for liquor, but for other things.

If you will take my advice, you will keep out of debt. If friends want to advance money to help you, tell them you won't have it. I would rather have twenty-five cents that I have earned by the sweat of my brow than twenty-five dollars that I have borrowed, and which I shall have to pay back. Work your own way up to the top of the ladder and you are likely to stay there; but if you are lifted up there you will be all the time tumbling back and you will get disheartened and discouraged. It may be that it will take years for some of you to pay your debts; but if your hearts are right, and your purpose right, and you mean to pay your bills, and do pay them just as soon as you can, that is just as acceptable to God as if you paid them all at once. If reformed men are deeply in debt, and they have not a penny to pay with, their creditors must wait.

I have great confidence in men who profess to be reclaimed, if they show a disposition to go to work. That is a very sure sign of reformation. If you cannot get as much for your work as you think you ought to have, get whatever you can. But some of these men have not done anything for years



but drink liquor, and they are not fit for much at first. It is difficult to get them situations, and if we do succeed in getting them work they ought to take it and thank God for it. If it is not what you like, thank God that it is something. Something is a good deal better than nothing. There was a converted man in Chicago who could not get the kind of work he wanted, but he found a man who would board him and give him twenty-five cents a week. He accepted the offer and went to work. Twenty-five cents a week! Well, that wasn't much, but he got his board, and that was a good deal. Pretty soon a business man heard of it, and he said, "That's the man for me; that is just the man I want;" and he hired him and gave him four dollars a day. There is many a man who will help you up if you will show a disposition to help yourselves. You must be such true men, and so helpful to your employers that they cannot get along without you, and then you will work up, and your employer will increase your wages. If a man works in the interest of his employer he will be sure to keep him and treat him well; but if he only works for money and don't take any interest in his employer's business, he will soon let him go. They can get any number of such men; but when they get hold of a man that takes a real interest in his work he cannot be spared, for such men are scarce. If you cannot earn more than a dollar a week, earn that. That is better than nothing, and you can pray to God for more.

If you are looking for work do not beg. Ask for something to do. Your meals will taste a good deal sweeter when you have earned them by the sweat of your brow. There was one good thing about the prodigal son, he would not beg, and he would not steal. He would not even steal the swine's food. That is the kind of men we want now. If you will not beg or steal, men will respect and help you. What we want to-day is true men, and if people find that you are a true man, they will make room for you. It may be hard to get the first foothold, but if you hold right on, God will open a way for you, and, if need be, send down a legion of angels to help you.

“What would you do with a man that would not work?” I think Paul has it right: “If any would not work, neither should he eat.” I think we are doing men a great injury if we continue to help them when they won’t work. Some of these men have professed Christ, but there is a difference between conversion and being born of God; being regenerated. We are living in days of sham — and sometimes when these men see that others are getting food and new clothes, they say: “Those fellows are making a good thing out of it; I guess I’ll reform, too.”

When I was President of the Young Men’s Christian Association in Chicago men were coming in all the time for work. They would tell harrowing tales about their suffering, how they had no work, and how much they wanted help. At last I got two or three hundred cords of wood and put it in a vacant lot, and I got a lot of saws and sawbucks and kept them out of sight. When a man came in and asked for help, I would say:

“Why don’t you work?”

“Can’t get any.”

“Would you work if you could get it?”

“Oh, yes, I’d work at anything.”

“Would you really work in the street?”

“Yes.”

“Would you saw wood?”

“Yes.”

“All right.”

Then we would bring out a saw and a sawbuck and send him out into the lot, but we would send a boy to watch him, to see that he didn’t steal the saw. By and by the fellow would say:

“I guess I’ll go home and tell my wife I have got some work,” and that would be the last we would see of him.

That whole winter I never got more than three or four cords of wood sawed.

If you are always showering money on these shiftless men, and giving them food and clothing, they will live in idleness,

and not only ruin themselves, but their children. It is not charity at all to help them when they will not work. If a man will not work, let him starve. I never heard of their really starving to death. I had charge of relief work in Chicago for a number of years, and I was brought into contact with a good many of these lazy men, and I say there is no hope of a man who will not work. Talk about their conversion — it is often only just put on to get a little money without work. This is the class we have so much difficulty with in large cities.

I knew one of these men in Chicago who did not drink, but he was always poor. What kept him down I could not tell. He had five children. I do not believe his furniture was worth five dollars, and he had no beds. One cold day he came to see me. He said the landlord had put his family out on the prairie. I said:

“McDonald, you are a mystery to me; I have known you for years; what do you do with your money? I begin to think you are lazy.”

“I think you hit it there,” he said.

“Well, you must go,” I said. “I pity your wife and children, but I am not going to take care of a lazy man like you all winter.”

“That’s pretty hard,” he said.

“I know it is, but I can’t help it.”

That was in the morning. About five o’clock in the afternoon he came back. He asked for a place for his children to sleep. He knew I wouldn’t let those children stay out all night; he knew he had me. I said:

“What have you been doing all day?”

He used a great many big words, and said he had been studying the philosophy of pauperism!

We have got to take care of the children; but these able-bodied lazy men, if they will not work, must starve.

A man once said to me that he didn’t believe there was any love at all; that Christians professed to have love, but he didn’t believe they ought to have two coats. I think he re-

flected on me, because I had on my overcoat at the time, and he hadn't got any. I looked at him and said: "Suppose I should give you one of my coats, you would pawn it for drink before sundown. I love you too much to give you my coat and have you drink it up." A good many people complain that Christians don't have the love they ought to have for their fellow men; but I tell you it is no sign of want of love that we don't love the downright lazy man.

Some years ago I picked up several children in Chicago, and thought I would clothe and feed them; and I took special interest in those boys, to see what I could make of them. I don't believe it was thirty days before the clothes I had given them had all gone for whiskey; the fathers had drank them up. One day I met one of these little fellows, for whom I had bought a pair of shoes only the day before. It was beginning to snow, and he was barefooted.

"Mike," said I, "how's this? Where are your shoes?"

"Father and mother took them away," said he.

There it was; the shoes had probably been drunk up. There is a good deal of promiscuous charity that really does a great deal of mischief; and people must not think, because we don't give them money to aid them in their poverty, that we don't love them. I believe if the prodigal son could have got all the money he wanted in that foreign country he would never have returned home. It was a good thing for him that he got hard up, and had to live on the husks that the swine ate. It is a good thing that people should suffer. If lazy men get a good living without work, they will never work. God has decreed that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not live on other people. A good many men are always waiting for something to turn up, instead of going out and turning up something — looking for it and finding it.

Let those men who have been drunkards just set out and work among their old friends. No man can reach a drunkard better than one who has been a drunkard himself.

I don't know any work so blessed as going into saloons

and preaching the gospel there. If drunkards will not come to church, go down where they are, in the name of our God, and you will reach them. If you say, "Oh, they will put me out," I say, "No, I have never been turned out of a saloon in my life." Go down in a saloon where there are thirty or forty men playing cards and drinking, and ask them if they don't want to hear a little singing. They will probably say:

"Yes, we don't mind your singing."

"Well, what kind of music will you have?" And probably they will ask you to sing a comic song.

"But we don't know how to sing comic songs. Wouldn't you like to have us sing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' or 'My Country, 'tis of Thee?'"

And so you sing "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and by and by they stop playing cards to listen.

"Now, boys, wouldn't you like to have us sing a hymn our mothers taught us when we were boys?"

And then you sing

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains."

Or sing "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," and it won't be long before hats will come off, and those men will remember how their mothers used to sing hymns to them, and the tears will run down their cheeks; and soon you can read to them a few verses out of the Bible, and pray with them, and you will be having a prayer-meeting there before you know it. We took sixteen out of a saloon in that way one night, and nine of them went into the inquiry-room. If these men will not come out to hear the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, let us carry it into saloons and wretched homes,





MR. MOODY AND FRIENDS PREACHING AND SINGING HYMNS IN HAUNTS OF VICE.

I don't know any work so blessed as going into saloons and preaching the Gospel there. If drunkards will not come to church, go down where they are, in the name of our God, and you will reach them. We took sixteen out of a saloon in that way one night, and nine of them went into the inquiry-room. If you say, "Oh, they will put me out," I say, "No, I have never been turned out of a saloon in my life."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE INFINITE LOVE OF GOD.

A Business Man's Novel Suggestion — A Touching Incident — The Motto in Gas-jets — The Most Beautiful Thing in the World — An Incident in Mr. Moody's Dublin Experience — What Changed Mr. Moody's Ideas about Preaching — Sentenced to Death — A Mother's Anguish — A Son's Untimely End — Asking to be Laid Beside her Dead Boy — Seeking the California Gold Fields — No Room in the Lifeboats — Remarkable Instance of a Mother's Love — "Tell Your Father I Died to Save You" — A Father's Search for His Missing Son — How He was Found in San Francisco — Story of the Boys Who were forbidden to Climb Trees — The Little Dirty Chimney-sweep — Clasped to His Mother's Bosom — Mr. Spurgeon and the Weather-vane.

I WAS once erecting a building in Chicago for workingmen, and a business man said to me, "I would like to put up a text on the wall of that building." I supposed he was going to put up a motto in fine fresco. But I soon found the gas-fitter was working back of the pulpit.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Putting in gas jets," he replied. And, to my amazement, I found he was putting up the motto "GOD IS LOVE," in gas jets so that it was impossible to light the church without lighting that text.

One night a man was going by and he saw the gas-lighted text "GOD IS LOVE," and he said to himself "God is love," "God is love." By and by he came back, and he looked at it again. I saw him come in and take a seat by the door. Soon he put his hands up to his face, and once in a while I would see tears running down his cheeks, and I was foolish enough to think they were caused by my preaching. I went to him and said:

"What is the trouble?"

"I don't know."

"What was there in the sermon that made you cry?"

"I didn't know you had been preaching."

"Well, what was it that troubled you; was it anything in the songs?"

"I don't know anything about the songs."

"Well," I said, "what *is* the matter?"

"That text up there," he replied.

"My man," I said, "believe that God loves you."

"I am not worth loving."

"That's true," I said, "but He loves you all the more."

And I sat there a half-hour, and the truth of God's love shone into his soul and he became a new man.

If I thought I could make the world believe that God is love I would have only that one text, and I would go up and down the earth trying to counteract what Satan has been telling men — that God is not love. He has made the world believe it effectually. It would not take twenty-four hours to make the world come to God if you could only make them believe that God is love.

There was a time when I preached that God hated the sinner, and that He was after every poor sinner with a double-edged sword, ready to hew him down. But I have changed my ideas upon this point. I will tell you how.

When I was preaching in Dublin a young man who did not look over seventeen, though he was really older, said he would like to go back to America with me and preach the Gospel. I thought he could not preach it, and I put him off by saying it was undecided when I should go back. After I arrived at Chicago I received a letter from him saying he had just arrived at New York, and he would like to come and preach for me. I wrote him a cold letter, asking him to call on me if he ever came West. A few days after, I received a letter stating that he would be in Chicago on the next Thursday. I didn't know what to do with him. I said to the offi-

cers of the church: "There is a man coming from England, and he wants to preach for me. I am going to be absent on Thursday and Friday. If you will let him preach on those days I will be back on Saturday and take him off your hands."

On my return on Saturday I was anxious to hear how the people liked him, and I asked my wife how that young Englishman got along. She said, "They liked him very much. He preaches a little different from what you do. He tells sinners that God loves them." I said he was wrong. I thought I could never like a man who preached contrary to what I was preaching. On Saturday night I went down to hear him, but I had made up my mind not to like him. He announced his text, — and I saw that everybody had brought their Bibles with them. "Now," he said, "if you will turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, you will find my text." He preached a wonderful sermon from the text, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." My wife had told me he had preached the two previous sermons from the same text, and I noticed the audience smiled when he read it. Instead of preaching that God was behind them with a double-edged sword ready to hew them down, he told them how God wanted every sinner to be saved, and how He loved them. I could not keep back my tears. It was wonderful how he brought out Scripture. He went from Genesis to Revelation, and preached that in all ages God loved the sinner.

On Sunday night a great crowd came to hear him. He preached his fourth sermon from that wonderful text; "For God so loved the world," etc., and he went from Genesis to Revelation to show that it was love, LOVE, LOVE that brought Christ from Heaven, that made Him step from the throne to lift up this poor, fallen world. He struck a higher chord that night, and it was glorious.

The next night there was an immense crowd present, and he said: "Turn to the third chapter and sixteenth verse of



John;” and he preached his fifth sermon from that text. He did not divide the text up into firstly, secondly, and thirdly, but he preached from it as a whole. The whole church was on fire with enthusiasm before the week was over.

Tuesday night came, and there was a greater crowd present than ever. The preacher said: “Turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse and you will find my text.” They thought that sermon was better than any of the rest. It seemed as if every heart was on fire, and sinners came pressing into the kingdom of God. On Wednesday night people thought that probably he would change his text, and there was great excitement to hear what he was going to say. He stood before us again and said: “My friends, I have been trying to get a new text, but I cannot find any as good as the old one, so we will again turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse.” He preached his seventh sermon from that wonderful text.

I have never forgotten those nights. I have preached a different gospel since, and I have had more power with God and man since then. In closing up that seventh sermon he said: “For seven nights I have been trying to tell you how much God loved you, but this poor stammering tongue of mine will not let me. If I could ascend Jacob’s ladder and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, to tell me how much love God the father has for this poor lost world, all that Gabriel could say would be, ‘God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’”

He went to Europe and returned again. In the meantime our church had been burned, and a temporary building had been erected. When he returned he preached in this building, and said: “Although the old building is burnt up, the old text is not burnt up, and we will preach from that.” So he preached from where he had left off before, about the love of God.

The deepest, strongest human tie is a mother’s love for

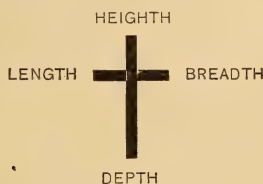
her child. It is possible to separate a man from his wife, or a father from his son, and there may be in the wide world something that will separate a mother from her own child. There are drunken mothers who turn against their own offspring; mothers so steeped in sin that they abuse or forsake their own children; but a true mother will never give up her child. And so the Bible says, "Can a mother forget her child?" She may. But God says "Yet will I not forget thee." God's love is higher, deeper, and broader than a mother's love. Love always descends. A mother loves more than the child can love the mother. I used to tell my mother when I climbed up on her knee, "I love you more than you do me." Mother would say, "It is impossible," and I doubted her. But when I became a father, and my boy said the same to me I realized what my mother felt, and I, too, said, "It is impossible."

Dr. Goodell once told me of a boy who used to go to school with him. His father was a very bad man, and seemed to take delight in teaching the boy every kind of vice and sin, until he became so bad that the Goodell boys were forbidden to play with him. It was not long before the boy's father died, and the lad went from bad to worse, until, at last, he was arrested for murder. He turned out to be the worst criminal that Vermont ever had. He had killed five persons. When he was on trial for his life his mother was in the court room, and she took in every word that was said against her son, and it seemed to hurt her far more than it did him. And men wondered how she could love such a demon. She could not help it. God planted the mother-love in her heart. When the verdict of "Guilty" was brought in it seemed as if she would faint away; and when the judge pronounced the sentence of death she was frantic with grief. She seemed to feel it far more than her boy. When the sheriff put him in a cold, damp cell the mother put her arms around him and they had to take the boy from her by force. She traveled the length and breadth of Vermont trying to get influential men to sign a

petition for his reprieve. The day before the execution she saw him for the last time. The supreme moment at length arrived, and when the boy was hanged she begged for the body that she might put it in the old burial plot, where she could plant flowers upon the grave and water them with her tears. The Governor said "No." The law of the State required the boy's body to be buried in the prison yard. And the mother, when dying, begged that her body might be buried close by that of her wayward son. It was the only thing in the universe that she loved, and she thought she had a right to be laid beside it. It was a mother's love that made her willing to have her grave pointed out for all time as that of the mother of a noted criminal. They say that death has burned out everything in this world. It seldom conquers a mother's love. God says, "I can never forget thee." God's love is tenderer and broader than man's. It never, never fails.

A gentleman once attended a great dinner party, and he was impressed by the graceful manner in which the lady of the house presided over the gathering. He discovered after leaving the house that he had left something in the dining-room, so he went back to get it, and he found the hostess seated at the table with a young man who looked like a tramp. She introduced him as her youngest son, and said, "He has gone far astray, but I love him still." Of course she did. That's what is going to bring this old world back, — this old thought that "God is Love," with an unchangeable, unfailing love. Here was a boy who had a loving mother, who was as fair and lovely as any being on earth, and he turned his back on her, got drunk, and descended into the deepest kind of sin. He received no benefit from that mother's love, but the love was there all the same. The sun shines on the just and the unjust alike, but you can go into a dark cellar and shut out the light. You can spurn the love of God; you can despise it; you can make light of it; but I hope the Holy Ghost will burn this truth down into your heart, that God loves you, — loves you *in* spite of your meanness and sins, — the whole crowd of us.

I know of nothing that brings out the love of God better than the Bible. When Paris was in the hands of the Commune they took some of the leading citizens and put them to death. Among others they imprisoned the Archbishop of Paris. There was a little window in the shape of a cross in the door of the cell, and when they dragged him out to die they found he had written over the ends of the cross thus:



That cross tells us of God's love. Height: it reaches to the very throne of Heaven. Depth: it reaches to the bottom of a lost world. Length and Breadth: it reaches to the very corners of the earth. It is not our good deeds, our tears, our prayers; it is the finished work of Jesus Christ that saves us, because He died and gave Himself for us. I do not believe any one can get a true glimpse of Jesus Christ without loving Him.

A story is told of a man who went to California when the gold excitement broke out, and left his wife and little boy in New England. He said as soon as he was successful he would send for them. It was a long time before he was successful; but at last he sent the money, and his wife and child went to New York and sailed on a steamer for San Francisco. Everything was going well, when all at once the dreadful cry was heard, "Fire, fire!" The fire swiftly spread through the vessel; the pumps were set at work; but they could not put it out. The flames gained on them, and the captain ordered the lifeboats launched. But there were not lifeboats enough to take all the passengers, and among those left on deck was the mother and her boy. The last boat was pushing away. If she did not get into that boat she must perish. She begged of the men to take her and her boy; but they said, "We dare not

take any more." Her tears and entreaties touched the heart of one of the men and he said, "Let us take her;" but the others would not. Finally they said "We will take one." What did the mother do? Did she leap into that lifeboat and leave her boy behind to perish? That is not a mother's love. She kissed him, dropped him over into the lifeboat, and said: "If you live to see your father, tell him I died to save you."

Suppose, when that young boy grew to be a man, he should speak contemptuously of such a mother, would you not say, "He is an ungrateful wretch?" But, sinner, what are you doing with Jesus? Did he not do more than that? Was He not numbered among the transgressors for us? Was He not wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities? Did He not die for us?

I heard of a minister living near Chicago whose son went to the city to sell his father's grain. The boy arrived in Chicago and sold the grain; but when it was time for him to arrive home he did not come. The father and mother sat up all night expecting to hear the sound of the returning wagon every minute, but they waited and waited, and still he did not come. The father became so uneasy that he went into the stable, saddled his horse, and rode to Chicago. When he reached there he found that his son had sold the grain but had not been seen since. After making investigation he found that the boy had gone into a gambling house and lost all his money. After the gamblers had taken his ready money they advised him to sell his horse and wagon, and with the money thus obtained he could play again and make up his loss. He lost all and disappeared. A great many think as this young man thought, that rumsellers and gamblers are their best friends, when they are all the time taking from them their peace, their health, their money, their soul — everything they have, and are then ready to forsake them.

After looking fruitlessly for his son, the father returned home and told his wife what had happened. But he did not



give him up. He went from place to place, asking ministers to let him preach for them, and he always told the congregation that he had a missing son dearer to him than life, and he urged them if ever they heard anything about him to let him know.

At last he learned that he had gone to California. He arranged his business affairs and started for the Pacific coast to find him. When he arrived in San Francisco he began to preach, and he had notices put in the papers, hoping that they might reach the mining districts, trusting that if his son were there he might see him. One Sunday, after preaching a sermon, he pronounced the benediction, and the audience went away. But he noticed in a corner one who remained. He went up to him and found his missing son. He did not reprimand him, he did not pronounce judgment upon him, but he put his loving arms around him, drew him to his bosom, and took him back home. This is but an illustration of what God has been doing for you. There has not been a day, an hour, a moment, that He has not been searching for you. He offers us His love and His forgiveness.

Dr. Arnot was one of the greatest of Scotch divines. His mother died when he was only three weeks old, and there was a large family of them. The Arnot children got the impression that their father was very stern and rigid and that he had a great many hard laws and rules. I suppose they missed the tender care and love of the mother. One rule was that the children should never climb trees; and when the neighbors' boys learned this they began to tell them about the wonderful things that could be seen from the tops of the trees. Well, now, you tell a boy of twelve that he musn't climb a tree and he will get up that tree some way. And so the Arnot children were all the time teasing their father to let them climb a tree; but he always said: "No."

One day he was busy reading, and the children said:

"Father is reading. Let's slip down into the lot and climb a tree."

One of the little fellows watched to see that the father did not catch them. When his brother got up on the first branch, the little fellow on the ground said:

"What do you see?"

"Why, I don't see anything."

"Then go higher, you haven't got high enough."

So he went up higher, and again the little boy said:

"Well, now what do you see?"

"I don't see anything."

"You aren't high enough, go higher." And the little fellow went up as high as he could go, and down he fell and broke his leg.

Willie said he tried to get him into the house but he couldn't do it. He was scared nearly out of his wits. He thought his father would be very angry. But he ran into the house and told him, and his father started for the lot. When he got there he picked the boy up in his arms and brought him up to the house. Then he sent for the doctor. Willie got a new view of his father. He found out the reason why he was so stern. He said the moment that boy got hurt no mother could have been more loving and gentle.

My dear friends, there is not one commandment that has been given us which has not been for our highest and best good. There isn't a commandment that hasn't come from the loving heart of God, and what He wants is to have us give up that which is going to mar our happiness in this life and in the life to come.

An Englishman told me a story once that may serve to illustrate the truth that God loves men in their sin. He does not love sin, but He loves men even in their sin. A great many years ago a little boy was stolen in London. Long months and years passed away, and the mother had prayed and prayed, and all her efforts to find him had failed; but she did not quite give up hope. One day a boy was sent to sweep the chimney, and by some mistake he came down by a different chimney and landed in the sitting-room. He thought things

looked strangely familiar. His memory began to travel back through the years that had passed. The scenes of earlier days were dawning upon him, and as he stood surveying the place his mother came into the room. He was clothed with rags and covered with soot. But the mother recognized her own. It was her boy. Did she wait until she sent him to be washed before she took him in her arms? No, indeed; she took him just as he was, all black and grimy, and hugged him to her bosom, and shed tears of joy over him. If you have wandered far from Him; if there is not a sound spot on you, if you will just come to God He will forgive all and receive you.

One day Mr. Spurgeon went into the country to spend a little time with a friend. This friend had a weather-vane on his barn and on the weather-vane were the words "God is Love."

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Spurgeon. "Do you mean that God's love is as changeable as the wind?"

"No," said his friend, "I believe that God is love whichever way the wind blows."

Now, it is pretty hard to make saint or sinner believe that. When things are running smoothly we believe that God is love, but when things go wrong we think God does not love us, and when things are unfortunate and seem to be against us, then it is that we think that Christ has forgotten us. Now, if I could just get you to believe that God loves you in spite of your failings, in spite of your sins, your backslidings, and your lukewarmness, I tell you it would be a grand day for your souls.

## CHAPTER IX.

### NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST. STANDING UP FOR JESUS.

Mr. Moody's Ride with a Mormon Engineer — A Man Who was Proud of His Religion — An Amusing Story of Two Cowards — A Policeman Who was Ashamed of His Uniform — The Motto on the Building — A Confession of Cowardice — Story of the Two Young Men Who Sneaked Out to Hear Mr. Moody — Far-reaching Results of a Sporting Man's Conversion — Students Plan to Rotten Egg Mr. Moody — Carrying a Sermon in His Pocket-book — Three Fast Young Men Who Went to Ridicule Mr. Moody — A Noisy Meeting — A Chinese Test of a Christian — Speaking On a Dry-goods Box — Story of the Young Lawyer Who Came Out for Christ — How Judge McLean Took His Stand — Praying in the Barracks.

SOME years ago I went to Salt Lake City, and when within forty miles of that place, the engineer of the train sent word that he would like to have me ride in the engine cab with him. He was a Mormon elder, and he wanted to convert me to Mormonism before I arrived at Salt Lake City. He wasn't ashamed of his religion; he gloried in it. The only religion that I know of that men are ashamed of is the religion of Jesus Christ. If a man believes in a false religion he is always proud of it. I have never found a Chinaman who wasn't proud of being a disciple of Confucius. When I was in the Mohammedan country some time ago, I didn't find a Mohammedan who didn't feel proud that he was a disciple of Mohammed; but the disciples of Christ are ashamed of the only religion in the world that gives a man self-control; the only one that tells how men's sins may be blotted out; the only one that lifts him out of the pit and the mire.

A man once said to me, "How do you account for the fact

that Mohammed lived six hundred years later than Christ, and yet Mohammed has more disciples than Christ?" I said, "It is very easily accounted for. A man can be a disciple of Mohammed and not deny himself, and never bear a cross. He can live in the darkest, blackest, vilest sin, and yet be a Mohammedan; but a man cannot be a disciple of Christ without denying himself, without giving up sin, and without taking his cross to follow Him." I have often said there would be a great stampede into the kingdom of God if men could get into heaven without going by the way of Calvary. If we could only slip around that hill, and get upon the Mount of Transfiguration, stepping over the cross, and reaching the crown, there would be a great rush that way. But it cannot be done. The way to Heaven is straight, and in the way there is a cross.

In one of our meetings a little tow-headed Norwegian boy stood up. He could hardly speak a word of English, but he got up and came to the front. He trembled and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said: "If I tell the world about Jesus, He will tell the Father about me." That was all he said, but I tell you that in those few words he said more than all the rest of them, old and young, together. They went straight down into the heart of every one present. "If I tell the world" — yes, that's what it means, to confess Christ.

When a man dies we ought not to be compelled to go to his native town and hunt up some old, musty church record, in order to know whether he was a Christian. The Gospel does not mean that you are to join some church and confess Him once publicly, and let that be the end of it, but you are to "take up your cross *daily* and follow Him."

Are there not hundreds who are really ashamed of Christ? I heard a story about two young men who came to the city from the country on a visit. They went to the same boarding-house and took a room together. When they were ready to go to bed each felt ashamed to get down on his knees before the other. So they sat watching each other. In fact, to express the situation in one word, they both were cowards — yes,



cowards! At last one of them mustered up a little courage, and with burning cheeks, as if he was about to do something wicked, he knelt down to say his prayers. As soon as his companion saw that he also knelt. After they had said their prayers one said to the other:

“I am glad that you knelt; I was afraid of you.”

“Well,” said the other, “I was afraid of you, too.”

So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other. You smile at that, but how many times have you done the same thing — perhaps not in that way, but the same thing in effect.

What would you think of a man who wants to be a policeman but is unwilling to put on a policeman’s uniform. He doesn’t want any one else to know that he is a policeman. Do you think he would be a very efficient policeman? Do you think that your life and property would be safe with an officer like him? What would you think of a man who wants to fight for his country, who says, “I am just full of patriotism, but I don’t want to put on a soldier’s uniform, or have any one know that I am a soldier.” What would you do with an army of such men? Why, a little band of five hundred men whose hearts were truly patriotic, and who lived for their country, would rout an army of five hundred thousand of such cowards.

It takes a hero to be a Christian. Mark that. It takes moral courage to come out and confess Christ, and the lack of it keeps more people out of the kingdom of God than anything else.

Now, some may say, “Really, if I should confess Christ, what would they say down at the factory where I work?”

“Aha! Up to hear Moody last night, were you?” “Did Moody catch you?” “Did you get converted?” “Did you get religion?” And you sneak off like a hound, and say, “No, sir. I don’t believe in Moody. I never went to hear him.” That is what you would do. I pity the man who will be laughed out of principle. Is it right to serve God? If it is, serve Him. Take your stand, and STAND. Confess

Him, and the whole thing is settled. Then it is that eternal life begins. Then it is that you become a child of God and an heir of Heaven.

Thousands have gone down to the caverns of death for want of this courage. My friends, let us look this great question in the face. If there is anything at all in the religion of Christ, give everything for it. If there is nothing in it — if it is a myth, if our mothers who have prayed over us have been deceived, if the praying people of the last 1900 years have been deluded, let us find it out. The sooner the better. If there is nothing in the religion of Christ let us abandon it, and eat, drink, and be merry, for time will soon be gone. If there is no devil to deceive us, no hell to receive us; if Christianity is a sham, let us come out like men and say so. I hope to live to see the time when there will only be two classes in this world — those who take their stand bravely for Christ, and those who take their stand against Him. This idea of men standing still and saying, “Well, I don’t know, but I think there may be something in it,” is absurd. If there is anything in it there is everything in it. If the Bible of our mothers is not true let us burn it. If it is false, why spend so much money in publishing it? Why send out millions of Bibles to the nations of the earth? Let us destroy it if it be false, and all those institutions that give the Gospel to the world. What is the use of all this waste of money? Are we mad? Are we lunatics? Have we been deluded? If so, let us burn the Bible and shout over its ashes: “There is no God; there is no hell; there is no Heaven; there is no hereafter. When men die, they die like dogs in the street.” But, my friends, if it is true — if there is a Heaven, a hereafter, if the Bible is true — let us come out boldly, like men, for Christ. Let us take our stand, and not be ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

There is an old stone building that belongs to the University of Aberdeen, and upon it is inscribed a motto that has been there for many years. I wanted to see it with my own eyes, and I went up to look at it. It is this: “*They say. What*

*do they say? Let them say.*" That's a pretty good motto for a man who wants to be a Christian, isn't it? I took that for my motto. It is of very little account what man thinks of me, but I tell you it is very important what God thinks of me.

A man once said to me, "I can't let anybody know." I said, "You will never get into the kingdom of Heaven then." He tried otherwise, but he could not get in until he came by the regular way. If there were a back door to heaven, there would be a big rush that way, and people would sneak in and sit down as if they had always been there. You are not fit to be a disciple of Jesus Christ if you are ashamed of Him.

When I was preaching in New York there came into the inquiry-room a great strong man, six feet tall, who wanted to become a Christian. He seemed very much moved. I think I spent an hour with him. The next night I had another long talk with him. I could bring him to a certain point, but could not bring him to the Cross. Finally, I said to a prominent layman:

"I wish you would win that man's confidence, and see what it is that is keeping him from Christ."

He had two or three interviews with him and gave it up. But one night, at the young converts' meeting, he rose and confessed that he had found Christ. I said:

"What was the obstacle that kept you from Him so long?"

He colored up clear to the roots of his hair. He seemed very much embarrassed, and finally said that the first night I talked with him the thought came to his mind, "If I become a Christian I've got to get a Bible and read before my roommate, and he will laugh at me." He tried every way he could to get into the kingdom of God and not let his roommate know it. Night after night the cross came up: "I've got to get a Bible and read before my roommate." And he thought he never could do it. But one night the burden became so great that he made up his mind that he would go home and read the Bible and let his roommate laugh. So he went to his room, and was very glad to find that his roommate wasn't there. He

got the Bible out, and had read but three or four verses when he heard his roommate's step on the stairs. His first impulse was to slip the Bible into his trunk, and appear as though he was getting ready to retire. The second thought was, "Now is the time to let him know." So he sat there, reading. His roommate came in, looked, and said:

"Are you interested in the Bible?"

"I am." It is a good thing to get your lips open, and to say as much as that.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Well, I went to hear Moody, and I made up my mind to become a Christian; but I have been too much of a coward to read and pray before you, because I thought you would laugh at me. I have been greatly troubled; but I made up my mind to-night I would read my Bible and pray, and let you laugh all you wanted to."

"Well, now," said his roommate, "that is rather singular. I have been attending those meetings myself. I was converted by the same sermon you say affected you, and I have been trying ever since to screw my courage up to get my Bible out and read it before you."

And those two cowards had been sneaking out, unknown to each other, and going to the same meetings, and each was afraid of the other.

When I was preaching in Agricultural Hall, in London, some wealthy men, then recently returned from India, were living fast lives in that city, and the subject of Moody and Sankey came up at the dinner-table, and they called us "mountebanks." One of them, a wealthy sporting man who had twenty-nine horses in his stalls, said:

"Well, gentlemen, I know every one of you, and there is not one of us trying to do good; and I am told these two men are trying to do good."

He took his little daughter and came to Agricultural Hall. There were twenty thousand people there. The little girl said:

"Papa, I want you to introduce me to Mr. Moody." He

did so. Then she wanted me to speak to her father. So I got an opportunity to talk with him. After he had gone people said:

“Do you know who that man is?”

“No.”

“He is the leader of the sporting men of London, and has won many a Derby.”

That man was converted. His son was at Eton, and he persuaded me to go down there. The students had planned to throw rotten eggs at me. But he said:

“If any rotten eggs are to be thrown at Mr. Moody, I will take my share,” and he stood by my side.

Four of his sons were converted. One of them preached the Gospel in London, and another preached it in California. Look at the far-reaching results. I can't begin to tell you the hundreds of people converted before that man went up to glory. His daughter who led him to Christ is married to a good man, and her husband is working for the Lord Jesus Christ. My friends, just think that some man or woman or child may confess Jesus Christ to-day, and twenty or thirty years hence there will be tens of thousands who have been turned to Him by that one confession.

I once received a letter from a man who heard me preach twenty-five years before. He said that a sermon on the power of Christ to save was published in a newspaper, and he cut it out and saved it. It was a blessing to his soul, and he carried it in his pocketbook until he wore it to pieces.

I have a letter which reads: “The last time I heard you was in Liverpool over twenty-five years ago. Three of us went to hear you and make sport and ridicule. We were fast young men; drunkards and debauchees. At the close of the service we went away to pray. That night we shook hands, and said, ‘We will bid farewell to sin.’ That night we turned from our evil ways. One of the three died as a missionary on the Congo. Another died serving the Lord in Egypt. The two are in glory. I have three sons, and they are on the Lord's side. It is a great thing to stand up for Christ.”



A lady who had never been to any other than a Quaker meeting lost her child by death, and she said, "I will go to Moody's meeting, and perhaps I can get a little comfort." God blessed her. She had a nephew and a brother who were going down through strong drink. She went home and said to her family, "I want you to go with me and hear that American." The meeting was held in the Free Methodist Church. That night there was a noisy time, and the Quakers were shocked, and on the way home she heard her nephew and her brother making sport of what had been said on the subject of the New Birth. As she went into the house the thought occurred to her, "Now it may be that the eternal destiny of these two men will depend on my action at supper to-night;" and she fell on her knees and prayed God to help her. At the supper-table they made all manner of sport; and she stood up for Jesus Christ, and confessed him. Then they said:

"You don't believe what Moody said about being born again, do you? We Quakers have never been taught that."

"Well," she said, "God has blessed my soul to-day, and I would not say a word against what can bless other people. If you can get what I have you will thank God all your life."

The next night the two men intended to go to the theater, but through her influence they went to the meeting instead, and in a little while the nephew, who was working in one of the great foundries that he might learn the business in order to become proprietor of it, came with a petition signed by eighteen thousand workingmen, asking me to preach to them. A great and glorious work followed among them, and all because of the stand that lady took for Christ. Stand for God, and don't be laughed out of it.

In some parts of China the English government has made arrangements that a man who has given up his old religion is not obliged to pay taxes to the joss houses. When the tax-collector comes around, if a man says he does not have to pay taxes because he is a Christian, the tax-collector makes him preach to prove that he is a Christian. If we were to escape

taxes here by preaching, many would preach. What we want is to testify, to be ready at all times to give our testimony, and not be ashamed of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A young man was converted some years ago, who was so full of the joy of believing that he could not hold his peace. He *had* to speak, and so he mounted a drygoods box on the corner of the street and told what Christ had done for him. A large crowd gathered around, and by and by one of these modern free-thinkers interrupted him, and said:

“Young man, you ought to be ashamed to be standing there and talking such stuff.”

The young man was embarrassed, and colored up, and said:

“I am ashamed of myself, but I am not ashamed of Christ, my Master.”

People say, “I am ashamed to speak for Christ because I can’t speak better.” So am I. Many a time I have wished the floor would open and let me drop out of sight. He is worthy of a better witness than I am. I can honestly say that I have been ashamed of myself a good many times, but I do not remember that I have ever been ashamed of my Lord and Master.

Some say, “If I were a man of wealth and culture and influence I could do so much for Christ.” God can take a tramp and make him more than a man of wealth for Christ. John Bunyan was worth more than all the wealthy men of his day. If we had wanted some one to write a book worth more than all other books, except the Bible, we should probably have gone to Cambridge or Oxford; but the Lord converted a drunken tinker and he wrote “The Pilgrim’s Progress.” The Lord can take an outcast and make him shine, not only here, but in eternity.

Many years ago a young lawyer went home one day and told his wife that he had become a Christian that day in his office. They were going to have company at supper that night, and he said:

“After supper I want the servants to come into the drawing-room, and I am going to read and pray.”

Although his wife was a professed Christian, she said :

“ My dear, you know these lawyers who are coming to dinner are scoffers and skeptics, and it will be embarrassing if you should not succeed in your first attempt to pray. Don't you think you had better put it off until after they are gone and then go into the kitchen and pray with the servants? ”

The young lawyer thought a little while, and then said :

“ Well, wife, it is the first time I ever asked Jesus Christ into our home, and I think I will ask him into the best room in the house. ”

After supper he told the gentlemen who had assembled that he had that day accepted Jesus Christ, and he would like them to remain while he prayed. They went into the parlor, and the young lawyer led in prayer. That was Judge McLean, one of the ablest Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, who stood for Christ constantly for over forty years. Wasn't that a grand confession?

During the Civil War a young man who had enlisted was assigned to the barracks with a number of other soldiers, and when night came, as was his custom, he knelt down and prayed. The rest were playing cards to see who should pay for the drinks. They began to curse him, and throw things at him. The next night it was worse; they just howled. The next night it was still worse. He saw the Chaplain and said :

“ What shall I do? ”

The Chaplain said, “ Well, those men have just as good a right there as you have. I think you had better give it up. It disturbs them. ”

“ Why,” he said, “ I don't pray very loud. ”

“ Well, I wouldn't disturb them. You can get into your bunk and pray there. You can pray on your back as well as on your knees; and the Lord will hear you just as well. ”

The young soldier was disappointed. It was a long time before the Chaplain got sight of him again, for the young man avoided him after that. But one day they came suddenly upon each other, and the Chaplain said :

"Did you take my advice?"

"Yes, for three nights."

"How did it work?"

"Work? — it didn't work at all. I got **into** my bunk like a coward; my conscience wouldn't let me sleep. So, finally, I resolved I would pray before them all, and I've done so ever since. What do you think has been the result? Three of the men have been converted; we have a prayer-meeting every night, and I think we will get the whole company."

That's what is wanted — men of moral courage to *stand up for the right*.

If you want the blessing of Heaven, and the peace that passeth all understanding, you must be ready and willing to confess Him. Let the world know that you believe Him and are not ashamed of Him.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SOUL'S GREATEST NEED — WHAT CHRIST IS TO US.

The Text on the Window Pane — “ I’ve Got Him, Thank God ! ” — An Incident in the Life of Napoleon — A Legacy of Five Million Dollars — Sitting Quietly at the Feet of Jesus — A Touching Incident — “ I Want to be With You ” — An Incident of the Civil War — The Call for Six Hundred Thousand Men — “ We Are Coming, Father Abraham ” — A Man of One Idea — “ Oh, Moody is a Fanatic ” — An Old Scotchman’s Remark — “ That Man Saved Me ” — Anecdote of Rowland Hill — Selling a Woman’s Soul at Auction — The Two Bidders — Pursuing One’s Shadow — An Incident of Mr. Moody’s Boyhood — Chased by a Shadow — Bailing Out the Darkness — Mr. Moody’s Early Experiences in the West — Looked Upon with Suspicion — Holding Meetings in Schoolhouses — The Lantern and the Tallow Dip.

### THE SOUL’S GREATEST NEED.

WE often hear people say, “ Oh, he is a very good man, but he lacks one thing ”; or, “ She is a very good person, but she lacks one thing.” If that one thing is salvation, they lack everything. You might say all that a dead man lacks is life. Only one thing! A sick man who is lying on the borders of the eternal world only lacks his health to make him all right. That is only one thing, but it is everything to a man who is sick. Money is everything to a man in want — a beggar. If a man lacks salvation he lacks everything; and it seems to me it would be well for us to pause once in a while and ask ourselves the question, “ Do we lack that one thing ? ”

George Whitefield was once the guest of an old general who was held in high esteem. He wanted to speak to him about his soul, but his courage failed him. The general was an old man, but he was one of those who lack the one thing; he lacked Christ and His salvation. Whitefield was to go away early in the morning, and the word had not been spoken; so before



he retired he wrote with a diamond upon a pane of glass in his room, "One thing thou lackest." After Whitefield had gone one of the servants found that text on the window pane, and spoke to the general about it, and God used it to bring the old soldier to his knees, and into the Kingdom.

I was once preaching in Manchester, England, and in a seat close up to the platform sat a man who looked up at me intently all the time. I looked right down on him and said: "My friend, won't you take Christ?" Said he, "I have got Him, thank God!" He did not lack Him; he had got Him; and it is the privilege of every one to have salvation and to know he has it. Once when I was at sea we had been in fog and storm and darkness for a day or two, and didn't know just where we were; but the moment the clouds broke away a little and we could get a glimpse of the sun we took an observation and found out where we were. I think it would be well for sinners to take an observation and find out where they are.

Another thing: I don't believe we shall have peace, or comfort, or joy, until the question of assurance is settled. Some people say, "It is presumption for you to say you *know* you are saved." I say it is presumption for me to say I doubt it when God has said it. Shall I doubt God's own words? But you say it is too good to be true. Then you must go and settle that with the Lord, not with me. I take it as I find it in the Word of God. Do you think He is going to leave His children to go through life not knowing whether they are going to glory or perdition? There is no knowledge like that of a man who *knows* he is saved, who can look up and see his "title clear to mansions in the skies."

It is said of Napoleon that one day when he was reviewing his army\*his horse became frightened and ran away at full speed, and the Emperor's life was in danger. He could not get hold of the rein, but a private soldier sprang out of the ranks, and was successful in getting hold of the horse's head at the peril of his own life. The Emperor was pleased. Touching his hat, he said to him:

"I make you Captain of my Guard."

The soldier threw away his gun, stepped out of the ranks, and went up to where the body-guard stood. The captain of the guard ordered him back into the ranks, but he said :

"No! I won't go!"

"Why not?"

"Because I am Captain of the Guard."

"You, Captain of the Guard?"

"Yes."

"Who said so?"

"He said so," pointing to the Emperor.

That was enough. He took the Emperor at his word. My friends, if God says anything let us take Him at His word.

Christ is ours for time and eternity; He will never leave us. It seems to me that we want this doctrine preached and taught so that Christians will be encouraged to talk to others. Make it personal. One thing I know — I cannot read other minds and other hearts; I cannot read the Bible and lay hold of it for others; but I can read for myself, and take God at His word. The great trouble is, people take everything in a general way; and do not apply it to themselves personally.

Suppose a man should say to me, "Moody, a man in Europe died last week, and left five million dollars to a certain individual." "Well," I say, "I don't doubt it; it's rather a common thing to happen," and I think nothing more about it. But suppose he says, "He left the money to you." Then I pay attention; I say, "To me?" "Yes, he left it all to you." I become suddenly interested, and want to know all about it. So we are apt to think Christ died for sinners; that He died for everybody in general, and for nobody in particular. But when the truth comes to me personally that eternal life is mine, and all the glories of Heaven are mine, I begin to be interested.

The longer I live and the older I grow, the more convinced I am that there are times when we must sit quietly at the feet of Jesus, and only let God speak to our souls. Just keep quietly alone, and learn of Jesus. It is when a man is alone

with his wife that he tells her the precious secrets of his soul. It is not when the family are around or when there is company near. So, when we want to learn the secrets of heaven we should be alone with Jesus, and listen, that He may come and whisper to our souls. The richest hours I have ever had with God have not been in great assemblies, but sitting alone at the feet of Jesus. But in these hurrying days we cannot get time to listen to Christ's whisper. We are so busy we do not choose that one thing needful. If we did, we should not talk so much as we should listen, and when we did speak it would be only when we had something to say.

I was very much touched one day, many years ago, when my little boy (my youngest) was quite small. I was in my study, and I told my wife I didn't want to be disturbed. I was tracing a line of truth very earnestly through the Bible, when I heard a gentle knock at my door. I said:

"I don't want to be disturbed now."

But the little knocking kept right on, and so I said:

"Come in."

It was my little boy. I thought I would dispose of him, so I said:

"My son, what do you want?"

He threw his arms around my neck and kissed me, and said:

"I don't want anything, only to be with you; I love you."

I could not send him away then. I went to the closet and got some toys and put them on the floor before him, and I said to myself, "Dear little fellow! He wants to be with me." I think there are times when the Lord wants us to be with Him, and not only when we want to ask Him for something. There are times when we want to be alone and let God talk with us.

It is a hard thing to serve the public; but it is a glorious thing to serve Christ. He is not a hard master. He knows we are apt to make mistakes, and He is ready and willing to forgive. If Christ is such a glorious Master should we not be willing to sacrifice ourselves to Him and give up all and follow Him, and turn our backs upon this world and live for Him?

When the Union was in danger, how many men laid down their lives and gave up everything for their country! The moment that Abraham Lincoln called for six hundred thousand men you could hear the steady tramp of their feet coming from every direction, and the song went up from all quarters, "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong." All Mr. Lincoln had to do was to call, and the men came pouring in. Christ is calling for laborers now.

The cry is, "What shall I do?" Let me say to you, find some one thing and do it well. Do not think anything you do for the Lord is a little work. What seems to you a little work may be the mightiest work that has ever been done. I suppose they say of me, "O, Moody is a radical; he is a fanatic; he has only one idea." Well, it is a glorious idea. I would rather have that said of me than be a man of ten thousand ideas and do nothing with them. To have one idea, and that idea Christ, that is the man for me; that is the man we want now. A man that has one idea, one desire, one thought, and that idea, that thought, that desire, Christ and Him crucified — that is what this perishing world wants now. It can get on without our rhetoric; it can get on without our fine speeches, without our eloquence. It does not want them; it needs Christ and Him crucified.

#### WHAT CHRIST IS TO US.

I had once been speaking on the subject: "What Christ Offers to be to Each One of Us," and on my way home I said to a Scotch friend who accompanied me, "I got only half through my subject to-night. The fact is, I wanted to tell the people all about Christ." He replied, "Ah, man, you don't expect to tell all about Christ in one meeting, do you? That will take all Eternity."

If we are going to know Christ, we must meet Him at the cross; we must know Him first as our Saviour. Don't start from the cradle, but start from the cross. Some one asked another who had been converted why Christ was divine. "Why," he said, "because He *saved* me." If he had

studied a week he couldn't have given a better answer than that; that is one of the best proofs that Jesus Christ is divine, because *He saves*. "There is no other name given under Heaven and among men" that is able to save, but that name.

Redemption is more real than salvation. I asked a man some time ago why he thought so much of a certain man. I noticed that he could not speak of him without tears in his eyes, and so I said, "Why is it that you love that man as you do?" "Why, Mr. Moody," he said, "he saved me." He told me how he became involved, how he took what did not belong to him, thinking he could replace it in a few weeks, but when that time came he found he could not. In a week or two exposure would come, and it meant sure ruin to him, his wife, and family. He went to this friend and poured out his heart, and he advanced him the money and paid the debt; and he added, "I would lay down my life for that friend. He saved me." It was out of gratitude to that man that he was willing to give his life for him.

Ask yourselves, Am I redeemed? If not, why not settle the great question now? Why postpone it any longer? Why make any more delay? It is said of Rowland Hill that he was once preaching in the open air when Lady Erskine rode by, and she ordered her carriage driven as close up as possible, so that she might hear him. And he said: "My friends, I have got something for sale to-day." Of course all was silence then. "I am going," he said, "to sell it by auction. It is worth more than the crown of England. It is worth more than all the world. It is the soul of Lady Ann Erskine. Hark! I hear a bid for her soul. Who bids? Satan bids. Satan, what will you give for this soul? 'I will give riches, and honor, and pleasure; yea, I will give the whole world for her soul!' Do I hear another bid for this soul? Ah! methinks I hear another bid. Who bids? The Lord Jesus bids. Jesus, what will you bid for this soul? 'I will give peace, and joy, and comfort, that the world knows not of. Yea, I will give eternal life for her soul!'" Turning to Lady Erskine he said, "You have here two



bidders, which will you take?" And, ordering her carriage door opened, she made her way through the crowd and said, "The Lord Jesus shall have my soul if He will take it." That story may be true, or it may not be true. But it is true there are two parties bidding for your soul to-day.

I hear people say, "There are so many creeds now, and so many different doctrines, I don't know the way to become a Christian. Here are our Roman Catholic friends, and they say theirs is the only way; they say they came straight down from Pentecost. Then you go to the Episcopalians, and they will tell you that theirs is the apostolic church. You go over to Russia and they will tell you that the Greek church came right straight down from the Ark, and theirs must be the right way. Here are our good Baptist friends; they think they are nearer right than any of them. Here are our Methodist friends; you can tell a John-Wesley Methodist anywhere, and they think they are right. Then come our Congregationalist friends, and they think they are nearer right than anybody else. Then a Presbyterian asserts that John Calvin and John Knox were nearer right than any of them, and the Lutherans think they are all right, and I don't know which is right."

The Lord hasn't left us in the dark. He says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Accept Christ and you will have the right way, the right life, and the right truth. When there were no paths through the woods, and men wanted to leave a sign by which others might follow them through the trackless forest, they chipped the trees with a hatchet, every few feet, and they called it "blazing the way." The Son of God came down here and blazed the way through the wilderness, and if we will take our eyes off from one another, and off from sects and creeds and doctrines, and follow Him, we shall be led in the right way. We would be saved many a dark hour, if we were only willing to walk with God, if we would only just let Him take us by the hand and lead us. What God wants us to do is to follow in His footsteps. I have been told that scouts sometimes find an Indian trail con-

sisting of only one footprint, as if only one man had passed over the land. The chief goes before, and all the rest of the tribe follow him and put their feet into his footsteps. That is what our Chief wants us to do. He has passed through the heavens and gone up on high, and He wants us to follow.

That brings me to another thing: Christ is the light; not *a* light, but *the* light; not *a* way, but *the* way; not *a* door, but *the* door; there is only one door. My dear friends, these denominations build up fences: the Catholics have put up a high fence, the Greek church, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Presbyterians, all have put up their fences, but the Lord Jesus will sweep them all away. Should anyone ask if you are a Methodist, or a Baptist, the question is of no account; but the real question is, Are you a Christian, and baptized? If you are, these names don't amount to anything. When you get to heaven, you won't find Methodists or Baptists or Episcopalians or Romanists or Congregationalists or Presbyterians, but we shall all be one in Christ Jesus, the whole crowd of us. You can't be in the dark if you follow Christ.

I was once in a gentleman's house, and he called my attention to a picture that hung on the wall. I told him if any one had given it to me, I wouldn't put it up. The first time I saw it I thought it was a beautiful picture; but when I remembered the text it portrayed, "I am the light of the world," I changed my opinion. It represented Jesus Christ standing at the door of a cottage, with a great lantern. I thought, "What does Jesus Christ want of a lantern?" It would be like hanging a lantern on the sun. If you get Jesus Christ, you get the lantern and everything else. He is the light, and He will dispel all the darkness around you. If you want light, and peace, and joy, turn your eyes toward Jesus Christ, and they will all come to you.

Did you ever try to catch your shadow? I have tried it. I placed a light on the floor, and tried to leap over the shadow, by jumping over the light; but the shadow went over my head, and I never could catch it. I could run then faster than I can

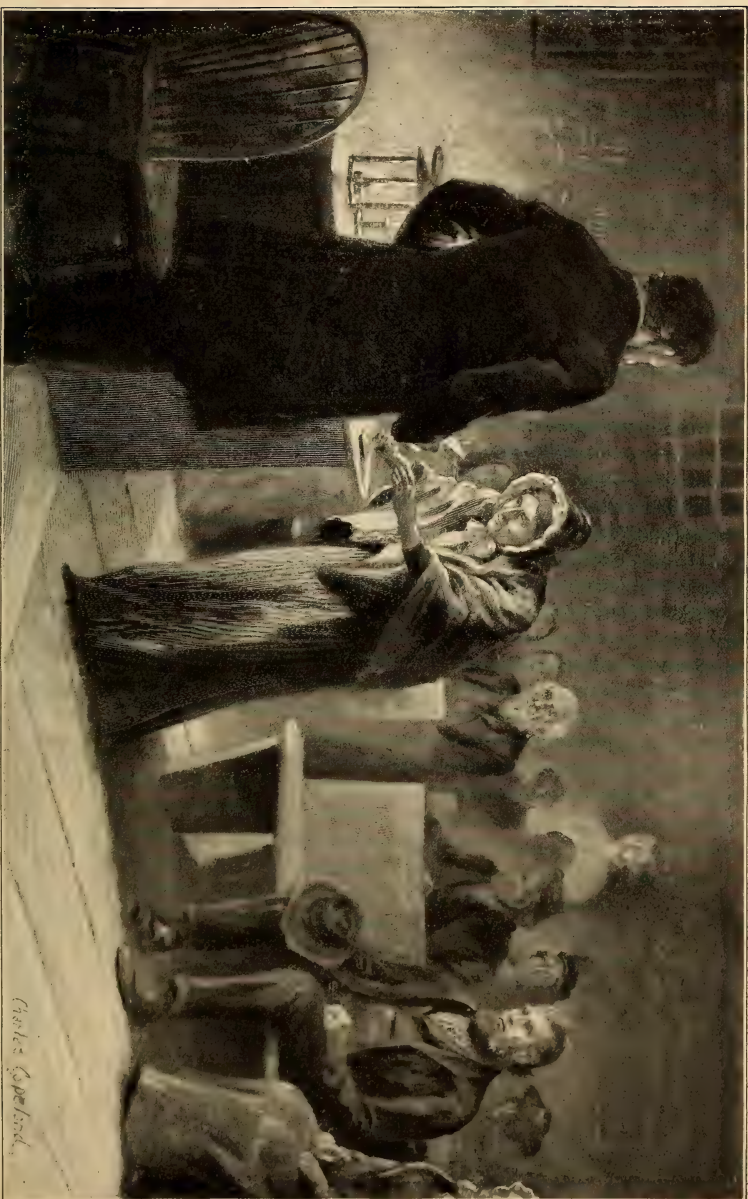
now, but I couldn't catch my shadow. It was a little shadow then, not so big as it is now, but I couldn't catch it. I remember one night when the sun had sunk far down in the west, I was going down the mountain side facing the sun, and a boy was coming after me, trying to catch me. I ran down the mountain — I was barefooted, and I could run pretty fast then — and by and by I looked over my shoulder to see if the boy was gaining on me, and what did I see? A great long shadow coming after me, but I couldn't see the boy. I remember lots of times when I have been facing the sun, looking around and finding a shadow coming after me. I didn't try to catch it at all, but it was trying to catch me. Just turn your eyes to Jesus, and peace and joy will come right after you.

Suppose a building was just completed, and it was then found that there were no windows in it, no electric lights, or gas, or means of lighting it; and the builder's attention is called to it, and he comes in and says, "Why, I never thought about that! There is to be a meeting here this afternoon, and I've forgotten all about the lighting." So he gets some men with pails and sets them at work bailing out the darkness! You would say that he was crazy — had gone mad! The quickest way to dispel darkness is to *let the light in*. I tried to make this illustration as absurd as I could, because you are doing the very thing it illustrates. Just let the light *in*, and the darkness will take care of itself.

When I first went West, I always used to try to preach in churches on Sundays, and talk to people wherever I got a chance through the week. Of course I wasn't known then, and sometimes they would look upon me with a good deal of suspicion. If I didn't get into a church, I would get up a meeting in some schoolhouse. Sometimes after I had spoken in the afternoon, some old farmer would get up and say, "Won't you speak here again to-night?" "Yes, sir." Then he would announce, "The young brother will speak here to-night at early candle-light." The first man who came to the meeting would bring, perhaps, an old dingy lantern. He would set the

lantern up on the desk, and while it didn't give much light, it was a good deal better than sitting in the dark. Perhaps the next one who came in would be a woman, and she would bring out from under her shawl an old sperm-oil lamp. The light would be very feeble, but she would set the lamp up on the desk and it helped a little. The next man would bring out of his pocket a tallow-dip, and he would light his match and set that up on the desk. That is the way they would light up the room; and by the time we got all the people there, we had plenty of light. If every man and woman would give only a little light, they could light up a whole city. If you can't be a lighthouse, you can give as much light as a tallow-dip, or an old dingy lantern. That is what we are here for, not to be mere agents to represent our Master, but we are here to shine; not only in our homes, but in our places of business. Wherever our light goes, we must not let it give an uncertain light. Set the light on a hill, not in a valley; put it on top, not under the bushel.





Charles G. Peck

MR. MOODY HOLDING A MEETING IN A COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE. A SCENE IN HIS EARLY CAREER.

If I didn't get into a church, I would get up a meeting in some schoolhouse. The first man who came to the meeting would bring, perhaps, an old dinky lantern. He would set the lantern up on the desk. Perhaps the next one who came in would be a woman, and she would bring out from under her shawl an old sperm-oil lamp. The next man would bring out of his pocket a tallow-dip, and he would light his match and set that up on the desk. That is the way we would light up the room.





## CHAPTER XI.

### THE UNBOUNDED GRACE OF GOD.

Telling Mr. Moody How to Preach—The Old Lady Who Locked the Door—Mr. Moody's first Arrival in Boston as a Boy—Haunting the Post-office—The Man Who Built a Ladder to Heaven—The Captured Spy—Mr. Moody's Vanished Audience—The Man Behind the Furnace—Sunday-school Teacher and the Silver Watch—"More to Follow"—Living on "Old Joy"—The Man Who Never Forgot the "Meetings of '57"—One of Mr. Moody's Experiences in London—"High Level" or "Low Level"—"Is this Young Man 'O. O.'?"—A Disgusted Listener—A Remarkable Story—"A Tick at a Time"—"Peculiar" People—Why He Put an Extra Shine on His Boots—"Weak" and "Lazy" People—"I Thought it Wouldn't Make any Difference."

WHEN we opened our first meetings in New York one of the newspapers began to tell me how to preach, and said if I would tell the people to do the best they could, it would be "sound doctrine." I said that I would tell them. I think I have enough grace not to tell a man to work out his salvation in his own strength. If a man's works could save him, would Christ have left the bosom of the Father and suffered the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary? There is not a place in the Bible where it teaches that a man can save himself independent of God, and separate from God. You say, What was the law given for? It was given that every mouth might be stopped; and when a man has come to honor the gift he has not much to say.

Perhaps no word in the Bible is so misunderstood as the word "grace." It means unmerited mercy, undeserved favor. If no one was to be saved until he was worthy there would be no more souls redeemed. But God has not promised to deal

in grace with those who are worthy, but with the unworthy. In the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to Titus grace is portrayed in a threefold manner; grace that saves us; grace that teaches us how to live; and grace that sends us out into the vineyard to work. That covers the Christian life.

The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ. The law tells me how vile I am. Grace comes and cleanses me, and makes me meet for the kingdom of God. That is the difference between law and grace; law slays a man, but grace makes him live; the law takes a man to death and judgment, but Christ comes and quickens him, giving eternal life. Let me repeat; law leads unto death, but grace leads to eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Why, the law is a schoolmaster; a cold, severe man who is continually holding a rattan over you. *Thou shalt* do this, and *thou shalt* do that. That is the law, with a rattan at the back of it. But under grace the schoolmaster tries to rule the school with kindness and love. He says if you love me, do this; if you love me, don't do that.

The schoolmaster that taught me was a harsh, severe man. It was a word and a blow with him, and generally the blow came first. I knew what it was to experience severity in my school days, and I also knew what it was to experience kindness. After that stern school-teacher came a kind-hearted lady, who ruled by love. Well, we thought we should have a grand time — do just as we pleased — didn't fear her. The first time that I broke a rule, instead of seeing a rattan in her hand, I saw tears in her eyes. That was a good deal worse than a stick or a rawhide to me. She asked me to remain after school. When we were alone she took me by the hand and talked to me in a low, kind voice, and with tears in her eyes. "If you love me," she said, "keep my rules." I tell you I never broke a rule after that. Her kind words went straight to my heart.

Dr. Arnot used to tell the story of one of his experiences when he was pastor of a church in Glasgow. He had a parish-

ioner, an old lady, who could not pay her rent. So the Doctor went around to see her, and knocked at the door. No one came; but he thought he heard some one walking stealthily around inside, so he knocked again, and louder and still louder. Then he tried the door, but it was fastened. Then he kicked on the door, and made such a noise that the next door neighbor came around to see what the fuss was all about. The Doctor said to himself:

“My ears must have deceived me.”

He went away. Some days after that he met the old lady in the street and told her that having heard she was in great distress, and could not pay her rent, he had called around to help her.

“Oh!” she said, “was that you? Why, Doctor, I thought it was the landlord coming around for his rent, and I kept the door locked and fastened.”

That is the condition of many before God. They shut the door, lock and bar and double bar it, and keep the Lord out, and think he is coming only to demand something of them.

It is amusing to hear of people working out salvation when they haven't got any. You must first get salvation before you can “work it out.” You have got to take salvation, first, as a gift. A man has got to have a hundred cents before he can spend a hundred cents, hasn't he?

When I went to Boston as a boy I soon ran short of money, and I anxiously looked for a letter from home with some money in it; so I used to go to the post-office on the arrival of every mail and inquire for a letter. The man at the general delivery window would say there wasn't any; then I would say,

“I think there must be a letter there somewhere; won't you please look again?” And he would reply:

“I think I know my business; there is no letter here for you.”

At last the long-looked for letter came, and I never was so glad to get anything in my life. I opened and read it; it was from my young sister, and she was very much afraid that I

would be robbed, and she cautioned me to look out that thieves didn't pick my pockets. I was more concerned about getting something into my pockets than about having them picked, for I hadn't anything in them.

You must take salvation first as a gift, and then work because you are saved. Work from the cross, not work towards it. *Work it out.* I have very little sympathy with lazy Christians. I believe laziness belongs to the old creation, and not to the new. When a man works for salvation, and puts his work in place of salvation, he cannot talk to you about the "gift of God."

If a man comes to my door and asks me for a ton of coal or a load of wood, there is no merit in his taking the gift; and there is not much chance for boasting when you take the gift of God as a beggar takes alms. The reason why no more are saved is because many would like to be saved on their own terms; they want to put God under obligations and make out that they are pretty good sinners, just coming short a little; can pay ninety-nine cents on a dollar. They think the Lord will make up the rest.

I once heard of a man who thought he could work his way up to heaven by giving up his wealth and doing good deeds. One night he dreamed he was building a ladder from earth to heaven. At first it was pretty near the ground; but as he kept doing good deeds it kept going up and up, and one day when he had been unusually generous, having given several thousand dollars to a good purpose, the ladder went right up out of sight. He helped God a good many years, and the ladder kept going up higher and higher until finally it reached right up to the throne of God. Then he thought he was going to be saved; so he left the world and started to climb the ladder, but before he got far it began to tremble, and when he got up into the clouds it shook so he could hardly keep on. While he was clinging to his frail support, terribly frightened, he heard a voice from the throne — "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Then down came the ladder and he



awoke from his sleep. If you would go to heaven think of that dream and know that you must enter through the only way that God has provided, that is, through His own Son.

A Scotchman said it took two to convert him, — himself and the Almighty. A man said to him, "What did you do?" He said, "I did all I could against it, and the Lord did the rest." Let your mind go back to the time when Christ first met you, and you will find that out.

A minister once introduced a man to me, and asked me to notice him particularly so that I would know him again. When I reached my friend's home I said, "Tell me about that man." "Well," he said, "during the war he was a Confederate spy, was captured, courtmartialed, and sentenced to be shot. He cursed President Lincoln, and he cursed God, but especially he cursed the President. It seemed as if he lay awake nights to heap abuse upon President Lincoln. The soldiers lost all pity for him, and at last they grew so angry that they would have been willing to starve him to death. One day an officer came in, and the prisoner supposed he had come to order him to be shot. He began to curse and revile Lincoln, and the officer said :

"If you received your deserts you would be shot; but the President has sent you a pardon, and you are a free man!"

"What? What's that?" stammered the prisoner.

"There, sir," said the officer, "is your pardon, and we have no claim upon you."

When the man realized that he was pardoned he broke down completely, and wept like a child. And my friend added, "That man is now an elder in my church, and there is no man, North or South, who more reveres the memory of Lincoln, or who will more earnestly defend his character." That is often the way the Lord saves. I have seen a sinner cursing and reviling, but the grace of God came to him, and he became a new man in Christ Jesus.

A man who believes that he is lost is near salvation. Why? Because you haven't got to work to convince him that he is

lost. Anyone who will repent and turn to God will be saved. It makes no difference what your life has been in the past. I was preaching one Sunday to a fashionable audience, and after the sermon I said :

“ If there are any who would like to remain and talk, I shall be glad to talk with them.”

They all got up, turned around, and every one of them went out. I felt as if I were abandoned. When I was going out I saw a man behind the furnace. He had no coat on, and was weeping bitterly. I said :

“ My friend, what is the trouble? ”

He said: “ You told me to-night that I could be saved; that there wasn’t a man so far gone but the grace of God could reach him. I am an exile from my family; I have drunk up twenty thousand dollars within the last few months; I have drunk up the coat off my back, and if there is hope for a poor fellow like me I should like to be saved.”

I didn’t dare give him money for fear he would spend it for more drink, but I got him a place to stay that night, provided him a coat, took an interest in him, and six months after that, when I left Chicago for Europe, he was one of the most earnest Christian men I knew. The Lord had blessed him wonderfully. He was an active, capable man. The grace of God can save just such men, if they will only repent.

A Sunday-school teacher of a class of boys wanted to show them how free the gift of God is. So he took out a silver watch and offered it to the first boy in the class, and said :

“ I will give you this watch, if you will take it.”

The boy laughed, and would not take it. Then he offered it to the next boy, and the next, and to every boy in the class till he came to the youngest, and the little fellow slipped it into his own hand. The other boys thought it was a joke on the teacher’s part. The teacher then took out the watch-key and said :

“ The watch is yours. You have taken me at my word. Wind the watch up, and it will keep good time.”

And one of the other boys said :

“ What do you mean? That’s not his watch for good, is it? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And he needn’t ever bring it back to you? ”

“ No.”

“ Oh—h! If I had known that, I’d have taken it.”

Rowland Hill tells a story of a rich man and a poor man of his congregation. The rich man came to Mr. Hill with a sum of money that he wished to give to the poor man, and asked Mr. Hill to give it to him as he thought best, either all at once or in small amounts. Mr. Hill sent the poor man a five pound note with the message — “ More to follow.” Every month came the remittance with the same message — “ More to follow.” Now, that’s grace. “ More to follow ” — yes, thank God, there’s more to follow.

I believe it is dishonorable for God’s people to keep singing about living “ at this poor, dying rate,” and talking about how little love they have for Him. People get up in the prayer-meeting and say if they can get a crumb from the Father’s table they will be satisfied. Crumbs are good eating for cats and dogs and chickens, but poor for a man. I think the Lord wants us to ask for the loaf. What would you say if I were a millionaire with an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year, and so many thousand dollars a week to live on, and I really lived on a few cents a day. You would say that I was the meanest, closest man you ever met, and you would have the utmost contempt for me. We have a rich banker, but if we get a “ little ” we are perfectly satisfied. God says, “ Come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.” We can have all the grace we want. It is a question of simply taking what God offers us.

I remember when I was on the Pacific coast, a man took me through his fine house, over his broad lands, showed me his thriving orchards, and said : “ Mr. Moody, you are a guest of mine, and I want you to feel perfectly at home ; do what you

like." Well, after he had said that, you don't suppose if I wanted an orange I was going under the tree to pray that it would fall into my pocket, do you? No. I just went up boldly and plucked what I wanted.

There are a lot of Christians that are sort of half-starved; they are living on past experience, thinking of the grand times they had twenty years ago, perhaps when they were converted — living on stale manna. I know some people that just live on old joy. A friend told me of a man who lived for eighteen years on the '57 revival. "Why," he said, "I never enjoyed myself as I did in '57; that is when I was converted; you ought to have seen the meetings we had in '57." Never anything like '57. If he was in prayer-meeting, it made no difference what the subject was, he was always talking about '57. Well, '57 was good with me; '58 was better than '57; '59 was better than '58, and so on, and I expect each year is going to wind up better than any preceding year. I believe the path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Don't you know that we honor God when we ask Him for great things? I believe it is dishonoring to God, — I believe it deeply in my soul, — for us to live the way we are living, at this low rate, this low level. I remember the first time I went to London, in 1867. I wanted to see the Crystal Palace. It was out of the city. So I went to the ticket office, and said:

"Give me a ticket for the Crystal Palace."

"High Level, or Low Level?" said the booking-clerk.

I had no idea what he meant, but I thought it might be high fare or low fare, and I said:

"Low Level."

I've never gone "Low Level" since. I got enough that day. I found that I was landed down in a hollow, and the Palace was away up on a hill. I think I climbed two hundred and sixty steps, and I was all out of breath when I reached it. I found if I had taken a "High Level" ticket I should have been landed right up by the Palace. That's why Christians have to climb. They go "Low Level" all the time, and what

a time they have of it in the evening of life. The grace of God is to lift us up on the "High Level."

There is another class of people who labor under the delusion that if they are worldly Christians they are going to make the most out of both worlds. You couldn't make a greater mistake. If a man asks me about becoming a Christian, but fears that he will not be kept, I say to him, "Either stay in the world or get clear out of it." I remember when I first went to London, a merchant wanted me to go to Dublin, and I went. He introduced me to an old, white-haired man, who said :

"Is this young man all 'O. O.'?"

"Yes," said the London merchant, "He is 'O. O.'"

I began to color up. I had heard of D. D., but not of "O. O." And he said :

"Is he Out and Out for Christ?"

I never forgot that expression. "Out and Out." The only way to live a peaceful life, a joyful life, is to live it "Out and Out." It is the only way that Christians should try to live.

A great many people say, "Well, this has been my experience: I have not found grace enough to keep me in perfect peace, rest, and joy." Then that's your own fault; because you don't go to the Lord and get it. When I was preaching in London in 1884, a crippled lady was brought in a chair to one of our meetings. She sat right in front of me, and she wore a look of perfect disgust and contempt through the whole service. When the meeting was over the footman came to carry her out to her carriage, and she said :

"Take me out of this!"

I said to myself, "I shall never see her again;" but, to my amazement, she was back the next day, and they kept bringing her back from day to day. I watched her, and that look of contempt and disgust began to disappear, and in its place came an eager, anxious look. One day she sent for me, and said :

"Mr. Moody, you have something that I have not."

"If you haven't got the love of the Lord Jesus Christ in your heart, I have something that you have not," I replied.



"You have got peace and joy that I know nothing about."

"I am sure of that if you don't know Christ."

"But I would like to have it," she said.

"You can have it, you can have that Christ;" and I preached Christ to her. And she said:

"Well, when you go to America, it will all be over with me."

She was sure she could not "hold out." Finally, one day, I happened to think of the old fable of the Pendulum and the Clock, — how the pendulum figured out the number of thousand and hundreds of thousands and millions of times it must tick, and it came to the conclusion that it could never travel so far, swinging such a great distance, so many miles, and it was going to give up the "strike"; but the second thought came and it decided to go on: it was only "a tick at a time." Some people think they are going to get enough grace at an experience meeting to last all their lifetime. No, No. Get manna from heaven fresh every day.

Now there are people who, because they can get light on their path for only a day at a time won't take it. My friends, what would happen if God should give you grace enough at once to last all your lifetime? I have a friend on the banks of Lake Erie, and his business establishment is connected by pipes with the lake; and he said if the Government should give him Lake Erie he wouldn't know what to do with it. It would flood the place and drown him out. All we have to do is to keep the communication open. Just draw on the Bank of Heaven. You couldn't break that bank if you tried. Go down to a city bank and you will see the notice: "Open from 10 to 3." But the Bank of Heaven is open all the time, day and night.

Well, when the servants came to take this crippled lady away that day, she was still doubting; but she came again, and again, and I saw a great change in her face. About ten days after, I received a letter in which she said:

"Mr. Moody, I want to thank you for that fable. God used that to bring light to my soul. I said, 'I can trust Him to-

night, and I will go on step by step,' and I concluded to trust Him then and there as the light broke in upon me, and I have been wonderfully blest. I sent my servant to get a clock with a pendulum that swung back and forth; and the servants have changed my name, and they now call me 'Lady Pendulum.' "

She signed her name to the letter, "Lady Pendulum," and that was the only name I knew her by for a long time. When I left London I received a box from her, and there was a pendulum clock in it, and she said:

"Will you take this clock home with you, and think of the poor sinner going on step by step?"

Almost every year I get a letter from her, and the "clock is still ticking."

In 1892 I went into the Hall in London, and I saw Lady Pendulum there, and I said:

"How are you?"

"Oh," she replied, "the clock is still ticking."

She has educated two or three missionaries and sent them to India to preach the Gospel. She sends beautiful flowers, hundreds of books, and texts of Scripture in beautiful frames, to the hospitals, and is active in all good works.

At Northfield we have people come to speak to our students, over eleven hundred of them, from sixteen to twenty years of age, and some of the speakers say, "I want you to understand that you are seeing your best days." And I squirm like a fish out of water. My friends, I don't think I have seen my "best days" by a good deal. I have no sympathy with the idea that all good people are gone, and the best times are behind us. Not a bit. There's a grand army of witnesses gone on ahead, but it grows brighter and brighter.

You hear so many people mourning that "something is going to happen." When the hour comes, there will be grace given to help you. A great many people live all their lifetime under the "bondage of death." A man said to me some time ago, "Moody, have you grace enough to go to the stake as a martyr?" "No, what do I want to go to the stake for?"

Another said, "Moody, if God should take your son have you grace enough to bear it?" I said, "What do I want grace for? I don't want grace to bear that which has not been sent. If God should call upon me to part with my son He would give me strength to bear it." What we want is grace for the present, to bear the trials and temptations for every day. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Don't go around whining and mourning, for there is plenty of it. Some people borrow all the trouble they can from the past and the future, and then multiply it by ten, and get a big load, and go reeling and staggering under it. If you ask them to help any one else, they say they can't — they've got enough to do to take care of themselves; forgetting "Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you."

A man was once traveling along a highway, and he overtook another man carrying a heavy burden on his back, and he asked him to ride. But the man, after he got into the wagon, still kept his bundle on his back, saying, "I am willing to carry it if I can only get a ride." So many are content to be nominal Christians, and go along with great loads and burdens!

The three Bonars, John, Horatio, and Andrew, were all preachers at the same time. They lived to be eighty years of age. One said, "There is nothing before the true believer that is not glorious." Some reporter caught it and sent it out, and it came to this country and I got hold of it; and it opened up a flood of light to my soul. I consulted my concordance, and I declare I almost became a shouting Methodist before I got through. I found that my garments were to be garments of praise, of grace, and glory; my song was to be the song of the glorified; my society was to be the society of those who washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, — the society of the purified. This body was to be fashioned like unto His glorious body, and I found many other glorious things.

"Everything glorious?" How is this? Does not death intervene between us and the glory? My friends, were we not given eternal life? If I have eternal life, am I going to die?

The spirit cannot die. I shall move out of this body into a better one. I have "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Why, there's nothing to fear about death. All that it can do to the true child of God is to hasten him on to glory. I believe that the Twenty-third Psalm is more misquoted than anything else in the Bible. It is used in all the Jewish synagogues; in the Latin Church; in the Greek Church; it is in the Church of England service, and in all the Protestant Churches, and many a nation chants it at the burial of the dead, and many an army has gone to battle shouting it. All through the Civil War there was nothing known better than the Twenty-third Psalm. And yet it is misquoted more than anything else in the Bible. They say, "Though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death." And they emphasize the "d-a-r-k" so as to send a chill down your back. The word "dark" is not there at all. It reads: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," etc. Did you ever see a shadow in the dark? You have got to have light to find a shadow. All death can do to the true believer is to throw a shadow across his path. Don't be afraid of your shadow.

There's a class of people to-day very much afraid of being called "peculiar." They hesitate to work for Christ because they will be considered peculiar. You will notice that when God has some work to do, He generally calls peculiar people to do it. I have no doubt that Moses was a very peculiar man in his day, and those proud Egyptians said he was the biggest fool in Egypt when he turned his back on the gilded palaces of Pharaoh and identified himself with the slaves, the Hebrews.

If you had dropped down in the old world and asked somebody what sort of a man Enoch was, they would have said he was a remarkably good man but peculiar; a very narrow-minded man. If there's a progressive euchre party, you can't find any of the Enoch family there. If there's a horse race, and the whole country turns out to see it, you will not find Enoch there. He wasn't a great scholar, or a great scientist,

and we do not read that he was a great general or a great geologist. In fact, he wasn't anything that the world usually calls great; there's nothing of that kind recorded about Enoch. But he "walked with God" three hundred and sixty-five years, and he was not a very peculiar mortal; for "God took him." He has been gone for four thousand years, and if he shone so bright down here in this world, how much brighter must he shine in heaven. I suppose if you had asked the men in Elijah's time what kind of a man Elijah was, they would have said, "He is a very good man, but Oh! so peculiar." But for service and power, he was worth the whole 7,000 who bowed the knees to Baal.

There's another class of people who seem to think that a few ministers and church officers must do all the work, and the rank and file of the church are to be "looked after" and cared for. A great many look upon the church as a hospital, in which they are to be taken care of, and somebody is to wait upon them all the while. Now, that isn't true. You've got to get up and do some of the work of the church yourself.

Every man and woman can have a hand in this work, if they will. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus we read, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering. And this is the offering which ye shall take of them: gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair." If they had no gold to bring then they must bring silver; and if they had neither gold nor silver, they must bring brass, — just as acceptable to God as gold, if that was the best they had. God wants heart-service, and that which man thinks the most of. He gave the best He had, and He wants you and me to do the same in return. "Blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair." I've always been glad the "goats' hair" was added there. A great many of us are poor, so poor that we can't give "blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen," but we can find a few goat hairs. They were just



as acceptable to God as a bag of gold. What a power Christianity would be if every man and women did what they could.

Now, my friends, do you see the wisdom in this? I have heard people say, "If I were as rich as that millionaire I would build a church myself." Would you? Well, you would kill it. If I was worth millions I wouldn't build churches for God, nor endow a church, but I would work for God. I have seen a great many churches heavily endowed, and I have known many churches in the Old World, twice dead, all gone sound to sleep.

God could build a magnificent church in Heaven, and drop it down here to earth all finished if He wanted to. He could send angels down here to build it without any of our help. He could do it, but He wants us to have a hand in it; He wants us to get the blessing. A man saw a little boot-black putting an extra shine on his own boots, and he said:

"What are you doing there, my boy? Why are you taking so much pains to black your own boots?"

"I am going up to Exeter Hall; there's a meeting for foreign missions up there, and I'm going," the boy said.

"What takes you up there? Are you interested in foreign missions?"

"Yes, sir; I gave a penny to foreign missions last year, and I am going to see what they have done with it."

Every man is to have something to do; and if a man is to be a co-worker with God, it is a privilege to help build up His kingdom. Keep that in mind. The more the heart gives, the more it will receive from on high. God's law is service. If you've got money, give it; if you've got talents, give them. If you have got a voice, give it, and let no man say that he can do nothing. You say: "I am so weak." Why not be honest and say, "I am so lazy!"

I remember some years ago some one sent me a tract entitled, "What is That in Thine Hand?" I threw it aside for the time, because I was very busy, but the title haunted me, and I picked up the tract and read it. The writer went on to

say that when the Lord called Moses, Moses thought the Almighty had made a mistake; that the Lord had called the wrong one. You know how Moses went on and excused himself on the ground that he wasn't eloquent, and he wasn't this or that, and they wouldn't believe that he had been sent. At last the Lord said:

"What is that in thine hand?"

Moses had in his hand an old dried-up stick. He might have got a hundred better ones if he had looked around; but he took the first one he came across and carried it around Horeb, and yet with that he was to deliver the children of Israel. Was there anything more contemptible in all the world than that old dried-up stick? Suppose that Moses on his way down to Egypt had met one of these modern free-thinkers, and he had asked:

"Moses, where are you going?"

"Down to Egypt."

"What business takes you down there?"

"I am going to demand of Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go free."

"But Moses, do you know that Pharaoh is one of the mightiest monarchs on the face of the earth? Do you tell me that you are going down there to free those three millions of slaves? How are you going to do it?"

"With this stick."

When we had three millions of slaves in this country, it took the lives of about half a million of men on both sides, a mint of money, and four years of hard fighting, to set them free; how was one man going to set the children of Israel free that had nothing but an old stick to do it with, that you would have thought good for nothing, and that he could not make any good use of? But when God had linked Himself with that rod, it did its work well. When he went into the presence of Pharaoh and demanded of him that all the children of Israel should go free, Moses' stick became a serpent, and Pharaoh said:

“Then your God is a god of that stick; well, you get out of here. I don’t know anything about a god of that stick, and I won’t obey Him.”

But Moses stretched out that stick over the waters of Egypt, and turned them into blood. That stick became famous in Moses’ hands. All he had to do was to stretch it out, and plagues came over the land. Finally Pharaoh said:

“You get out of Egypt as quick as you can.”

When Moses came to the Red Sea, all he had to do was to pass that stick over the waters, and they were divided so that the people could pass through the sea dry-shod. He struck the flinty rock in the desert with it, and out flowed water for the people to drink. If God could use that dried-up stick, he can use you and me, though some of us are pretty dry, too. God can use us if we are willing to be used. It wasn’t Moses or the rod; it was the power of God in Moses, and the power of God in the rod that did the work. What is that in thine hand? Take what you have got, not what you haven’t got.

When they wanted to take Jericho, what did they do it with? Rams’ horns. You wouldn’t like to see your ministers going around with rams’ horns, would you? What a comical sight it must have been to the people of Jericho, to see six thousand men going around blowing rams’ horns. You laugh. Of course they laughed; but I tell you the rams’ horns did their work pretty well. The wall came tumbling down. They took Jericho, and that victorious army marched right through the land. Some of us may be as crooked as rams’ horns, too; but the Lord will use us if we are willing to be used. I don’t believe they had any silver trumpets in those days; they couldn’t get them, and so they got rams’ horns; they had plenty of rams’ horns, and they took them and went to blowing them. Take what you have got and use that.

Look again when Samson went out to meet a thousand of the Philistines. What did he take? The jawbone of an ass. You wouldn’t like to take the jawbone of an ass; you would want a Winchester rifle or a Damascus blade. The Philis-

tines wouldn't let Samson have any weapons, and they thought he couldn't get any; but he got hold of the jawbone of an ass, and with it he slew a thousand men. Do you know of anything weaker as a weapon than the jawbone of an ass? Yet with it Samson did the work.

Look at Gideon. Gideon had only thirty-two thousand men and Midian had 135,000, 103,000 more than Gideon had. Yet the Lord said, "Gideon, you have got too many men." So Gideon issued a proclamation to every man that was fearful, and to every man that was afraid, saying they could go back to the rear; and 22,000 men wheeled right out of line and went back. I can see poor Gideon as some of his generals, scared to death, flock around him and say: "O Gideon, you have made a big mistake. Look at that; two-thirds of the people are going." I think it would be a pretty good thing if we could have a sifting of the church and get all the doubters back to the rear. Gideon still had ten thousand men; but the Lord said to him, "You have got too many yet; take them down to the brook, and every man that lies down to drink, leave him there; but every man that laps up the water as if he was full of fire and enthusiasm, let him go along with you." Nine thousand seven hundred of them lay down to drink, and that was the last that was seen of the whole lot of them. Gideon had now only 300 men left, and the only weapons he had were pitchers, and lamps in the pitchers! Wasn't it the height of madness for a man to go up against an army of 135,000 with 300 men armed only with pitchers and lamps? Yes, that was all Gideon had; but he went as the Lord directed him, with the cry of "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and the Midianites fell like chaff before the wind; Gideon took the whole crowd of them. Aren't you worth as much as a pitcher?

It is very hard to make people think you are after them; they always think that you are after somebody else. Every man or woman ought to have a hand in this work. You don't want to be mere boarders. Go into a boarding-house, and you can always tell who the boarders are and who the guests are.

The guests sit in the parlor, and take no interest in family affairs; but a boy comes rollicking down stairs, goes through the parlor and sitting-room, looks at the mail, and makes himself at home generally. He is a child of the house. The trouble with the church is that we have got too many boarders and too many guests, who do not take any interest in the Lord's work.

There isn't a child so young, nor a disciple so weak, but that they can do something if they will. You can get a sling with five stones and go out against some Goliath. Shamgar was out in the field ploughing with his oxen, and a man came along and said, "Shamgar, run for your life! There are six hundred Philistines coming." But Shamgar took his ox goad and slew the whole lot of them. I wonder what armies would be if they only had slings and ox goads for weapons. Saul came pretty near getting David into trouble; he wanted David to put on his armor to go against the giant. Saul was head and shoulders above everybody else in the army, and there was too much room in the armor for David the stripling. But he obeyed the king, and put the armor on, and found that he could almost turn a somersault in it. So David said: "Take it off." Like most boys, he had a sling, and he said:

"Let me take my sling. I am used to that."

"What," they exclaimed, "a sling to meet the giant of Gath! Why, he has a helmet, and a sword, and a shield, and an armor-bearer!"

"Well, I will only take my sling," said David. I can imagine how they made all manner of sport of him.

So he went to the brook, and picked up five smooth stones. God uses weak things; God uses little things! You and I would have wanted some good big rocks to have thrown at Goliath; but David got a few little smooth stones, and went to meet his enemy. The giant came out full of wrath, saying:

"Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?"

"You come with a helmet," David said, "and a shield, and an armor-bearer. I come in the name of the God of Israel."



And he put one hand behind him and raised the other right up and threw his sling, and the giant fell dead; and he rushed up to him, took his sword from him and cut off his head, and with the sword and the giant's head in his hand he went forward to the king. Then Saul called to his cheering army, "Make haste, rush upon them!" And it was not long before the whole camp of Philistines were falling before the enemy. So God used the man who was willing to be used. David could take good aim with his sling, because he was in good practice. What you and I want to do is to get into practice with the weapon we have.

Dorcas had only a needle; but she understood how to use it, and she set it going, and consecrated it to the service of God. I believe she set more needles in motion than modern sewing machines have. Look at the Dorcas societies that have been formed! Get your needle consecrated, and make up your minds that you will sew for the poor. Go and hunt up some poor families, and make up garments and take them to them. Make up your mind you will have a hand in the Lord's work; that you will do something, and do it right away. I believe that when God laid out your life and mine He laid out work for each one of us. It is a false idea that if you don't do your work some one else will do it for you. There is not a man on earth who can do D. L. Moody's work; if I don't do it, it will be left undone; I must answer for it when I stand before God's judgment seat.

Never call anything you do for God small. Don't look down upon it. People say, "I will do what I can." That is just what you don't do. God don't want you to do what you can't, but He wants you to do what you can. I was a guest in a family a number of years ago, and when I arrived on Saturday night I was introduced to a young lady, a member of the family. Next morning, when I came down into the drawing-room, she was the first member of the family to greet me. We talked together, and she said she had a class in a mission school.

"What time do you have your class?"

"At three o'clock in the afternoon."

That afternoon I saw her right in front of me at the meeting. After we had returned to the house, I said to her:

"I noticed you were at the meeting this afternoon."

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you said you had a class in a mission school?"

"So I did."

"Did you get anyone to take your class for you?"

"No, sir."

"Did you tell the superintendent you were not going to be there?"

"No, sir."

"Did you tell your class you wasn't going to be there?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know that any one taught them?"

"I don't know that any one taught them, for I noticed that most of the teachers were at the meeting."

"Well, is that the way you do the Lord's work?"

"Mr. Moody, I have only five boys in my class, and I thought it wouldn't make any difference."

"Well," I said, "If you look upon the Lord's work in that way, you are making a mistake."

Who knows but in that class of little boys there might have been a John Knox, or a Wesley; there might have been a John Bunyan, or a Martin Luther. One little boy may become the leader of a Reformation; another boy may become a Whitefield, and may turn thousands and tens of thousands to the Lord. Do you suppose Mrs. Wesley knew what she was doing when she trained Charles and John for the Lord's work? For a century, I honestly believe, no woman has ever done more than that woman did in training those two boys. There are millions of people who hear the gospel from the lips of Methodist ministers every week. There is not a denomination that hasn't men in its pulpits that have been converted at Methodist altars. Charles Spurgeon experienced his change of heart at

a Methodist altar, and what a vast multitude have been going up to heaven because of this good man's work. Mothers, don't consider your work small. You can't tell how much you are accomplishing.

Do you think there was anybody in Bunyan's day who accomplished so much for God as he? It was a good and great work to win the life of that Bedford tinker to Jesus Christ. All honor to that man in Maine who went to jail and found Francis Murphy and led him into the kingdom of God! Do you think that man didn't do a grand work, a great service, who put his hand on the shoulders of John B. Gough years ago and saved him?

And so I appeal to all. Win a soul to Jesus Christ now. A kind word and a gentle act will win for Him. Christ died that He might make us a peculiar people, zealous in all good works.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE COMPASSION OF CHRIST.

An Incident of the Civil War — Sentenced to Death for Sleeping at His Post — A Little Girl's Faith in Abraham Lincoln — The President's Compassion — "Mother Will Come" — How Mr. Moody's Heart was Softened — Experiences Among the Poor — "Little Adelaide" — Sad Scene in a Drunkard's Home — "Can't You Help Me Find a Place to Bury Her?" — No Money to Buy a Shroud — "Papa, Suppose I Were Drowned" — Praying for a Tender Heart — An Unmarked Grave in the Potter's Field — How Mr. Moody Bought a Burial Lot for the Poor — A Remarkable Sequel — At the Grave of "Emma" — The Touch of a Mother's Hand — "Oh Mother! Have You Come?"

**D**URING the Civil War I remember reading of a young man, not twenty years of age, who was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. The story was this: One night his comrade was going on picket duty and, being ill, he was excused and this young man was detailed to take his place. The next night he was ordered out himself; and, having been awake two nights, and not being used to it, he fell asleep at his post, and for the offence he was tried and sentenced to death. It was just after the order issued by the President that no more interference should be allowed in cases of this kind. That sort of thing had become too frequent, and it had to be stopped.

When the terrible news reached his father and mother in Vermont it nearly broke their hearts. They had no hope that he could be saved by anything they could do. But they had a little daughter who had read the life of Abraham Lincoln, and learned how he loved his own children, and she said: "If Abraham Lincoln could only know how dearly my father and

mother love my brother he wouldn't let him be shot." The little girl thought this over and made up her mind to go to Washington and see the President. She went to the White House, and the sentinel, when he saw her imploring looks, passed her in; and when she reached the door and told the private secretary that she wanted to see the President he could not refuse her.

When she entered the room the President was surrounded by his generals and counselors, and when he saw the little country girl he asked her what she wanted. The little maid told her sad, simple story — how her brother, whom her mother and father loved so dearly, had been sentenced to be shot; how they were mourning for him, and if he was to die in that way it would break their hearts. The President's heart was touched with compassion, and he immediately sent a telegram revoking the sentence and giving the boy a furlough, so that he could go home and see his father and mother.

I relate this just to show how Abraham Lincoln's great heart was moved to compassion by the sorrow of that father and mother; and if he showed so much tenderness and compassion, do you not think the Son of God will have compassion upon you, sinner, if you will take that crushed, bruised heart to Him? He will heal it. Have you got a drunken husband? Go tell Him. Have you a profligate son? Go take your story to Him, and He will comfort you, and heal your sorrow.

Once when I was returning from Europe there was a young officer on the steamer to whom I felt greatly drawn, because I could see that he was dying. It didn't seem to him that he was dying. Death is very deceitful. He was joyous and light-hearted. He would talk about his plans, and take out his guns, and tell how he intended to go hunting when he arrived; but it seemed to me that he would never live to see land. By and by he grew worse, was confined to his bed, and the truth came to him that death was near. He asked a friend to write a telegram, which was to be sent to his mother as soon as the vessel arrived. It read: "Mother, I am very sick. —





AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR. A LITTLE GIRL PLEADING WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET TO SPARE HER BROTHER'S LIFE.

When she entered the room the President was surrounded by his counselors, and when he saw the little country girl he asked her what she wanted. She told her sad, simple story—how her brother, whom her mother and father loved, so dearly, had been sentenced to be shot, how they were mourning for him, and if he was to die in that way it would break their hearts.



Charlie." "But," said some one to him, "why not ask her in the telegram to come?" "Ah," he replied, "Mother will come." He knew that when she read that telegram and learned that he wanted help she would come. It was the knowledge of his need that would bring her. So Christ is waiting to hear our need, and man's need brings out the help of God. The real trouble is that men don't think they need Him.

Some time ago I began to read the Bible carefully to study Bible characters. I read through the four Gospels, and my heart was moved. When I look over an audience and think of the wretchedness and misery that you and I do not see, that He *does* see, I think I can understand what this passage means: "When he saw the multitude, he was moved with compassion." His heart went out towards them.

A good many years ago, when a young man, I was frequently sent for to attend funerals. One day I was called suddenly to attend one, and I learned there were to be a great many young men and boys present who were not Christians. I said, this is my opportunity. I will give them a Christlike sermon. I tried to find one of Christ's funeral sermons, but I found instead that He broke up every funeral procession He attended. The dead could not be dead when He was present. He turned sorrow into gladness, darkness into light.

What we ought to have is more compassion for the unfortunate, the erring, and the fallen. How many times I have had to upbraid myself for not having more compassion. I believe it would be a very easy thing to reach the unfortunate and distressed if we had the spirit of the good Samaritan. People say, "I wish I had it." How can we get it? Listen. Suppose a great misfortune has overtaken you, wouldn't you like to have some one come right along and help you? Wouldn't you? I believe there is not a man or woman, I don't care how rich or poor they may be, who does not need; at some hour in their lives, a little human sympathy, a little ministration of love, or helpful words from somebody else. Each heart has

its own bitterness, each one has his own trouble and sorrow. We are too apt to think that others do not need or care for our compassion.

Now if you want to get the spirit of compassion just think of some one among your acquaintance who is in trouble, — some one who is in distress, or who has had some great misfortune. And who has not? Then imagine that their trouble is yours, and that they are in your place.

I have told the following story many times, but I don't know of any one thing in all my life that helped me so much to get into sympathy with those that need it. I used always to spend my summers in Chicago; probably fifteen hundred to two thousand children were in my Sunday-school, and very few of them had a church home. When sickness or death came into their families they used to send for me. When the ministers were away I was frequently sent for from other parts of the city, and I sometimes attended three or four funerals a day. I could go to a funeral and see a mother walk up to the coffin of her loved one, and hear sobs and wails of anguish that were enough to break a heart of stone, but I had heard them so often they wouldn't move my heart. I had become hardened to them.

One day my wife told me that one of the children in my Sunday-school had been drowned. I took my little girl, four years old, and started for the home of the drowned child. When I got there some workingmen and women had dragged the little one's body from the water, and the mother sat by the dead child, stroking her hair, as the water was dripping down upon the floor. It was her first-born child. Little Adelaide used to go to the Chicago River and gather floating wood for the fire. That day she had gone as usual; she saw a piece of wood, a larger stick than the rest, a little way from the bank, and in stretching out her hand to reach it she slipped and fell into the water and was drowned. There were four children in the room, and the husband sat in the corner — drunk. The mother said, between her sobs and tears:

"You see the condition my husband is in. I have had to take in washing to get a living for my children, and I have had to care for him. He has never provided for us, or done a day's hard work in five years. Adelaide was my companion. I have no money to buy a shroud or coffin for her. Oh, I wish you could help me."

I laid down the money for the coffin and the shroud. Then she said, as the tears rolled down her face:

"Can you help me find a place to bury her?"

"Yes," I said, "I will attend to that."

I made a memorandum of what was wanted, and I did it all very mechanically. Then I took my little child by the hand and started out. When we reached the street my little girl said:

"Papa, suppose we were very poor, and mamma had to wash for a living, and I had to go to the river to get sticks to make a fire; if I should see a big stick and should try to get it and should fall into the water and get drowned, would you feel bad?"

"Feel bad! Why, my child, I do not know what I should do. You are my only daughter, and if you were taken from me I think it would break my heart," and I took her to my bosom and kissed her.

"Papa," she said, "did you feel bad for that poor mother?" The child had been shocked at her own father. How that question cut me to the heart. I could not speak.

I led the child home, then I went into my room, and turned the key in the door. I walked up and down the room all that day. I said to myself: "You profess to be a disciple of Jesus Christ, and to represent Him, and you went to that house of mourning, and didn't even pray with that poor heart-broken woman, and you left her there with a drunken husband." I got on my knees and asked God to forgive me, and to give me a tender heart, that if I ever saw people in trouble I might sympathize with them. I went back to that poor woman's house, and read the fourteenth chapter of John, and I told the mother



where Adelaide had gone, and prayed that the Lord might heal the mother's wounded heart. We fastened the lid of the coffin, got a carriage and put the poor mother and her four little children into it, and, last of all, little Adelaide's coffin was put into the carriage with them. The husband was still drunk and did not realize what was going on. The cemetery was seven miles away. I had not been there for many years. I thought my time was too precious to go there. I said, "I can't let that mother go alone and bury her child," and I rode the seven miles and comforted her all I could. I could weep with her then. "Suppose it was my child!" was the thought that kept coming into my mind.

We buried Adelaide in the Potter's Field. We had no sooner lowered her body into the grave than we were ordered off the place. As the mother tore herself away she turned and looked towards the little grave, and moaned:

"I haven't always been able to pay my rent, and I have lived among strangers all my life. I have always thought that was hard, and Oh, it is hard! But it is harder to bury my Adelaide here, to leave her here in an unmarked grave in the Potter's Field. I am afraid I shall not know where she is laid."

I thought it would be very hard for me to lay my little girl in a pauper's grave. I said to myself, "I will never bury a child in a pauper's grave again as long as I live."

On the next Sunday I told the story before my Sunday-school, and, although they were all poor children, we raised money and bought a lot of our own in which a hundred children could be buried. Before I could get the deed made out another heart-broken mother came and said:

"Mr. Moody, my little girl died to-day. Can I bury her in that lot?"

"Did she belong to our school?"

"Yes."

"Are you poor?"

"Yes."



DEATH OF LITTLE ADELAIDE. MR. MOODY VISITING A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

I took my little girl, four years old, and started for the home of the drowned child. Little Adelaide used to go to the Chicago river and gather floating wood for the fire. That day she had gone as usual; she saw a piece of wood, a larger stick than the rest, a little way from the bank, and in stretching out her hand to reach it she slipped and fell into the water and was drowned. There were four children in the room, and the husband sat in the corner — drunk.



"You have no lot?"

"No, sir "

She asked me if I would go to the funeral, and say a few words, and bury her. I said I would. I well remember the first burial in that lot. The little grave was dug under an oak tree, and when we came to lay the child in it I asked the mother:

"What was the name of your little girl?"

"Emma," she said.

That was the name of my own little girl, my only daughter. Do you think I could not grieve, that I could not weep and sympathize?

In a little while another mother came. Her little boy had died, and she wanted to bury him in that lot. We made a grave close to Emma's grave. After making a few remarks, I turned to the mother and said:

"What was the name of your boy?"

"Willie," she said.

That was the name of my only boy at that time. So strange that the first two little bodies let down into those graves should bear the names of my two dear ones. Do you think I could not weep with that mother, that I did not have compassion, and that my heart did not ache for her?

Soon after, I went to Europe. I was gone a year and a half, and when I returned to Chicago, one of the first things I did was to go to that cemetery. The lot was filled with little graves. I have often said that I should like to be buried there with those little ones, and when my Master comes, and they rise to meet Him, I should like to go up with them. What we want is a heart full of compassion for those that need comfort. Have you got compassion yourself? Don't you think there's need of it? Ought we not to cultivate it?

During the Civil War a mother received news that her boy had been wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, and she started at once for the front. Of course a mother would go. An order had been issued that no woman would be allowed

within the lines, but she got through in some way, and found her way to the field hospital. At last she found the ward her boy was in. She went to the doctor and pleaded that she might be allowed to nurse and care for her son. The doctor said:

"Madam, you must keep away from him for the present. He is in a critical state; the excitement would be too great."

"I have come six hundred miles, Doctor, to see my boy," she said. "I cannot wait." And she begged and pleaded so hard that finally the doctor said:

"You can go quietly in and sit down by his side. Don't speak to him or wake him. When he awakes I will break the news to him gradually." And the mother stole to her son's bedside. When she saw him lying there so white and still, with the marks of suffering upon him, she could not resist the temptation to lay her hand gently on his forehead. And, without opening his eyes, he cried out:

"Oh, mother, have you come?" He knew the touch of his mother's hand.

Oh, my friends, that was earthly compassion, but what conception can you form of the compassion of Jesus? He knows what human nature is; He knows what poor, weak, frail mortals we are, and how prone we are to sin. He will have compassion upon you; He will reach out His tender hand and touch you as He did the poor leper. You will know the touch of His loving hand, for there is virtue and sympathy in it.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### FAITH.

Starving with Ten Thousand Dollars in the Bank — A Man Who Cannot be Pleased — Living on Creeds — “The Building is on Fire!” — Going Out of the Window Head First — “I Never Thought of That” — How Mr. Moody Prayed for Faith — The Two Men who Planted Trees — “I Don’t Believe In Roots” — The Beggar By the Wayside — “I’ve Got the Money, That’s Enough” — The Little Invalid — Spelling with Crackers — A Message for Grandpa — The Box of Paints — “I Don’t See It, But You’ve Got It” — Jumping Into His Father’s Arms — “I’se Afraid, Papa” — A Touching Story — Waiting and Weeping by His Mother’s Grave — “You’ve Been a Good While Coming” — The Prince and the Condemned Man.

**I** DON’T believe any man or woman amounts to much who has not faith in somebody or something.

People say, “What does it matter whether a man believes or not? I don’t see the importance of faith.” If a man should tell me there were ten thousand dollars deposited in the bank in my name and I didn’t believe it, and was starving for the want of it, I might die for the want of bread. All I have got to do is to go to the bank and draw the money, but I get no benefit from the fact that the money is there unless I believe and act.

Some one has said that the three elements of Saving Faith are Knowledge, Assent, and Consent. Suppose I want to go to Europe. I know there are plenty of ocean steamers that will take me there in five or six days. That is knowledge. But if I don’t go on board, I don’t get to Europe any quicker than if I didn’t believe. I may say to a man, “Sir, you may have this book for a quarter of a dollar,” and he assents to the

fact that I make the offer; but only when he takes the book, and appreciates it, does it become his, don't you see? He has got to act upon the offer.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." In other words, faith is dependence upon the veracity of another. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Do you know it is impossible to please yourself without faith? If a man should rise in an audience and say he had no confidence or faith in me I could do nothing to please him; it would be utterly impossible. And when a man says he has no faith or confidence in God how is He to help that man? He has cut himself off from God.

Faith is very important. If business men lost faith in each other, how quickly all business would be brought to an end. Some people think when we talk about faith in Christ that it must be some miraculous faith, and that they must wait until it comes down from Heaven; that it is some sort of a shock which is to come upon them.

Faith in Christ is the same kind of faith that men have in one another. If you have faith in a man, you do not hesitate to introduce him to your wife and daughter. Isn't faith like that the foundation of all social intercourse? Isn't faith the foundation of all commerce? Isn't it the foundation of family life? Isn't it the real foundation of everything else? It is not unreasonable that God should ask us to put faith in Him. Mark this, I do not ask you to put faith in Him without giving good reasons.

We often hear people ask, "You do not think it makes any difference what kind of a belief a man has, if he is only sincere in it, do you?" My friends, it makes all the difference in the world whether a man believes a truth or a lie. If the devil can make you believe a lie, and that you are going to be saved because you are sincere in your belief in it, that is all he wants. Do not suppose for a moment that it does not make any difference what you believe in, or what your faith is, if you are only sincere. Do not be deceived by that terrible

delusion, which is one of the devil's lies. The faith you need, the faith that saves, is fixed upon the living Christ.

I like a man to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Once I asked a man what he believed, and he said he believed what his church believed. I asked him what his church believed, and he said he supposed his church believed what he did; and that was all I could get out of him.

Now, I challenge any man to give a reason why he should not believe God. Give a reason, will you? Has God ever broken His promise to man? I believe there would be a jubilee in hell if man could break God's word.

It is not belief in a creed only. A man may have a creed and no Christ. A creed is all right in its place, but if you live on creeds you will never get a living Christ. Suppose a friend should ask me to dine with him. To reach his house I must go in the street leading to his home; but if I do not go into his house I do not get my dinner. Now a creed is the road or street; very good as far as it goes, but if it does not take us to Christ it is worthless. God does not ask you to believe a creed, but a person, and that person is Jesus Christ.

A man once said to me, "The doctrines you preach are the most unreasonable things under heaven. You preach that people are saved by simply believing. You cannot make any reasonable, thinking man believe that." "I can." "Why," he said, "how is a man going to be affected by what he believes?" I said, "If that is your difficulty, I can make you believe in three minutes. You say a man is not affected by what he believes; that it does not affect his course of action. Suppose a man opens that door and shouts, 'This building is on fire!' If you and I believe it, what will we do? Probably get out of that window head first." "Oh," said he, "I never thought of that."

How are you going to get faith? If I could sum up all the time I have prayed for faith I believe it would amount to months. As President of the Young Men's Christian Association I used to call the young men together to pray, and we

prayed for faith, faith, faith. We would close up the Bible, and pray for faith. One day I was reading the Bible and I came to the passage, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." I began to study the Bible, and faith has been coming ever since. You never saw a man who feeds on the Bible who did not have faith.

It does not require much faith to put confidence in a good man. There are men I know whom I could not help but believe in. Why? Because I have been associated with them for years, and I never knew them to be untrue. It does not require much faith, after all, to believe in the God of the Bible; but it does require a great deal of faith to believe in yourself. Let us keep in mind that if you take the Bible and study it you will have faith, and that faith will keep coming.

Now, you and I and every Christian worker have been called to work for Christ. Behind you is your faithful God, and He cannot fail. If you will hand things over to Christ, and if you will count upon God at your back, it does not matter what happens, — your heart will be at rest.

Some people say they don't see the importance of faith. Faith is what a foundation is to a building. If you build without a good foundation the house will soon have to be taken down. The man who has not a good foundation for his hope is like a man who builds a house on the sand. When the testing time comes, down comes the house. So with the man who has not a good hope in Christ, — his house comes down. That is the trouble. People haven't a good, grand hope.

Suppose I hire two men to set out trees, and after a day or two I go out to see how they are getting along. I find that one man has set out a hundred trees and the other only ten. I say:

"Look here, what does this mean? That man has set out a hundred trees, and you have set out only ten. What does it mean?"

"Yes, but he has cut off all the roots and just stuck the tops into the ground."

I go to the other man and say:

"What does this mean? Why have you planted all these trees without roots?"

"I don't believe in roots, they are of no account. My trees look just as well as his."

But when the sun blazes upon the trees they all wither and die. That's the condition of men without faith. Faith is the root of the tree, and what we want is to be firmly grounded in the Bible, and when the storms come we are secure.

People say they haven't enough faith. I was told in Scotland of a lady who was introduced to a minister as a woman of "great faith." She said, "No, I am a woman of little faith, but I have a great God." We talk about not having enough faith. But have you got faith in the living Christ?

People say, "If you have the right kind of faith." Any faith that will bring you to Christ is the right kind. Have you a Christ who has saved you and is keeping you day by day? Have faith in the living God, not in the dried up creed of some church, — the Protestant Church, the Catholic Church, the Jewish Church. Not all these can save you. The churches are like Moses lifting up the pole with the brazen serpent. You must have faith in Christ.

I once heard an Englishman use this illustration: A beggar sat daily by the wayside, and a gentleman who used to pass by would often give him a shilling. One day as he went by and tossed out his shilling the man said:

"I do not need your money. I am not a beggar. My begging days are over. A man came by last night and gave me a thousand pounds."

"How did he give it to you?"

"He just put it in my hands."

"How do you know it was good money?"

"Why, I have had it tested. I have put it in the bank."

"Did he put it in your right hand or left?"

"Why? What do I care whether he put it in my right hand or left? I've got the money, and that's enough."



A gentleman had a little granddaughter who was taken ill with a light attack of scarlet fever and was placed in quarantine away from the rest of the family. And the old grandfather used to go up every night to see his grandchild and have a talk with her. Once when he entered the room she took him into the corner. She had some little crackers made in the shape of letters, and with these she had spelled out these words: "Grandpa, I want a box of paints." The next night when he came home he left his overcoat with the box of paints in it down stairs. She didn't seem to be much disturbed, but she said:

"Grandpapa, I thank you for the box of paints. I haven't seen it, but I know you've got it."

The old grandfather said he wouldn't have lost the confidence of that little girl for hundreds of dollars. That is faith.

A child lives upon faith in his father and mother. Let us live in that way. I remember when one of my boys was two or three years old I put him on the table, and I said:

"Willie, jump." And the little fellow swung his hands, and said:

"I'se afraid."

"I will catch you. Jump," I said.

"I'se afraid, papa."

"Willie, I'll not let you fall. Look at me."

But the little fellow shrank back. He trembled with fear. I said to him:

"Look at me. Jump."

He jumped. And then he said:

"Oh, put me back, and let me jump again."

It wasn't long before he had too much faith in me. He would get up in a chair, and say, "I'm going to jump, papa," and I had to run to catch him.

You like to have your children have faith in you, don't you? Of course you do. I was down in Alabama once, and a gentleman stood his two boys up on a fence post, and they jumped into their father's arms with perfect confidence. The

father picked up a third boy, a little fellow who had been playing with the other two, and stood him on the post, but he wouldn't jump. He said:

"Take me down, or I'll fall."

He could not get that boy to jump. He said instead, "Take me down." I said to the father:

"What makes the difference?"

"Oh," he said, "he's not my boy. He doesn't know me."

That's an infidel. You can't expect an infidel to trust God. He doesn't know Him. But get acquainted with God and you can't help trusting Him, can't help believing Him.

The little child that reaches out his hand and takes a gift has faith. The best illustration of faith is a little child. Take that little girl — she lives a life of faith. She never bothers her head where her breakfast or supper are coming from. Her elbow peeps out of a hole in her sleeve; don't bother her a bit; she knows mother will get her another dress. Now, we are to have that same child-like faith. The nearer we can come to the faith of a little child, the better we shall please the Master.

While the yellow fever was raging in a Southern city the father of a poor family who were strangers there was attacked by the disease. The father was buried and the mother was stricken down. She knew that she must die, so she called her little boy to her and said:

"When I am gone, Jesus will come and take care of you."

She had no one else to commend him to. The little fellow followed his mother's body to its burial place, and returned home. The night was dark and dreary, and he became frightened. He went back to her grave, supperless, and lay down and slept till morning, when he got up cold and stiff. While he sat by the grave weeping a stranger passed and asked him what he was doing there. He said he was waiting for Jesus.

"What do you mean, my boy?" said the man.

The boy told his story. God touched the man's heart, and he said:

"Well, my boy, Jesus has sent me."

“ Well,” said the little boy, smiling through his tears, “ you have been a good while coming.”

His faith was real, although it had been sorely tried.

There is a story told in history of a political offender who was sentenced to death, and the crown prince had charge of the execution. Just before the prisoner was to be executed, the prince told him that any request he might ask of the crown would be complied with. The poor man asked for a glass of water. They brought it to him, and the very thought that he was so near death disturbed him, and his hand trembled so that he could hardly put the water to his lips. The prince said, “ Do not be afraid. Your life is safe until you drink that water.” And quick as lightning he dashed it on the ground.

Take the Prince of Life at his word. “ He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” It does not say he “ shall have,” but he *hath*. Have you got Him? If not take Him now. He is God’s gift to you. Trust Him. Living or dying, sick or well, trust Him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE ELEMENTS OF PRAYER.

An Incident in Mr. Moody's London Experience — Four Hundred Conversions — Prayers of a Bedridden Saint — An Invitation from a London Physician — Praying for Fifty Years — Confessing to His Family — The Specter of the Five Bottles of Wine — "Oh, I Can't pray" — A Remarkable Story — A Family Quarrel — Wonderful Reconciliation of a Mother and Daughter — Meeting Half Way — An Impressive Incident — An Audience in Tears — "There is One Woman I Will Never Forgive" — An Unconverted Woman — Living on Grumble Alley — The Smiling Christian — The Carpenter who Cut His Thumb — "Bless The Lord! I Didn't Cut it Off" — An Astonished Father — The Load of Wood Stuck in the Mud — "I Wonder What's the Matter?" — An "Established" Horse.

I HAVE no sympathy with the idea that if we ask God to do a certain thing He is going to give us chaff. If we have faith I believe He will answer our prayers. I don't believe He mocks His children. I believe He will give out of His abundance, and give us the best He has. Now, I have no doubt a great many of you have said at different times, "What is the use of prayer, anyway?"

One Sunday morning in London, I preached in a Congregational church, but with no unusual power. There didn't seem to be anything out of the regular line of the service. In fact, I was a little disappointed. I didn't seem to have much liberty there. That evening I preached to men. It seemed as if the building was filled with the glory of God, and when I asked for an expression, men rose by hundreds. I said, "They don't know what this means," so I thought I would put another test. I just asked them to step into the chapel — all those that wanted to become Christians, but no one else.

They flocked into the chapel by hundreds. I was in great perplexity; I couldn't understand what it meant. I went down to Dublin the next day, and on Tuesday morning I received a dispatch saying:

"Come to London at once and help us."

"I didn't know what to make of it, but I hastened back to London and labored there ten days, and four hundred names were recorded at that time. For months I could not understand what it meant, but by and by I found out. There was in that church a poor bed-ridden woman who used to take different ones upon her heart, and she began to pray God to revive the whole church. She prayed to God to send me to that church. One Sunday morning her sister came home and said:

"Who do you think preached for us this morning? It was Mr. Moody, from America."

The sick woman turned pale and said:

"I know what that means, that is in answer to prayer. There is going to be a great work here."

The servants brought up her dinner, but she said:

"No, no dinner for me to-day, I spend this day in prayer."

And that night while I was preaching she was praying, and in answer to her prayers the power of God fell upon the audience.

I want to call your attention to ten elements of true prayer. When Christ got His theological students around Him, He did not teach them how to preach, but how to pray. And I think we often ought to make that prayer, "Lord, teach us how to pray."

First, there is Contrition. I am sometimes ashamed of myself to think how fluent I am when I go into the presence of God. As if I were on an equal footing with Him; as if there were no difference between us. Let us bear in mind that God is holy. The nearer we get to Him, the more we shall think of His holiness and abhor ourselves. We shall grow smaller and He larger. One of the truest signs that a man is growing great is that God increases and he decreases. Why!



some people will talk about themselves by the yard. "I, I, I, I." There will be forty-nine I's in a speech five minutes long. That is a sign that you are not growing in grace, but you are growing in conceit. But when we get near to God, how small we look, and how great God seems. When Isaiah saw God, he cried, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts." And then what did he cry? That he was unclean and dwelt with unclean people, and he wanted the coal to be taken off the altar and put upon his lips, that his iniquity might be purged away.

There is no true prayer without Confession. As long as we have an unconfessed sin in our soul we are not going to have power with God in prayer. He says if we regard iniquity in our hearts He will not hear us, much less answer. It is a prayerless prayer and an abomination to God and man. What God wants is sincerity.

How many men are there who are just living on empty forms? They say their prayers, but they don't mean anything. Why! the Pharisee said plenty of prayers; but how did he pray? He prayed with himself. He might as well have prayed to a post. He didn't pray to God, who knew his heart a thousand times better than he did himself. He forgot that he was as a sepulcher, full of dead men's bones; forgot that his heart was rotten, corrupt, and vile; and he came and spread out his hands and looked up to Heaven. Why! the very angels in Heaven veil their faces before God as they cry, "Holy, holy, holy." But this Pharisee came into the temple and spread out his hands, and said: "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are; I fast twice a week." He set before God what he had done in comparison with other men, and was striking a balance and making out God to be his debtor, as thousands are doing to-day; and then he said, "I give one-tenth of all I possess." I suppose, if he were living now, and we should ask him for a donation to help build a church he would say:

"Well, I think it will do good; yes, I think it will — it may reach the vagabonds and outcasts — I don't need it, of course — but if it will reach that class, it will do good. I will give

fifty dollars if you will have it mentioned in the morning papers; just have it announced, 'John Jones has given fifty dollars to the church building fund.' "

That's the way some people give donations to God's cause; they give in a patronizing way. If your heart doesn't go with your gift, God will not accept it. The Pharisee said: "I give one-tenth of all I have; I attend the services in the temple; I fast twice a week." He fasted twice a week, although one fast only was called for; and he thought because of this he was far above other men. A great many people nowadays think because they don't eat meat, only fish, on Fridays, they deserve great credit; although they go on sinning all the week.

Look at the Pharisee's prayer; there's no confession there. He had become so bad, and the devil had so covered up his sins, that he was above confession. The first thing we ought to do, when we come to God, is to confess. If there is any sin clustering around the heart, bear in mind we can have no communion with God. It is because we have sin about our hearts that our prayers don't go any higher than our heads. The Pharisee's prayer showed no spirit of contrition; there was no petition; he didn't ask anything from God. "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterous, or even as this publican." That is a queer kind of prayer. Not a petition in it. It was a prayerless prayer; it was downright mockery. But how many men have just got into that cradle, and been rocked to sleep by the devil. A short time ago I said to a man:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Of course I am; I say my prayers every night."

"But do you ever pray?"

"Why, of course I do; haven't I just said so?"

I found that he prayed, but he only went through the form, and after a little, I found that he was in the habit of swearing!

"How is this?" I asked; "swearing and praying! Do your prayers ever go any higher than your head?"

"Well, I have sometimes thought they didn't."

My friends, if you are not in communion with God your prayers are but forms; you are living on formalism, and your prayers will go no higher than your head. How many people just go through the form? They cannot rest unless they say their prayers. How many there are with whom it is only a matter of education.

The next true element of prayer is Restitution. It is folly for us to ask God to do something for us that we can do for ourselves. I don't believe that we preach restitution enough. If I have five dollars in my pocket that belongs to some one else and I try to cheat him out of it, can I pray? What we want is a revival of righteousness, a revival of uprightness. I sometimes hear a man say, "Hallelujah," and it rasps across my nerves like a file. I look into his face and know that it is not real.

When I was in the north of England, some years ago, I met a woman whose case seemed one of the hardest to reach I had ever met. She came to the meetings constantly. She talked with me every day. She wanted to be a Christian so much, and yet something was in the way. Do the best I could I couldn't find out what it was. Finally there passed through the town a woman who was a devoted Christian worker. I said to her:

"I wish you would talk with that woman and see if you can find out what is the matter."

She talked with the woman and pleaded with her. She knelt down and prayed with her. She tried to get her to pray. After an hour of this, the trouble all came out.

"Oh, I can't pray," she exclaimed. "Every time I kneel down to pray I can't see God's face. All I can see is five bottles of wine."

It transpired that at some time in her life she had been housekeeper for a rich man, and he had fallen ill and died. During his illness several bottles of very rare wine had been sent to him. She stole five of the bottles. Years passed, and she had used the wine. Now the memory of that theft brought

up the sight of those five bottles to confront her when she would turn to God.

"Now," said her counselor, "your duty is plain. You must make restitution."

"But I cannot. The wine is used, and the man is dead."

"Take the money value of it, then, and give it to his wife."

"I can't do that, either. She is dead, too."

"Is none of his family living?"

"Yes, he has a son in ———," naming a town twenty miles distant.

"Then you must take the money, and go and confess to him, and give him the money."

"Oh, I can't do that. Won't it do for me to give the money to the church?"

"Indeed not. The Lord doesn't want stolen money. This does not belong to you to give."

Well, the end of it was that she finally took the money, about twenty-five dollars, and called on the young man. He was surprised enough. "But," he said, "it doesn't belong to me. Give it to the church."

"I can't," she said. "It isn't mine to give. You give it if you want to," and this he eventually did.

Well, she came back with a radiant face. She hardly seemed to touch the earth. "Now," she said, "I have found that I can pray."

Friends, there may be five bottles of wine standing between you and Heaven. You can't bribe the Almighty. You may bribe the church and me, but if you are going into His kingdom, you can't be a sneak or a thief. Make restitution. If I've got five dollars in my pocket that belongs to another man, no amount of psalm singing and shouting "glory hallelujah" will cover it up.

The next element is Forgiveness. More people stumble right here and lose their power than anywhere else. Now, if I do not forgive just as I want God to forgive me I cannot pray. A man said to me some time ago, "We have a magnifi-

cent organ, a wealthy and cultured preacher, but we haven't had a man converted in our church. Can you tell me why?"

"Yes, there are half a dozen families in your church who are not on speaking terms, and the Holy Ghost cannot work." God cannot stultify Himself. He says He cannot work. If there is any one you are not willing to forgive, don't you see that you have broken down the bridge? And how are you going to get over yourself? Now, if you have had trouble with some one and have not forgiven him, go and have it settled before the sun goes down. God delights to answer prayer. But you cannot deceive yourself. If you are living a dishonorable life, God hides His face and will not hear you.

I remember preaching in a place a few years ago, and on one side of the desk sat a mother who was greatly troubled about her sins and wanted to come to Christ. On the other side of the platform was her daughter. They belonged to a very wealthy family, perhaps the wealthiest in that town, and it had been known for a year that there had been a quarrel between mother and daughter. They would not speak to each other on the street, and would have nothing to do with each other; yet both of them wanted to become Christians. I said: "I don't see how you can become Christians if you are not willing to forgive each other, and as it is a public matter and every one knows it, you had better ask each other's forgiveness right in the meeting."

Well, the mother started. The daughter was not quite so willing. A mother's love is stronger than her children's love. But when the mother arose and the daughter saw her coming, she, too, arose and met her, and they asked each other's forgiveness before the audience, and confessed their faults one to the other. To me it was one of the most impressive things I ever witnessed in all my life, and I think one of the most powerful sermons ever preached in that town. There were sobs all over the house, and a great many were brought under conviction then, and inquired, "What must I do to be



saved?" Confess your faults one to another. If you can think of any one you have had difficulty with, go and have it straightened out, be reconciled, and then see how quickly God will answer your prayer.

At a revival service in Michigan, a young lady was greatly troubled, and in answer to inquiries she said that her unwillingness to confess Christ resulted from a schoolroom quarrel which was still unsettled. She felt that she couldn't forgive her enemy. When she had told her trouble she asked for advice. "Must I forgive my mate?" "Certainly, if you want God's forgiveness," was the answer of the minister. Immediately she ran with all her might to her old friend, and, instead of meeting a cold reception, they were soon crying on each other's necks.

And so it always should be, and almost always there will be the same prompt half-way meeting between those aggrieved. My wife was laboring in the inquiry-room one evening with a lady who was in just this state of mind, and very soon reparation and complete reconciliation were effected, and the two old friends walked off arm in arm, happier than ever before their little misunderstanding. And one of those ladies felt so strong in her new-found charity for all that she won over her husband, and he openly confessed Christ.

A man once asked me to go to his house and talk with his wife; she was anxious about her soul. I called upon her and talked and explained to her the way of life, and then I knelt down and asked her to pray. She made one of the most earnest prayers I ever heard. When she rose from her knees, I said:

"Any light?"

"No," she said, "it is darker than ever."

I talked and talked, but she didn't see the way. The next day I went back again, but it grew darker and darker. Finally I thought of this test (I suppose God put it right into my heart just at that time), and said:

"Let us repeat the Lord's prayer."

She began, and when she repeated "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us," I said:

"Can you say that from the heart?"

"No," she said, "there is one woman I never will forgive."

I had found it. We got off our knees, and I said:

"It is no use to pray any longer."

"What do you mean?" she said; "do you mean that God is not going to forgive me if I don't forgive that person?"

"That is what He says; you cannot get all you ask for if you won't forgive, and you must not expect to."

"Do you mean to say that I cannot get into Heaven without asking that person's forgiveness?"

"Well, there is the word of God, and you cannot expect to be forgiven yourself if you are not ready to forgive others."

"Then," she said, "I will not become a Christian!"

The last I heard of her she had lost her reason, and some said religion had driven her insane; but it was not religion, it was the *want* of it.

The next element that we ought to have in our prayers is Unity. When the church of God has had power with God in prayer, it is when they have been united. I have noticed that when we could get five churches thoroughly united, we have had good work, and if we could get ten it was a good deal better; and when they all get in one place without any discord, when every man and every woman just takes right hold with both hands, and the members all have one spirit and one mind, then it is that infidels hide their heads. But let division be introduced among God's people, let the church get to quarrelling, and it will produce more infidels than any lecturer can. The master-stroke of Satan to divide the church is a division among God's people. But if we are right, our hearts will be like drops of water flowing together, and there will be the spirit of brotherly love, the spirit of unity. You cannot find a place in the Bible where God's people were united that there was

not power. The last prayer that Christ made for His disciples was that they might be one, and every one of us ought to do what we can to carry out the spirit of that prayer.

The next element is Thankfulness. "With thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." We don't want to help a person who is never thankful; and when people get to grumbling and are continually pressing us to help them we get tired of doing anything for them. I remember an old gentleman who arose in one of our meetings and said that he lived most of his life on Grumble Alley; but a few years ago he had moved over on Thanksgiving Street. He didn't have to pay any more rent than he did on Grumble Alley; the society was delightful, and he was among the best people he ever knew. The man showed in his very face that he lived there; it was full of praise and thanksgiving. You can tell these people as soon as you see them. I like to see them in my meetings; I like to hear them pray. It is a great thing to see a man full of praise and thanksgiving.

I remember a man who was a carpenter, who used to belong to the same church that I did. He always wore a smile — not a forced smile, but a natural one. Every time he got up in prayer-meeting a smile passed over the whole congregation; a smile was on his face before he said anything, and he always began by saying, "Bless the Lord!" It wasn't one of those insincere expressions that we hear sometimes, it was an honest, hearty "Bless the Lord!" While at work one day he cut his thumb so that it only held by a little piece of skin. I said to myself, the next time I see that man he probably won't smile or say "Bless the Lord!" But at the next weekly prayer-meeting he was there, and the first thing he said was:

"Bless the Lord! I cut my thumb, but I didn't cut it clear off."

Most of us would have changed our shout into a wail, and it would have been a doleful sort of testimony.

I would as soon get a blast of chilly east wind in March, right off the sea, as to meet some of those Christians who are

not thankful. Let us be cheerful, and bright, and sincere. If God has been good to us, let us give thanks.

Now, some people may say, "It is all very well for Moody to talk about praise. If I were in comfortable condition, had good health and everything I wanted, like a good many others I see, I would praise God." I have found people who were poor in this world's goods, in bad health, and yet were continually praising God. I can take you to a poor burdened one who has not been off her bed for ten years, and yet she praises Him more than hundreds of thousands of other Christians. Her chamber seems like the ante-room of Heaven. It seems as if that woman has learned all the secrets of Heaven. Her soul is full of the love of God; full of gladness. My experience is that a man who lives nearest to God praises Him most, whether he is rich or poor. The nearer he gets to Heaven, the more he praises Him. The man who is furthest from God praises Him least.

Now, how is it that the church does not praise God more? I think it is very plain. The trouble is, we have settled down and gone to sleep. I never heard of a bird that sung in its nest, and I don't believe that any man ever did. It is when the bird is on the wing that it sings; and so it is when the church is up it sings songs of praise. It can sing in the dark, as a nightingale sings in the dark. It is only when we have been true to God that we can sing in the darkness. I am told that a lark never sings when coming down; only when mounting up. That may be true or not, but when a church is coming down, it is not a praise church. When mounting up, and it knows it is drawing nearer and nearer to God, it is full of praise. When the lark is mounting up, up, up, when it is nearly out of sight, its song is sweetest. And so when the Christian is rising up and drawing near to Christ, he gives out the sweetest notes of praise from his heart.

He who gets the most temporal blessings is the man that praises God least. A man may be thankful for those blessings, yet he does not praise Him. In fact, I don't believe that any

man can praise God till he is born of God. You may be thankful for His blessings, but praising Him is another thing. I don't know what those people who do not praise God here will do when they get into Heaven; they will be strangely out of place there, because praise is the occupation of Heaven. The redeemed praise Him all the time.

A little boy whose father was a professed Christian was converted, and he was full of praise. He wondered why his father didn't talk about Christ, and why he didn't go down to the special meetings. One day, as the father was reading the papers, the boy came to him and put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"Father, why don't you praise God? Why don't you sing about Christ? Why don't you go down to the meetings?"

The father opened his eyes, and looked at him and said gruffly:

"I am not carried away with any of these things. I'm established."

A few days after, they were getting in a load of wood. They put it on the cart. The father and the boy got on top of the load and tried to start the horse. They used the whip, but the horse wouldn't move. They got off and tried to push the wagon along, but they could neither move wagon or horse.

"I wonder what's the matter?" said the father.

"He's established," replied the boy.

That is the way with a good many Christians.

If things go against you, just think they might be a good deal worse. A man who was in the Union army used to say he could always tell when a Christian addressed a soldier. One man would say:

"I see you've lost your leg. Where did you lose it?"

"In the war."

"What a pity you ever went into the army. I feel sorry for you."

Another would come along:

"I see you've lost an arm; were you in the war?"



“Yes.”

“Well, that is a pity; but, bless God, you didn’t lose the other arm.”

There was a poor afflicted man living in Chicago, and I never came out of his house without praising God. He was deaf, dumb, blind, and had the lockjaw. He had a hole between his teeth, and all the food he took was put through that hole. My friend, do you ever thank God for your senses? Do you ever thank God for your eyes, by which you can read His Word? Think of the three millions of people in this world who haven’t any sight at all. Hundreds of thousands of them never saw the mother who gave them birth; never saw their own offspring; never saw nature in all its glory; never saw the beautiful sun and the stars. Do you ever praise God for the ears by which you can hear the voice of man, by which you hear the Gospel preached, by which you hear the songs of Zion? Did you ever praise Him for your reason?

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE ELEMENTS OF PRAYER — *Continued.*

The Boy Who Wanted a Razor — Thrilling Incident in Mr. Moody's Life — The Imperiled Steamer — A Tiny Light over the Waves — Rescuing a Ship's Passengers from a Watery Grave — A Remarkable Answer to Prayer — The Boy Who Wanted a Bicycle — Pleading for a Father's Life — Wonderful Work of a Bedridden Boy — Mr. Moody Prays for His Brother Twenty Years — Praying for Ridiculous Things — Praying on the Way Home — Knocking at the Door — "My Heart is Breaking" — A Wonderful Story of Answer to Prayer — A Mother's Earnest Appeal — The Prayer in the Woods — An Incident in Nashville during the Civil War — The Soldier's Letter — "Chaplain, Won't You Read That" — Reminiscences of the Civil War — Emma and Her Doll — Mr. Moody's Experience with an Audience of Cambridge Students — Trying to Break up the Meeting.

**A**NOTHER element of true prayer is Faith, — faith to believe that God not only hears, but is going to give an answer to prayer. I honestly believe that if we meet that condition our prayers will be answered. Some people have an idea that God must say "Yes" to everything we ask, or else He doesn't answer. Now when He says "No," it is just as much an answer as when He says "Yes," and sometimes it is a better answer.

We should get a good many things we ask for if God did not love us too well to answer all our prayers. A man was once shaving himself, and his little boy came up and said:

"Father, let me have the razor."

"Why, my boy, what do you want it for?"

"Oh, I just want to whittle a little with it; I just want to play with it."

"No, I cannot let you have it, my boy. You will cut yourself."

“No, I won’t! I want it, it shines so!”

“You cannot have it.”

And the little fellow sat down and cried as though his heart would break, and said his father didn’t love him, because he wouldn’t give him the razor. Do you say the father did not love the boy? He loved him too well to grant a foolish request. Now, there are a great many of God’s people who are just like this little boy. They are praying for razors. God knows what we need better than we do.

I was on the disabled ocean steamer *Spree* in 1892, when for forty-eight hours it seemed certain that we would go down. Protestants, Jews, Catholics, and all, prayed there. Our danger swept skeptics off their feet. I had a discussion with a man only the night before, and he said prayer was an exercise for the man that made it, — the Lord didn’t hear it. But it was a wholesome exercise; it would teach us submission. I was greatly cast down on that vessel. My wife and two children were on this side of the ocean. I had been away from my country a long while, and was returning home. I just longed to get to my family. I lay awake that Saturday morning at daybreak, and felt the old boat tremble. Then the lifeboats were launched, and the life preservers were brought up on deck, and we were told to put them on. It looked as if it were to be a leap into the ocean. But all that day my heart was peaceful. Sunday came. The moment you spoke to people about their souls they would tremble like aspen leaves; they thought we were going down instantly. Some one may say: “What an opportunity you had for doing good!” A poor opportunity. During a great calamity is a pretty poor time to preach to people.

There was never a more earnest prayer to God than that of those seven hundred souls on that helpless, almost sinking ship in mid ocean. We were drifting out of the track of vessels, and our peril was extreme.

Sunday evening, Nov. 27th, we gathered together to implore God’s help, and I read the ninety-first Psalm; and when

I read that verse, "I will be with him in trouble," my burden rolled away, and light burst in upon me. From that hour I was as calm as a little babe I saw in its mother's arms. I went to my berth and lay down, and slept as soundly as ever. I said, "I may be in Heaven when I awake. But I may reach Northfield. This boat can't go down without the will of God, and if it is the will of God that I should go to Heaven, His will be done."

About 2.15 that morning my son came to my stateroom and awakened me, telling me to come on deck. There he pointed out in the dim distance a tiny light that we could occasionally catch a glimpse of as it shone over the waves as our ship rolled heavily from side to side. "It is our star of Bethlehem," I said, "and our prayers are answered." Before daylight the *Huron*, whose masthead light it was, had reached us, and the waves were stilled and the winds were hushed by divine command, while we were drawn out of the direst peril to a safe haven. God answered our prayer. He sent us a rescuing ship, and He calmed the ocean so that for a week it was as smooth as a harbor. It was a grand test of prayer.

God does not always take the thorns away, but He gives more grace. Trust God, and He will give you grace to bear the thorn and bring you nearer to Him. So, if all your prayers are not answered in just the way or order you ask, don't think for a moment that God does not answer prayer.

If I had a boy four years old who asked me for a fast horse, he would get an answer pretty quick, but he wouldn't get the horse. There are a great many things that our children ask for that they don't get. I want to have my children on such terms with me that they will come to know that I love them too well to give them everything they ask for. One of my boys went through all my sermons to turn what I had said about answering prayer into an argument that he ought to have a bicycle. Now faith believes that if God is to answer your prayers for your highest, best interests, He is going to answer them in His own way.





IN PERIL UPON THE SEA. A THRILLING INCIDENT IN MR. MOODY'S LIFE.

I went to my berth and lay down. I said, "I may be in Heaven when I awake. But I may reach Northfield." About 2.15 that morning my son came to my stateroom and awakened me, telling me to come on deck. There he pointed out in the dim distance a tiny light that we could occasionally catch a glimpse of as it shone over the waves as our ship rolled heavily from side to side. "It is our star of Bethlehem," I said, "and our prayers are answered."





Another element of prayer is Perseverance. God hasn't set the day that He is going to answer our prayers; it may be long after we are in glory that our prayers will be answered. Many a boy has been brought to Christ long after his father and mother were dead. Many a boy has looked upon the face of his father and mother in their coffins and then turned to God. Many a young man has been converted at his father's grave.

There is a story told of a governor of New Jersey who was besought by a woman to pardon her husband then under sentence of death. She came day after day until he was so distressed that he gave orders not to admit her into his office — he could not be troubled any more with her. One day she gained admission by strategy, and she had her ten children with her; and they all fell on their knees and cried, "Governor, pardon our father!" And the mother said, "For the sake of these ten children spare the life of my husband." It touched his heart and the life of her husband was spared.

A little bedridden boy whom I knew, kept mourning because he couldn't work for Jesus. The minister told him to pray, and pray he did; and the persons he prayed for one by one professed Christ. When he heard that such a one had not accepted Him, he just turned his face to the wall and prayed harder. Well, he died; and from his little memorandum-book it was found that he had prayed for fifty-six persons daily by name, and before he was buried all of them had given their hearts to Jesus. Tell me that little boy won't shine in the kingdom of God!

We ought not to give men up as long as they are on earth; while we have life ourselves, let us keep on praying. We can't tell when our prayers will be answered; it may take years. I remember when in England I was told of a lady who had a godless husband; he had forbidden her ever to speak to him on the subject of religion. She made up her mind that she would pray for him at midday for a year. She prayed every day at twelve o'clock in her room, and yet she could see no effect. Then she resolved to pray for six months longer, which

she did, and still no sign, no answer. The question came to her then, "Shall I give him up?" "No," she said, "as long as God gives me breath and he lives, I will pray for him." That very day, when he came home to dinner, instead of going into the dining-room he went up stairs. She waited, and waited, but he did not come down, and finally she went to her room and found him on his knees crying to God for mercy, in that very room where she had prayed for him eighteen months. God heard her cry and answered her prayer. I believe that many can be reached in that way who cannot be reached in any other.

I would like to take a leaf out of my own life to help those who have brothers very dear to them, but who are out of Christ. Many years ago, when God converted me, the first thing that came into my mind was my brothers. I began to pray that my six brothers and two sisters might be led to Christ. I remember the first time I went home after my conversion. I thought I could tell them what God had done for me, and that I had only to explain it to have them all see the light. How disappointed I was when I left home that first time, after remaining for a few days, to find that they did not see it at all. I was not experienced in pleading for souls then. Perhaps I did not go at it in the right way. But I kept on as best I could.

A few years after, when I was in Chicago, a postman one day brought a letter that told me my youngest brother was given up by his physician to die. I went up into the fifth story of the building where I was employed, and if ever I prayed earnestly in my life I did then that my brother might be spared. He was the Benjamin of the family. He was born after my father died. The thought that he might die in his sins was too much for me to stand, and I wrestled with God in prayer. The next letter said he was better. When he arose from that bed I felt that God had answered my prayer, and that my brother was dearer to me than ever before.

Many years after that he came to me in Chicago. I thought my opportunity had surely come, and I could lead him to

Christ. But he was taken sick again. The doctor said he might live a number of years, but that the best thing I could do was to take him back to Massachusetts. I took him home from Chicago to Northfield, all the way preaching Christ to him. He took no interest in what I said. I failed to influence him, although he seemed to love me very much. For fourteen years I kept him on my heart. I just kept on praying for him. Year after year I went back to the old home just to spend a few days with him that I might win him to Christ. He knew I wanted him to be a Christian, but he would not comply. He took no interest in the Bible, no interest in Christianity. He would talk politics, talk everything else, but you could not get him to talk of Christ.

Later, I went to preaching in that town. During the last month I asked all those present in the church willing to become Christians to rise, and he, my long-sought brother, rose for prayers. What a precious relief for my heart! He became an active Christian. And when they decided to have a Young Men's Christian Association in that town, and the young men wanted a president, they elected him. Oh, that was a blessed day for me, when my brother, converted to God, after twenty years of prayer, took charge of that little band. I heard him make his first speech, and it seemed the happiest day of my life. He was a young man of great talents, the most promising one of the family. No one of us could have done so much for Christ had he gone to Him in his earliest manhood. He went to work. He took a leading part in religious meetings. He talked with weak brothers and set them on their feet again. More conversions took place after I left than when I was there. Every Sunday afternoon he went into the country and took charge of meetings, and as I used to stand in the pulpit, and look down on him in his zealous work, no one but God knows how I rejoiced.

God called him home in the midst of his work. For twenty years he had met me at the depot in Northfield, when I returned to the old home. I always found him waiting for me there. I

never missed him. Sometimes I was three or four trains behind, but he was always waiting and watching for me. On my way home to attend his funeral that sadly beautiful hymn kept coming into my mind:

“We shall meet, but we shall miss him,  
There will be one vacant chair.”

But over and above all these thoughts a voice from heaven made itself heard: “Thy brother shall rise again.” The cloud was lifted, and for the last five hundred miles on my way home that verse rung in my ears. The Bible never seemed to me so precious as it did on that day. My call to mourning was the deepest I had ever known, for next, perhaps, to my wife, my children, and my aged mother, I loved none so dearly as this youngest brother.

Now we come to the next thing, and that is Petition. A great many times we think we pray when we don't pray at all. Did you ever hear a man in the pulpit begin, and for ten or fifteen minutes go on with a eulogy of God, and there wasn't a petition in his prayer from beginning to end? The prayers in the Bible that brought instant answers were very short. Take the Syrophenician woman's “Lord, help me!” Peter prayed, “Lord, save, or we perish!” Some one has said that if he had made as long a prelude as some people, he would have been forty feet under water before he asked the Lord to save him. Always speak out and ask Him for something. I believe that a good many of our prayer-meetings are an abomination. We come and go, and have no definite asking, or we ask for things that are ridiculous. We don't expect anything, and we don't get anything. When you pray to God, ask Him for something, and then look for an answer.

There was a man at one of our meetings in New York who was moved by the spirit of God. He said, “I am going home, and I am not going to sleep to-night till Christ takes away my sin; if I have to stay up all night and pray, I'll do it.” He had a good distance to walk, and as he went along he thought, “Why can't I pray as I go along, instead of waiting to go



home?" But he did not know a prayer. His mother had taught him to pray, but it was so long since he had uttered a prayer that he had forgotten. However, the publican's prayer came to his mind: "God be merciful to me a sinner." It is a very short prayer, and it has brought joy — salvation — to many a soul. Well, this prayer came to him, and he began, "God be merciful to me a —," but before he got to "sinner" God blessed him. He stood up in the young converts' meeting and told us that as he said those words the light of eternal truth broke upon his soul.

"Ask and ye shall receive." Importunity has three names: Asking, Seeking, Knocking. Some blessings you get by asking, others you get by seeking; but if they don't come from seeking, just keep right on knocking. The door may seem to be made of granite, but knock. I remember that in Philadelphia when we had been there two days without much result, I asked all the mothers and wives who had unconverted children or husbands to meet me one morning. About 1,500 of them came together, and it was one of the most remarkable meetings that I ever attended. They seemed to touch one another's hearts in their prayers. A mother got up and wanted them to pray for her children, and after that they went on making requests. Finally, a mother arose and said:

"I have two sons; they have been out drinking and carousing for three days and three nights, and during that time I haven't seen them. Where they are I don't know; but I know one thing, they are going to ruin as fast as they can. My heart is breaking, and I can't stand it much longer. God have mercy on me, and pity me!"

There were not many dry eyes in the room; it touched a chord that seemed to vibrate right through the meeting. When the meeting broke up some godly women gathered around her, and they all prayed for those two boys. Then they said to her:

"Instead of coming to the meeting this afternoon, wouldn't you like to have us go to your house and pray for your sons?"

At three o'clock these godly women filled the widow's cottage, and they prayed together for those boys.

During that morning the boys had separated for the day, but they had made an appointment to meet each other on the corner of the street where stood the church in which we held our meetings. One of them arrived before the other, and it being a stormy night and very cold, he thought he would go in and get warm. He became interested in the singing, and instead of going out to meet his brother, he remained.

When I was through preaching I asked all the inquirers to go into the front room, and the young man went in. The other came to the street corner and waited outside, and when the first meeting was over, and the young men started to return to the church, this man saw them going, and fell in line and followed them into the church, where he was brought under the Spirit's influence. The first brother went home and told his mother what had taken place, and while the mother and son were rejoicing, the other was in the inquiry-room giving his heart to God. The next Monday, when a meeting was called for young converts, they were present. There were not many dry eyes when we heard how prayer had been answered. One of those brothers stood up and told the story, and then the other rose and said :

" It is all true, for I am that brother."

Let us walk softly, pray earnestly, and pray for great things, and we shall not be disappointed. I remember in Nashville during the Civil War a big burly fellow came up to me weeping and trembling, and handed me an old soiled letter, and said :

" Chaplain, won't you read that ? " And he added, " I think I am the worst man in the Army of the Cumberland. I haven't slept a wink all night."

As I looked at the letter I noticed that it was stained with tears. I thought the man might have been drinking, but I found that he was under conviction of sin. The letter was from a sister, who every night when the sun went down, made it her rule to go into her closet, and pray God to convert her brother

six hundred miles away. He said that he had been in many a battle, and never trembled, never knew what it was to be afraid. "I want to become a Christian," he said. And he bowed then and there and took his sister's God for his God. At a meeting in the army I told this story and took the letter out and read it. A lieutenant arose and said :

"I want to tell you that I have had the same experience ; in the last letter I got from my mother, she said, ' My boy, when you get this letter, won't you go alone into the woods, kneel down and pray that you may become a Christian? I can't bear to think that my son is in such danger and not a Christian. I can't sleep! Oh, my boy, won't you become a Christian?' I put the letter in my pocket thinking there would be plenty of time. Little did I think that it was the last letter I should ever receive from her. When the news came that my mother was dead, I couldn't stand it any longer ; I went off into the woods, kneeled down and asked God for mercy, and God answered my prayer, and this is the first time that I ever confessed my Master."

That mother had sent up her petition to God, and He heard her cry and saved her boy hundreds of miles away.

We didn't know in the awful days of the Civil War when we should hear that a loved brother, or son, or husband, was cut down ; but I believe we live in just about as dark days now. I believe our saloons are killing as many of our young men as that war did. Isn't it time for the church of God to rise and cry mightily to God day and night that our sons may be saved? Oh, mothers, I beg of you pray, work, wrestle with God ; make up your mind that you are going to lay yourselves out for God's blessing upon your children, and keep knocking until the answer comes.

Pray for one another. We are told to pray for the household of faith. I pity the child of God who does not want the prayers of God's people. A prominent man in one of our cities had an only son in the army, and he loved him better than life. But he was a conservative man, and when he came into

the meeting the people were amazed to think that a man of his high position should get up and present his son for public prayer. But God burdened his heart that morning to pray for his son as he had never prayed before. When he came into the meeting and asked us to pray, there were a great many who lifted their hearts in prayer for the son who was then in front of Richmond; and during the day a telegram came announcing that he was mortally wounded and lay dying. He was shot at the very hour while we were praying for him. What comfort that father had ever after in remembering the prayers that were offered for him at that hour. If God burdens your heart don't be ashamed to pray yourself, and ask your friends to pray for you.

Another element of prayer is Submission. After we have made known all our requests, say, "Father, not my will, but Thine, be done." Keep that in mind. Let the will of God be done. I cannot look a day into the future, and I would not dare to take the responsibility. It is far better for us to say "Thy will, not mine, be done." Submission! Submission!

One of the sweetest lessons that I have learned since I have been in Christ's school is to be submissive, and let Him choose for me. I tell Him what I want, and when I get through I like to say, "Now, Lord, Thy will be done."

I learned a lesson once from my little girl. She was always teasing me for a big doll — a great big doll. She had a lot of dolls around the house, some without heads, some without arms, some without legs, but she wanted a great big new doll. She was determined to get that big doll. One day I took her to a toy shop, and as she went in the door we saw a basket of little china dolls. They were about as big as your finger.

"Oh, papa, isn't that the cutest little doll you ever saw?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, won't you buy it?"

"Well, now, Emma, let me choose this time."

"Oh, no, papa, I just want this little doll."

I paid a nickel for the doll and took my little girl home.

After the newness had worn off the doll was left with all the others. I said:

"Emma, do you know what I was going to do that day when I took you into the toy shop and you selected that little china doll?"

"No, papa."

"Well, I was going to buy you one of those great big ones."

"You were! Why didn't you do it?"

"Because you wouldn't let me. You remember you wanted that little doll and would have it."

The little girl saw the point and she bit her lips and didn't say another word. From that day to this I cannot get her to say what she wants. Afterwards, when I was going to Europe, I asked her what she wanted me to bring her, and she said, "Anything you like."

It is far better to let God choose for us than to choose for ourselves. "Thy will, not mine, be done."

While in England we received a pressing invitation to go to Cambridge, and I refused. I thought I had no call to preach to universities. But, later on, when we were over there again, another call came, this time a signed petition six or eight feet long; and I said, "I will go." The meetings opened on Sunday night, and I spoke to eighteen hundred undergraduates. For the first time in all my life an audience tried to break up my meetings. I had preached to all classes of people — to the hoodlums of California and other places — and never had that happened before. The students determined that no American, nor unordained man, nor dissenter, should be heard in that great university, and they made such a noise with their canes and their feet that out of the eighteen hundred present, not more than fifty heard a word I said. Mr. Sankey sang "The Ninety and Nine," and they cheered freely. I said to myself, "Here I am for a whole week, and I must go through it somehow." It looked very much as if the students were going to snatch the whole thing out of our hands.

On Monday night the disturbance was just as bad, or worse.



On Tuesday the outlook was darker than ever. But on that day a lady — a bedridden saint — who was very much interested in the work, sent around an invitation to a few Christians to get together in a little upper room and plead with God for a change in those students. That turned the tide. It wasn't the preaching. They had heard better sermons. They had heard sermons from the best preachers of the Church of England. It was those earnest Christians in that upper room praying to God that made the difference. And how they did pray! It seemed as if their prayers burst right into Heaven. I said, "The victory is ours."

That night I preached. I don't think I had much power. Then I said :

"If any man in this audience wants to become a Christian will he go into the inquiry-room?"

The students had their gowns on — of course they were known, — and if you know anything about universities you know it is pretty hard to get the students moved. When I gave this invitation I didn't know that a single man would respond. But silence spread over the audience, and fifty-two men sprang to their feet, and went up into the gallery. That night we had all the inquirers we could attend to. About one o'clock — I was getting pretty tired — a man came to me, and said :

"I wish you would come up and talk with this man."

The students were on their faces crying to God for mercy. God had broken not only their stubborn wills, but their hearts were broken. I talked to him while the tears were running down his cheeks, and he found Christ that night. Some one said to me :

"Do you know who that man is? He is the senior wrangler at Cambridge."

Among the three thousand students at Cambridge he was the best — the leader. There he was on his knees, and the power of God just came in answer to prayer. The next Sunday night between two and three hundred students came for-

ward seeking Christ. Hardly a year passes that I don't get an invitation to come back to Cambridge.

It isn't the preaching we want ; it is prayer. It wasn't the preaching that night that brought those students to Christ ; the preaching was pretty weak that night. I would rather be able to pray like David than to preach with the eloquence of Gabriel. What we want is to pray. Let us open up communication with Heaven, and the blessing will come down.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD—CHRIST THE COMFORTER.

Binding Up Broken Hearts—The Deacon's Version of the Twenty-first Chapter of John—A Startled Preacher—Trying to Deceive the Flock—Mr. Moody's Misquotation Detected by an Old Scotch Lady—"Carl, Come Here"—Mr. Moody and His Brother Searching for a Flock of Sheep—The Better Land—No One Exempt from Trouble—Mr. Moody's Visits to the Sorrowing—The Deserted Wife—A Broken Heart in Every House—A Tragedy of the Sea—Mother and Children Go Down Beneath the Waves—God Gives us Comfort When We Need It—Mr. Moody at the Grave of a Dear Friend—"I Can't Find the Brake"—An Unfortunate Excursion—The Parents' Grief—Tolling the Death-Knell—Mr. Moody's Childish Fear of Death—How it was Overcome—"Dust to Dust."

#### CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

**A**T one of our meetings in London there was an old woman who was eighty-five years old and not a Christian. After one of the workers had prayed with her she made a prayer herself: "O Lord, I thank Thee for going out of Thy way to find me." He is all the time going out of His way to find the lost. Every broken heart, every bleeding heart, He will bind up. That is what God sent Him into the world to do. There is not a broken, sorrowing heart anywhere but Christ can heal it.

The Lord, our Shepherd, is able to take care of His sheep. It would be a reproach to Him for all eternity if Satan should prove stronger than He. I always tremble when I hear a man defying Satan, and I want to add "By the Grace of God," for that is the only way. The Lion of the tribe of Judah will take care of him if he will come to Him. If some poor drunkard is trying to break the fetters of strong drink and become a free man, Satan laughs at him. He signs the pledge, and swears

by all that is good and holy that he won't drink again, but Satan still laughs, for he knows he will have him down again inside of twenty-four hours. But if he comes to the Good Shepherd He will take care of him. All we have to do is just to follow Him, and wherever He leads us we are safe. And that to me is a very precious thought — "He leadeth me."

People say they are not able to keep Christ. He will keep all who commit themselves to Him. The Saviour's work is to keep you, and if you go astray to bring you back. The man who had the hundred sheep did not say he would let the one sheep that went astray find its way back. He went out and searched until he found it, and when he found it he did not beat it, but he gently put it on his shoulder and brought it back.

I heard of a young minister who took charge of a church that had long been under the care of an old pastor. He began to scold and find fault with the people, and he kept that up for six months. One day one of the old deacons asked him home to dine with him. After dinner the deacon asked him if he had ever read the twenty-first chapter of John.

"Read it! I hope I have read every chapter in the Bible. Read it? Why, of course I have."

But the old deacon got his Bible and began to read aloud. He read to where the Lord is sifting Peter and testing him. "Peter, lovest thou me more than these? *Beat* my sheep. Peter, lovest thou me more than these? *MAUL* my sheep. Peter, lovest thou me more than these? *WALLOP* my sheep."

"Why," said the startled minister, "that isn't there, is it?"

"Well," said the deacon, "I just thought I would read to you about as you have preached to us for the last six months, and let you hear how it sounds."

Feed my sheep! I honestly believe we have too much preaching in the exhorting line. I believe that the church needs to be fed; and where there is one sermon preached to the unconverted I wish we had one hundred preached to church members. The sheep must be fed, and that is just what the Good Shepherd will do.

Some old divine has said that all of God's sheep have three characteristics. First, they hear; second, they know His voice; third, they follow Him.

They know His voice. A great many people cannot tell the voice of God from the voice of a false shepherd. A friend of mine visited Mount Lebanon some time ago, and two shepherds with their sheep came down to the water, and he said he thought there were fully ten thousand sheep. The shepherds were talking while the sheep were drinking, and he wondered how they were going to get their sheep separated. At length one shepherd got up, put on his turban, and spoke to the sheep, and they knew his voice. All his sheep followed him. He didn't drive them. The other shepherd called his sheep and they followed him. My friend said to the shepherd, "Do all these sheep know you? Does each one of your sheep know you?" "Why, yes." "Can't you deceive them?" And the old shepherd laughed at the idea; he thought it was too absurd. And my friend said, "Now, just let me try it. Let me have your frock and turban and you go behind a tree." He called out just as the shepherd had told him, "Mena, Mena." The sheep scattered in all directions. They knew it was a strange voice.

The true sheep know a true shepherd. In Scotland I once quoted a passage of Scripture a little different from what it was in the Bible, and an old woman crept up and corrected me and said, "Mr. Moody, you said so-and-so." I might make forty misquotations in an American city, and no one would tell me about them. Two lawyers were wrangling in court and one said that the other didn't know the Lord's prayer. The other said he did, and he repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep." "Well," said the other lawyer, "I give up. You do know it." Didn't either of them know it.

Look for Christ and you will not be in the dark. Now, if men and women are in the dark to-day, it is because they have wandered away from the Shepherd; because they are afraid of Him. Just draw near to the Shepherd if you want food, light,



peace, and joy. Just follow. When I was a boy and went to school it wasn't a matter of feeling, but obedience. What we want is will power. The thing we are told to do is just to follow, and if we do we shall not walk in the dark.

"He calleth them by name." I get a great deal of comfort out of the fact that the Shepherd knows me by name. He knew Saul of Tarsus. He knew little Samuel. The Good Shepherd knows us all by name. A friend of mine was traveling in Syria, and he found a shepherd who kept up the old custom of naming his sheep. My friend said he couldn't believe that the sheep understood when the shepherd called them by name. So he asked him if the sheep were all named and if they all knew their names. "I wish you would just call one or two," he said. The shepherd said, "Carl." The sheep stopped eating and looked up. The shepherd called out, "Come here." The sheep came and stood looking up into his face. He called another and another, until he had called up a dozen sheep and there they stood looking up at the shepherd. "How can you tell them apart?" "Oh, there are no two alike. See, that sheep toes in a little; this sheep is a little bit squint-eyed; that sheep has a black spot on its nose." My friend found that the shepherd knew every one of his sheep *by their failings*. He didn't have a perfect one in his flock. I suppose that is the way the Lord knows you and me. If a man is covetous, and wants to grasp the whole world, he needs a shepherd to keep down that spirit. If a woman has an awful tongue, and keeps the whole neighborhood stirred up, or if she is deceitful, she needs the care of a shepherd, or she will ruin her children. If a father, who wouldn't swear for all the world before his children, is sometimes provoked in his business and swears before he knows it, doesn't he need a shepherd's care? I would like to know if there is any one who doesn't need the care of a shepherd. Haven't we all got failings? God would never have sent Christ into the world if we didn't need His care. We all are as weak and foolish as sheep.

I am not much of a shepherd. I was at home one night, in my native town, and was stopping at my brother's. A neigh-

bor came in and said to him, "Mr. Moody, your sheep have got out." And my brother got his lantern, put it under his coat so that we wouldn't scare the sheep, and we started out to find them. It was a very dark night, and we went into the fields and kept groping around in the dark, and once in a while he would open his coat and let the light shine out to see where we were. By and by we came to the flock of sheep, and they fled in all directions. I could tell by the face of my brother that he was disappointed.

"Never mind," I said, "open the gate and they will be home in the morning."

"You know more about preaching than you do about sheep. They will be scattered all over the mountain side," he said.

We had a hard time gathering them in. They were very stubborn. So are we. We don't like to be told we are stubborn, but we are a bad lot, the whole of us. We wander away from the Shepherd, and get into a great deal of trouble.

I wish I had time to dwell on the tenderness of the Shepherd. I find that Satan takes advantage of some people because of His tenderness. Suppose a beloved child dies, Satan says to the afflicted ones, "Ministers talk about the tenderness and kindness and love of the Shepherd; don't you see how He has wounded you?" My dear friend, don't let Satan get the best of you. A friend of mine in New York had four beautiful children, and scarlet fever came and swept them all away. The poor man tried to get comfort, but he couldn't find it. He traveled all through Europe, but couldn't get rest, and finally he went to Syria. One day he and his wife were near a stream and they saw a shepherd approaching with a flock of sheep. The shepherd went into the stream and called the sheep after him. They looked at him wistfully, but were afraid to follow. Finally he came out of the water and picked up two little lambs and put them into his bosom. The two old sheep, instead of looking at the water in fear, now looked up at the shepherd and began to bleat. They closely followed him into the stream because their loved ones were there. By and by he got all the

sheep over into a greener pasture, into a better place, and when they were safely over he took the little lambs out of his bosom. The bereaved father and mother stood there and watched, and they said, "That is what the great Shepherd has done with our little ones. He has taken them across the stream into greener pastures, home to a better place."

How many times the Good Shepherd has taken a little lamb to the hill-tops of glory, and then the father and mother have looked up and followed. Have you some loved one who has gone over the stream? The Good Shepherd has taken that loved one that He may draw you to that world of light, where He has gone to prepare mansions for those who love Him.

Shall we not just let our hearts and affections be set on the other side of the river? It is but a step; there is but a vail between; we shall soon be in the other world. If we have the Good Shepherd, He will be with us in the dying hour.

#### CHRIST THE COMFORTER.

If I were to ask what Christ came into this world for, nearly every one would say "to save sinners," and there they would stop. A great many think that is all Christ came to do — to save sinners. Now, we are told that He came "to seek and to save that which was lost"; but He came to do more, — He came to heal the broken-hearted.

It is a mystery to me why those who have broken hearts would rather carry them, year in and year out, than bring them to this Great Physician. How many men and women are going down to their graves broken-hearted? For years and years they carry hearts weighted with trouble, and yet, when they open the Bible they can learn that He left Heaven and all its glory to come down to the world, — sent by the Father to heal the broken-hearted, to comfort all that mourn.

There is no class of people exempt from broken hearts. The rich and the poor suffer alike. There was a time, when I used to visit them, that I thought all the broken hearts were to be found among the poor; but I have found there are as many

among the learned as the unlearned, the cultured as the uncultured, the rich as the poor. If you could go up one avenue and down another in any city, and could reach the hearts of the people living there, and get them to relate the inner story of their lives and experiences, you would be astonished at the history of every family.

I remember a few years ago, on my return to the city after an absence of some weeks, I started out to make some calls. At the first place I called I found a mother whose eyes were red and swollen with weeping. I tried to find out what was troubling her, and she reluctantly opened her heart and told me all. She said :

“ Last night my only son came home drunk. I didn’t know that he was addicted to the use of liquor, but this morning I found out that he has been drinking for weeks ; and,” she continued, “ I would rather have laid him in the grave than have had him brought home in the condition I saw him last night.”

I tried to comfort her as best I could.

In the very next house I went to, where some of the children who attended my Sunday-school resided, I found that death had been there and laid his hand on one of them. The mother spoke to me of her affliction, and brought to me the playthings and the little shoes of the child, and the tears ran down her cheeks as she told me her sorrow.

I hoped I should see no more family trouble that day ; but the next visit I made was to a home where I found a wife with a sad story. Her husband had neglected her for a long time. She said :

“ My husband has left me, and I don’t know where he has gone. Winter is coming on, and I don’t know what is going to become of my family.”

I tried to comfort her, and prayed with her, and endeavored to persuade her to lay all her sorrows on Christ.

The next home I entered I found a woman crushed and broken-hearted. She told me her son had forsaken her, and she had no idea where he had gone.

That afternoon I made five calls, and in every home I found a broken heart.

This earth is not a stranger to tears, neither is the present the only time they have been found in abundance. From Adam's day to ours tears have been shed, and a wail has been going up to heaven from the broken-hearted. And I say it again, it is a mystery to me how all those broken hearts can keep away from Him who has come to heal them. For six thousand years that cry of sorrow has been going up to God. We find the tears of Jacob put on record, when he was told that his beloved son was no more. His sons and daughters tried to give him comfort, but he refused to be comforted. We are also told of the tears of King David. I can see him, as the messenger brings the news of the death of his son, exclaiming in anguish, "O my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee." When Christ came into the world the first sound He heard was of woe — the wail of those mothers in Bethlehem; and from the manger to the cross He was surrounded with sorrow. We are told that He often looked up to heaven and sighed; I believe it was because there was so much suffering around Him. Suffering was on His right hand and on His left — everywhere on earth; and the thought that He had come to relieve the people of the earth of their burdens, and that so few would accept Him, made Him sorrowful.

I often think of the difference between those who know Christ, when trouble comes upon them, and those who know Him not. Several years ago a father took his wife and two children to Europe, and when in mid-ocean another vessel ran into their steamer and she went down. Previous to this, when I was preaching in Chicago, that mother used to bring these two children to the meetings every night. It was one of the most beautiful sights I ever looked upon, to watch those little children as they sat and listened, and see the tears trickling down their cheeks when the Saviour was preached. It seemed as if nobody else in that meeting drank in the truth more eagerly than those children. One night when an invitation



had been extended to all to go into the inquiry-room, one of these little ones said: "Mamma, why can't we go in, too?" The mother allowed them to come into the room, and a friend spoke to them, and to all appearances they seemed to understand the plan of salvation as well as their elders. When that memorable night came, and the steamer sank, that mother went down into the waters; she was rescued, but the two children were lost.

Upon reading the news I said: "It will kill her," and I quitted my post in Edinburgh — the only time I left my post on the other side — and went down to Liverpool to try and comfort her. But when I arrived, I found that the Son of God had been there before me, and instead of my comforting her she comforted me. She told me she could not think of those children as being in the sea; it seemed as if Christ had permitted her to take those children on that vessel only that they might be wafted to Him, and had saved her life only that she might come back and work a little longer for Him. So if any of you have some great affliction, if any of you have lost a loved and loving father, mother, brother, sister, husband, or wife, come to Christ, because God has sent Him to heal the broken-hearted.

I like a religion that gives me such comfort, that when I lay away any loved ones in the grave, I know they will by-and-by hear the voice of the Son of God calling them forth. I used to wonder how Christians had so much comfort in affliction, and used to question whether I could have so much; but I have learned that God gives us comfort when we need it. I once stood beside the grave of a man I loved more than any one on earth, except my wife and family.\* As he was laid in the grave and the earth dropped upon his coffin, it seemed as if a voice came to me, saying: "He shall rise again." I like a religion by which we can go to the grave of our loved ones and feel that they will rise again. I like a religion that tells us although we sow them in corruption they will rise incorruptible; that al-

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\* Mr. Moody's youngest brother.

though we sow them in weakness they will rise in power and glory and ascend to the kingdom of light. Thank God for this: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."

O the blessed Gospel of the Son of God, what can we do without it? I was going into a cemetery once, and over the entrance I saw these words:

***"They Shall Rise Again."***

Infidelity did not teach that; we learned that from the Bible.

There are three things which every man should be ready for in this world; ready for life, ready for death, and ready for judgment. Judgment after death is as sure as life; judgment is as sure as death. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." It is of very little account how we die, or where we die, if we are only prepared for it. We ought to be ready any hour; we know not what may happen any moment.

Oh, my friends, the dying hour will come. We are hastening on to death. If Christ is not your all in all, what is to become of you? When I was on the Pacific coast, some years ago, I was told about a stage-driver who had just died. You that have been there know that years ago men who drove those mountain coaches attached a good deal of importance to the brake; they had to keep their feet upon it all the time while going down steep mountains. As this poor fellow was breathing his last he cried out: "I am on the down grade, and I can't find the brake!" Those were his last words.

A friend of mine took his Sunday-school on an excursion on the cars. One of the little boys was allowed to sit on the platform of the car, when by some mischance he fell, and the train passed over him. The train had to go on half a mile before it could be stopped. They went back and found that the poor little fellow had been mangled all to pieces. Two of the teachers went back with the remains to Chicago. Then came the terrible task of telling the parents. When they arrived at the house they dared not go in. They waited for five minutes before either of them had the courage to knock at the door.

But at last they ventured in. They found the family at dinner. The father was called out — they thought they would tell him first. One of the teachers said to him :

“ I have very bad news to tell you. Your little Jimmy has been run over by the cars.”

The poor man turned deathly pale, and rushed back into the room where the mother was, crying out,

“ Dead ! Dead ! ”

The poor mother sprang to her feet and ran into the sitting-room where the teachers were. When she heard the sad story she fainted away at their feet.

“ Moody,” said that teacher to me, “ I wouldn’t be a messenger like that again for all I have ! ”

You can’t help but say that was sad ; but what was the loss of that little child in comparison with the loss of those young men who have grown up to manhood and rejected the Son of God, died without hope, died without mercy, died without excuse ?

Before I knew the Son of God as my Saviour death was a terrible enemy to me. In that little New England village where I came from, it was the custom to toll the bell whenever anyone died, and to announce the age of the departed by one stroke for every year ; seventy strokes for a man of 70, forty strokes for a man of 40, and so on. I used to think when people died at 70 and sometimes at 80, “ Well, that is a good ways off.” But sometimes it would be a child of my own age, and then it used to be very solemn. Sometimes, after the bell had announced a death, I could not bear to sleep in a room alone. Those were days of darkness to me. Some nights I was afraid to go to bed — I was afraid of death. People may say I was a coward, but nevertheless I was afraid of death ; it was so terrible to me. I remember the first time I put my hand on the face of a corpse. A cold chill went through me. I remember once acting as pall-bearer to a schoolmate of mine, and I did not get over it for days and days. Death used to trouble me, but, thanks to God, it does not trouble me now. If He should send His mes-

senger this hour to say to me, " Mr. Moody, your hour is come, I have got to take you away," it would be joyful news for me ; for though I should be absent from the body, I should be present with the Lord.

Sometimes I used to go into a graveyard when some one was being laid in that narrow house, and when the sexton shoveled the earth upon the coffin it sounded like a death-knell to my soul. I would hear him say, " Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Now I can shout as Paul did ; I can say, " O death, where is thy sting?" Oh, the grave is lost in victory ! It is lost in Christ.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### TRUST IN GOD GIVES PERFECT PEACE.

False Friends — The Old Woman Who “Trusted the Lord Till the Harness Broke” — A Brave Missionary — “Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep” — Seizing the Last Rope — A Dangerous Feat — An Interesting Story of the Civil War — The Prayer of a Little Fatherless Girl — Asking God to Lend a Little House to Live In — The Story of Two Bibles Bought With Children’s Money — Among Sick and Wounded Soldiers — A Soldier’s Dying Message to His Mother — A Glorious Death — Mr. Moody’s Experience in the Panic of 1857 — Starting Out as a Commercial Drummer — Three Kinds of Notes and How His Employer Marked Them — Expecting Something Dreadful — The Two Quakers — A Remarkable Incident — “Oh, Mamma, I Am so Tired !” — An Incident of the Dark Days of the Civil War.

**I** WANT to call your attention to one short word of five letters, T-R-U-S-T. You will find the word “Trust” is used in the Old Testament in places where the word “Believe” is used in the New Testament. A great many people say, “Well, I will believe. I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and yet I do not think I am saved. I don’t feel any assurance. I have no peace in my belief. I don’t get the victory over sin.”

And so what I want to call your attention to is this:

1. *Whom not* to trust.
2. *Whom* to trust.
3. *When* to trust.
4. *How* to trust.
5. *Who* will trust.
6. The *fruit* of trust.

Now to take up the first point: *Whom not* to trust. If we trust in anything human, we shall be deceived and disappointed. If we trust in ourselves, the time is coming when our own strength shall fail us. If we trust in friends, they may die and leave us, or they may turn against us. How many a



person can call to mind friends who once were true to them, but now friendship has ceased. You were disappointed in them; they betrayed your confidence. If we trust in wealth, it will take wings and fly away. A man once told me that he would rather have a good bank account than have faith in Christ. I'd rather have faith in Christ than own all the banks in the world. If you trust in fame and reputation, some slandering tongue may blast them. Put your trust in something above, something beyond this life.

Now, *whom* to trust? Trust in one who has never betrayed confidence in six thousand years. He has never betrayed a trust in all these centuries, never has, never will. He cannot break one of His promises. He is sure to make it good. The God of the Bible is an unchangeable God; and if you put your trust in Him, you will not be disappointed. Some people seem to think that trust is unreasonable. My dear friends, I think it is the most reasonable thing in the world that we should put our confidence in the God of the Bible. Some one said to me, "How can you prove that His promises are good and valuable?" I said, "They are fulfilled every day, right along." Suppose a man had promised me forty years ago that every year, on the first day of January, he would give me a thousand dollars, and every year that has passed since then he has actually given me the money promptly on the first day of every January,—would I not have pretty good reason to think that that man would fulfill all his promises? I could doubt my own existence as easily as I can doubt God. It is a safe thing to put your trust in God. It is a very easy and a very right thing.

Now, *when* to trust? We are to trust Him *at all times*. We are to trust in the night as well as in the day. We are to trust when we cannot see how things are coming out as well as when we can see. There's a common saying, "I wouldn't trust that man out of sight." That is the way a good many persons treat Almighty God. They don't say so in words, but they trust Him as far as they can see, and no farther. You

have heard of the old woman whose horse ran away with her. She "trusted in the Lord until the harness broke," and then it was "all up." She had trusted in the harness. Such persons trust only when they can see that everything is coming out all right.

A person once said to me, "Your doctrine is unreasonable. How can you ask a sensible, reasoning man to believe, when he can't see how it is coming out? He can't see the end." My dear friend, we are doing that constantly. You put confidence in a bank. You don't know whether the bank will fail or not, and yet you trust in it. Isn't that so? What do you know about the banking business? I don't know anything about it. Yet I would rather have my money there than in my pocket. It is a good deal safer there than with me.

A mother has an only child very sick with scarlet fever. What does that distressed mother do? She calls a skillful doctor and puts the case in his hands. She does not know much about medicine, but she puts her trust in the skill of the doctor. That is trusting when she cannot see, isn't it? Here is a man who has a case in court. He knows nothing about Blackstone or law, but he puts the matter in the hands of a lawyer, and trusts the whole thing to him. That is trusting in the dark when you can't see how it is coming out, and when you can't reason the whole thing out, isn't it? Now, then, put yourself in the hands of God, and trust Him to keep you, and to do what He has promised.

I met an old gentleman not long ago whom I looked at with a great deal of admiration. He was a returned missionary. It was necessary for him to submit to a severe surgical operation; and the doctor said to him:

"Are you ready?"

The old missionary straightened up and said:

"Yes. Is everything else ready?"

"Yes."

"Well, wait a moment."

And he repeated

“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.”

Then he said, “I am ready.” Of course he was. Thank God, our mothers taught us that prayer.

In reply to the question “*When* shall I trust Him?” I answer, *now*. Trust Him to-day to do what He has promised. You will never have a better time nor a better day than now, this very hour. Some of you challenge that statement and say, “I’ll wait until I can break off my bad habits, or conquer a bad disposition,” and so forth. My friend, if you could go on from this day and not add another sin but the sin of procrastination, you would not be able to do more than you can now. You can never trust in God better than now.

A story is told of a man who was struggling in the current of a swift river. His boat had been capsized, and the stream was bearing him swiftly on. There were three bridges across the stream; if he passed the third bridge it meant sure death to him. People rushed to the first bridge and threw a rope to him, but he passed under and didn’t lay hold of it. And he passed the second bridge and didn’t lay hold of the rope. And he came to the third bridge,—his last opportunity. But just as he was passing, he seized the rope, and was pulled out of the jaws of death. It may be that God is calling you now for the last time. Make up your mind that this is the day and hour that you are going to put your trust in Him.

And now comes the point: *How* to trust. The Bible tells us to “Seek Him *with all thy heart*.” I never see men and women seeking the Lord with all their hearts that they do not find Him; none seek the kingdom of God with all their hearts that do not get into it. You can trust. Will you?

It is told of Alexander the Great that he had a favorite doctor who was always near him. One day Alexander received a letter which stated that his physician was going to poison him; that the next morning, when he took his medicine in a glass of wine, death would be in that medicine. The em-

peror kept the letter to himself, and the next morning when the doctor handed him the medicine in the wineglass, he took it and held it in his hand while he read the letter aloud; and before the doctor could deny the letter, the emperor drank the wine. That was to show the doctor that he had confidence in him, that he did not believe what was in the letter. That is what I call believing with all your heart. Now, there might have been poison in that cup; but do you think there is any poison in God's cup? He offers you the cup of salvation. Do you think it is poison and death to anyone that will take that cup? Do you think anyone can perish who will trust God for salvation?

I pity those people who live in "Doubting Castle." You must get out of it. Don't say you will "try" to trust. I have heard some people say, "Mr. Moody, I am going to *try* to be a Christian." That means you won't. If I should say to a friend that I would meet him to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and he should say, "I will try hard to believe you," it would prove that he did not trust me. And when a man says, "I will *try*," let him change it to "I *will* trust Him with all my heart, whether I feel like it or not."

And now, *who* will trust. They that know Him. Why is it that infidels do not trust in God? They don't know Him, therefore they don't trust Him. Whenever you find a man or woman who reads the Bible, and studies the promises, you will find a man or woman who believes in God. They can't help it. But it is those who neglect the Bible and do not read about God who do not trust Him. Get acquainted with God, and then you will trust Him. The more you know of a true man, the more confidence you will have in him. The more you know of an untrue man, the less faith you have in him.

A story is told of some gentlemen in Scotland who wanted to get a certain kind of eggs from a nest on the side of a precipice, and they tried to persuade a poor boy to go over the cliff and get them. They offered him considerable money if he would get into a basket and let them swing him over the cliff.

But though the money was a temptation, he declined to do it. They said:

“We are strong, and we will hold the rope.”

“Well,” he said, “If you will wait until I get my father, and if he will hold the rope, I will go down the cliff in the basket.”

“We are stronger than your father,” they said.

“Yes, but *I don't know you.*”

He knew that his father would not let go of that rope. He could trust his father; these strangers he could not trust. That is the trouble with people. They do not know Him. Get acquainted with Him, and then you can't help but trust Him.

Now I come to the last point: The *fruit* of trust. Mankind is in pursuit of rest. That is the cry of the world. Probe the human heart, and you will find deep down in it the longing for rest. Where can rest be found? Here it is; right here. Put your trust in the living God, with all your heart, might, mind, and soul, and you will have peace, perfect peace.

There is a passage in the Bible that I had never noticed until I was in Birmingham, England, a good many years ago. A prominent minister had died; he had received a large salary and had given it to the poor, right and left. He was stricken down in the prime of life, and when he lay on his dying bed, and thought of leaving his wife and seven children wholly unprovided for, great distress filled his mind. He was sorely depressed; he could not rise above it. While he lay there a little bird perched upon the window-sill, and the thought came to him, “If God can take care of that little bird, He can take care of my wife and children.” The confidence of a child came into his heart, the burden rolled away, and there came light and peace and joy, and he passed away triumphantly. He had committed his wife and seven children to the God of the Bible. The text I had never noticed before is in the forty-ninth Chapter of Jeremiah, the eleventh verse, “Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.” As they bore the body of that good man



to the grave, the whole city was moved, both the rich and the poor, and all the way to the cemetery the streets were lined with people weeping; and his body was hardly laid to rest before a friend raised a purse of five thousand pounds (\$25,000) for that widow. God took care of the widow and the fatherless children. My friends, I tell you I would rather have faith, and put my trust in the God of the Bible, than have all the wealth of the world.

During the first year of the Civil War I visited my Sunday-school scholars in Chicago, and I went into a home where the news had just come that the father had been killed in battle. The mother was the first soldier's widow I had met. She had two little girls, one about three years old and the other five. A few days after, the landlord came for the rent. She told him her pitiful story. She didn't know what she could do to pay the rent; she didn't own a sewing machine; she must get her living with her needle; and she didn't know whether she could find work. The landlord told her that if she didn't pay her rent on the first day of the month he would turn her out of doors. She began to weep. The oldest little girl wanted to comfort her. Blessed little ones! They light up our lives and cheer us in our loneliness. The mother, grieving for the loss of her husband, and fearing the bleak winter that was coming, gave way. Hope seemed gone. And the little girl said:

"Don't cry, mamma. Won't God take care of us? Won't He hear us?"

"Oh, yes, my child."

"Well, then, what makes you cry, mamma? Mayn't I go and ask Him to take care of us?"

She went into her room. The door was ajar, and the little one knelt down by her bed, and this was her prayer:

"O God, You have come and taken away my papa, and my mamma hasn't any money to pay the landlord, and he is going to turn us out of doors. We will sit on the doorsteps and catch cold and die. Won't You lend us a little house to live

in ?" Then she said to her mother, "Mamma, don't cry. I am sure God will hear my prayer. He will give us a home."

I just made that known among the business men of Chicago, and a lot was bought and a house put up for that woman, and it was, I think, the first house put up for a soldier's widow in Chicago.

Not long after this she brought her two little girls to see me. They had a penny bank, and they said:

"We want to do something for the soldiers. We want you to take this money and buy a Bible, and take it into the army, and find a soldier who is not a Christian and give it to him so that we can pray for him."

The father and husband was gone, but the widow and children wanted to pray for some one. I went to the Bible House and got two Bibles and took them with me into the army, and when in front of Richmond I stood up and told the story. I held up one of the Bibles and said:

"If there is a soldier here who is not a Christian, who wants to come forward and kneel down and take this Bible, and have the prayers of that widow and those little children in Chicago, will he come forward?"

It is pretty hard to get a soldier to move in that direction. But they came forward by scores. I gave only one Bible, and that night several,—I believe a great many,—started for the kingdom of God. The next night I was in another part of the army, and I told the story, and the soldiers sprang forward to get the Bible and the prayers of the children and the widow. I believe that God used this widow and her children to bring a good many into the kingdom of God.

No man or woman who trusted in God was ever disappointed or ever will be. I once noticed a lady in one of our meetings who sat near the pulpit; and every time I looked down her eyes were riveted upon me. One day I said to her:

"My friend, are you a Christian?"

"Oh, no," she said, "I have been seeking Christ these three years, but cannot find Him."

"There is some mistake about that," I said.

"Do you mean that I have not been seeking Him?"

"Well, I know He has been looking for you for twenty years."

"What am I to do, then?"

"Do? Do nothing; probably the trouble is that you have been trying to do."

"But how am I to be saved, then?"

"You are to believe on Him, and stop trying."

"Believe! believe! believe! I have heard that word until my head swims; everybody says it, and I am none the wiser."

"Well," I said, "I will drop that word for another. The word 'believe' is used in the New Testament, and the word 'trust' in the Old. I will say to you, *trust* the Lord to save your soul."

"If I say I will trust Him, will He save me?" she asked.

"If you really do trust Him He will save you."

"I trust the Lord to save me," she said. "But," she added, "I do not feel any different."

"I think you have not been looking for Christ; you have been looking for feeling. God does not tell you to feel; He tells you to *trust* Him; and you are to let feelings take care of themselves."

"But I have heard people say they felt happy when they became Christians."

"Well, wait until you become a Christian, and then you may talk about a Christian's experience; you must trust the Lord that He will keep you."

She sat there five minutes, and then put out her hand to me, and said:

"I trust the Lord Jesus Christ to save my soul."

That was all there was to it, no praying, no weeping. The next night, while I was preaching, she sat in front of me; and I could see joy written on her face, and the light from fields of glory shining in her eyes. At the close of the meeting she was the first to go into the inquiry-room, and when I



MR. MOODY TELLING THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW'S STORY IN CAMP.

The father and husband was gone, but the widow and children wanted to pray for some one. So I went to the Bible house and bought two Bibles and took them with me into the army, and when in front of Richmond I told the widow's story, I held up one of the Bibles and said, "If there is a soldier here who wants to come forward and take this Bible, and have the prayers of that widow and those children in Chicago, will he come forward."





went in there she had her arm around a young lady's neck and was saying: "It is only to *trust* Him." She led more souls to Christ in two weeks in that church than any other worker.

Oh, my friends, there is nothing to hinder your trusting Him! If you trust, when Death comes he won't be unwelcome; he won't terrify you. I remember coming down the Tennessee River after a battle, and we had four hundred and fifty wounded men on board the vessel. A good many of them were mortally wounded. A few of us had gone to look after their temporal and spiritual wants. We made up our minds we would not let a man die on the boat without telling him of Christ and Heaven — that we would tell them of Christ as we gave them a cup of cold water. We found one young soldier unconscious. His leg had been amputated, and he was sinking rapidly. I asked the doctor:

"Will this man live?"

"We have amputated one of his legs, and he has lost so much blood he will probably die."

"Is there anything you can do to restore consciousness?"

"Give him a little brandy and water, and it may revive him for a few minutes."

I gave him the brandy and water. Then I said to the wounded soldier next to him:

"Do you know this young man?"

His eyes brightened as he answered:

"Yes, we came from the same town; we belong to the same company; we enlisted together."

"Where do his father and mother live?"

"His father is dead, and his mother is a widow."

I thought the mother would be anxious to get some message from her boy, and I asked if she was a Christian.

"Yes, she is a godly woman."

"Has he any brothers or sisters?"

"He is an only son; but he has two sisters," was the answer.

I was anxious to get some message from the son to the widowed mother. Every once in a while I would speak the

young man's name, and after I had spoken it a number of times, he slowly opened his eyes.

"William, do you know where you are?" I said.

"Oh, yes; I am on my way home to mother."

"The doctor has told me that you cannot live. Have you any message to send home to your mother?"

"Tell her I died trusting in Christ," he said.

Oh, how sweet it was! It seemed as if I were at the very gate of Heaven.

"Is there anything else?" I asked. He was sinking rapidly, but he replied:

"Yes, tell my mother and sisters to be sure and meet me in Heaven."

In a few minutes he was unconscious, and in a few hours he died. What a glorious end! "Tell my mother I died trusting in Christ."

Some years ago a gentleman came to me and asked which I thought was the most precious promise of all those that Christ left. I could not answer the question. It is like a man with a large family of children, he cannot tell which he likes best; he loves them all. But this is one of the sweetest promises of all: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee."

There are a good many people who think the promises are not going to be fulfilled. There are some that you do see fulfilled, and you cannot help but believe they are true. Now, remember that all the promises are not given without conditions; some promises are given with and others without conditions.

After the Panic of 1857 I went to work for a business man in Chicago who was going to send me out as a commercial drummer. I was to collect debts as well as sell goods. The day I started out he was very busy looking over a lot of notes, and every time I went into his office I saw him working on those notes. Just before I started for the train he called me in and gave me my instructions. He said, "I have here three classes of notes. You will see there is a private mark at the

bottom of each note. One class is marked 'B.' That is for your own eye. That is a 'bad' debt. Get ten cents on a dollar; get anything you can, and settle that up. Here is another class of notes. You will find they are marked 'D.' I am afraid the man is going to fail. Get all the collateral or security you can. Get another man's name on the note if you can. Fix it up some way. Here is another class marked 'G.' That stands for 'Good.' Don't give any discount on them." They were all written the same, — all four months notes. It made all the difference who signed them. I find that the Church has divided up God's promises in pretty nearly the same way. Some they consider "Bad." But I want to tell you, always put down "Good" against every one of God's promises.

It troubles many people a great deal as to how they should come to Christ. I have thought a great deal about that word "come," and tried to find a way in which I could make its meaning plainer to people, but I have at last come to the conclusion that the only way to come is to come. One of the first things we were taught was to come. We were first taught to look and then to come. The little child learns to come to its mother by pushing its chair along when its mother calls "come." So I say to you, come; if you can't run, walk; if you can't walk, creep; but come, in some way.

I was preaching in Chicago to an audience of women one Sunday afternoon, and after the meeting was over a lady said she wanted to talk to me. She said she would accept Christ, and after some conversation she went home. I looked for her for a whole week, but didn't see her until the next Sunday afternoon. She sat down right in front of me and her face had a sad expression.

After the meeting was over I asked her what the trouble was. She said:

"Oh, Mr. Moody, this has been the most miserable week of my life."

I asked her if there was any one whom she had had trouble with and whom she could not forgive. She answered:

"No, not that I know of."

"Well, did you tell your friends about having found the Saviour?"

"Indeed I didn't; I have been all the week trying to keep it from them."

"Well, that is the reason why you have no peace."

She wanted to take the crown, but didn't want the cross.

"Why," she said, "if I should go home and tell my infidel husband that I had found Christ I don't know what he would do; I think he would turn me out."

"Well," I said, "go out."

She went away promising that she would tell him.

The next night I gave an address to men only, and in the hall there were eight thousand men and one solitary woman. After the services I went into the inquiry-meeting and found this lady and her husband there. She introduced me to him (he was a doctor and a very influential man), and said:

"My husband wants to become a Christian."

I took my Bible and told him about Christ, and he accepted Him. I said to her after it was all over:

"It turned out quite differently from what you expected, didn't it?"

"Yes," she said, "I was never so troubled in my life. I expected he would do something dreadful, but it has turned out so well."

She took God's way and got rest. You may have rest.

Two Quakers in Philadelphia attended our meetings, and every morning they talked about the sermons. One of them came forward and the Lord blessed him, and he wanted to tell his brother, but didn't know how to do it. The next morning as the brother came down to breakfast, he said:

"I can't take up a paper that is not full of Moody, and if I could read of any one's being converted in Philadelphia, I would myself be converted."

"Look at me," said the brother, "I have been converted."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do."

Well, the poor fellow couldn't say anything. That was in 1875. I was in Philadelphia twenty-two years after and I met my Quaker friend, and I said :

"How are you getting on? Have you lost sight of Christ as your personal Saviour?"

"Thank God, no! It is better and better."

He "yoked" himself with Jesus Christ. If there is any odium cast on Jesus Christ, take your share of it, and you will have your share of glory by and by. Don't sneak off like a coward. If a man has anything to say against Jesus Christ in your hearing, be ready to speak up for him.

One day, in Wales, a lady told me this little story: An English friend of hers had a child that was sick. At first they considered there was no danger, but one day the doctor saw that the symptoms were very unfavorable. He led the mother out of the room and told her that the child could not live. The dreadful news came like a thunderbolt. After the doctor had gone the mother went into the room where the child lay and began to talk to her:

"Darling, do you know you will soon hear the music of Heaven? You will hear sweeter songs than you have ever heard on earth; you will hear them sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Won't that be sweet, darling?"

And the little child turned her head away, and said:

"Oh mamma, I am so tired and so sick that I think it would make me worse to hear all that music."

"Well," the mother said, "you will soon see Jesus," and she went on picturing Heaven as it is described in Revelations; but the little child again turned her head away and said:

"Oh mamma, I am so tired that I think it would make me worse to see all those beautiful things!"

Then the mother took her little one in her arms and tenderly pressed her to her heart. And the little one whispered:

"Oh mamma, that is what I want! If Jesus will only take me in his arms and let me rest."



Dear friend, are you not tired and weary of sin? Are you not weary of the turmoil of life? You can find rest on the bosom of the Son of God.

When I hear a man say that he is a Christian, but is not at peace, I am always suspicious of his conversion. There are a great many men who want peace, but want to cover up some sin. You cannot have peace until you have brought that sin to Christ and He has put it away.

Years ago my little boy had some trouble with his sister and he didn't want to forgive her. At night after he had knelt down by his mother and said his prayers, I went up to him and said :

"Willie, did you pray?"

"I said my prayers."

"Yes, but did you pray?"

"I said my prayers."

"I know you said them, but did you pray?" He hung his head.

"You are angry with your sister?"

"Well, she had no business to do so."

"That has nothing to do with it; you have the wrong idea, my boy, if you think that you prayed to-night."

You see he was trying to get over it by saying, "I said my prayers to-night." I find that many people say their prayers every night, just to ease their conscience. Then I said:

"Willie, if you don't forgive your sister, you will not sleep to-night. Ask her to forgive you."

"Oh, yes, I shall sleep well enough; I'm going to think about being out in the country!" he said.

That is the way that we frequently do; we try to think of something else to get rid of the thought of sins, but we cannot. I said nothing more to him, but soon he called his mother and said:

"Mother, won't you please go up and ask Emma if she will forgive me?"

Then I heard him murmuring in bed, and he was saying his prayers. And he said to me:

“ Papa, you were right. I could not sleep, and I cannot tell you how happy I am now.”

I remember attending a meeting after the Civil War had been going on for about six months. The army of the North had been defeated at Bull Run ; in fact we had had nothing but defeat, and it looked as though the Republic was going to pieces. We were much cast down and discouraged. At this meeting it seemed as if every speaker had hung his harp upon the willow, and it was one of the gloomiest meetings I ever attended. Finally an old man with beautiful white hair arose to speak, and his face literally shone. “ Young men,” he said, “ you do not talk like sons of the King. Though it is dark just here, remember it is light somewhere else.” Then he went on to say that if it were dark all over the world, it was light up around the throne.

He told us he had come from the east, where he had been up on a mountain to spend the night and see the sun rise. As the party was climbing up the mountain, and before it had reached the summit, a storm came on. He said to the guide, “ I will give this up ; take me back.” The guide smiled and replied, “ I think we shall get above the storm soon.” On they went ; and they soon reached a place where it was as calm as any summer evening. Down in the valley a terrible storm raged ; they could hear the thunder roll, and see the lightning’s flash ; but all was serene on the mountain top. “ And so, my young friends,” continued the old man, “ though all is dark around you, come a little higher up and the darkness will flee away.” Often when I have been inclined to get discouraged, I have thought of what he said. Now, if you are down in the valley amidst the fog and the darkness, get a little higher up, get nearer to Christ, and know more of Him.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### EXCUSES.

The Three Men Who Were Invited to a Feast — The Five Yoke of Oxen — The Sunday Newspaper — Sunday and the Bicycle — Death-bed Repentance — The Bridge of Sighs — A Hard Master — Mr. Moody's Efforts to Release a Man from Prison — Putting On the Uniform of Heaven — Hiring a Model — The Beggar and His New Suit of Clothes — Too Well Dressed — The Barefooted Beggar Boy — How He Obtained Five Pairs of Boots a Day — The Reckless Sailor Who Longed for a Better Life — Some of His Experiences — Blackballed — Quacks and Shysters — Drinking "On the Sly" — "A Church Member Cheated Me" — "Lies" and "Shams" — The Troubled Scotchman — One Way of Declining an Invitation to Dinner — Two Excuses Men Seldom Give — A Bereaved Parent's Letter to Mr. Moody.

THERE were once three men who were invited to a feast. It was not an ordinary feast, but a royal feast. The common people do not have invitations to royal feasts. I have been in England a good many times, but I never got sight of the Queen, I believe, and no invitation came to me from Windsor Castle. But you have to-day a genuine invitation to a feast; a King wants you there, and He wants you to come a thousand times more than you want to go.

These three men, with one accord, "began to make excuse." Now, notice the expression: "began to *make* excuse." They did not have an excuse, and so they manufactured one. Did you ever do that? You've been invited to places where you didn't want to go, haven't you? And you began to invent an excuse, didn't you? The first thing Adam did after he sinned was to make an excuse. To excuse ourselves we generally give the poorest one we can make. There never was a more cowardly excuse than Adam gave: "The woman whom Thou

gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." He is a mighty mean man who hides behind his wife. You never saw a man who didn't have some excuse for his sin, and you can hardly find a man anywhere who has not an excuse ready on the end of his tongue. Ask a man why he does not become a Christian, and he will have a ready-made excuse that the world never heard of; it will roll off his tongue like oil off marble.

The first man who was invited to the feast said: "I have 'bought a piece of ground and I must needs go and see it." Why didn't he go and see the ground before he bought it? I have no doubt he had paced every rod of it lengthwise and across, but when the time came to go to the feast, he remembered that real estate transaction, and so gave that as an excuse. Perhaps he sent word back to the King that there was no one in all the kingdom he would rather feast with, but "Business before pleasure, so I pray thee have me excused." Real estate and corner lots keep a good many men out of God's kingdom.

The next man's excuse was equally frivolous: "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them." Why didn't he prove his oxen before he bought them? But he had bought his oxen, and he now hid behind them. Almost every one else would have said, "I would rather be at the feast than miss it;" but this man must prove his oxen, and away he went.

The last man said, — and what an excuse! — "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." Now, I want to ask you: Did you ever see a young bride in your life that didn't like to go to a feast? This invitation was not meant for the husband alone, but for the wife as well. Why didn't he take his wife with him? But he wanted an excuse, and he said, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

Now, you laugh at these three men. To you their excuses look very flimsy. Let me tell you they are outright lies, every one of them. These men were lying and the whole thing was a sham.

It is a sad thing for a man to say that he wants to be excused from Heaven. Life is very dear to me. God has piled up blessings on top of one another, and I have never seen a time when I wanted to die. I want to live as long as God can use me. My work is sweet. God has given me a good and affectionate family. I would rather preach than be in Paradise. But, sweet as life is, I would rather be torn in pieces than hear sinners make frivolous excuses.

Some people say, "Mr. Moody, the reason why I don't become a Christian is because there are so many things in the Bible I don't understand." Among such men I never found but one in all my life who claimed to have read the Bible through, and he could only quote one verse, "Jesus wept." As for the mysteries in that Book, I am glad they are there. If I could read that Book as I do any other book, I would have mastered it over forty years ago. I am glad there are heights and depths I have never been able to fathom, and lengths and breadths no man has ever been able to measure. If man wrote that Book, we could write another, and we could have thousands of different Bibles. If I could understand it all it would be pretty good proof that it did not come from God.

Now, take the lawyers. How they dig at and study Blackstone, and after they have been studying it ten years they say they have not mastered it all. You never see men digging ten years at the Bible as lawyers dig at Blackstone. Here is a book that teaches not only the things of this life but of the life to come, and because people cannot understand the Bible as they do the alphabet they say it is full of contradictions and mysteries.

You can never stand at the bar of God and give that old, bungling excuse for not becoming a Christian. Did you ever think how dark this world would be without the Bible? Millions of men have gone down to the grave because of their loyalty to it. I thank God I live in a Protestant country where I can read the Bible; and every man in America ought to thank God he has got this Book, and he should stand by it,



and hold on to it, and not give up an inch. Anarchy and nihilism would sweep this whole country, and neither property nor life would be safe if it were not for the Bible. They have tried to stamp it out, but God has raised up witnesses for it. I think it would be a master stroke of the devil to get us to consent to give up even a portion of it. When a man leads a moral life he has no trouble with the Bible; but if he is immoral, it condemns his sins and he begins to talk against it.

Another man says, "It is not that I am against the Bible, but I like to read the Sunday newspaper." It will be a dark day for this nation when the Bible is given up, and Sunday newspapers are read in place of it. No man will stand at the bar of God and give that as an excuse.

"Well," another man says, "I haven't time to go to church because I must have some recreation, and I spend Sundays on my bicycle." That is a new excuse. Hundreds of people are now giving up the Bible on account of "bodily exercise." Put the bicycle down as an excuse that won't bear presenting in Eternity at the bar of God.

Another very popular excuse is: "I don't become a Christian because I won't give up all the pleasures of this life. If a man becomes a Christian he has got to put on a long face, and walk straight up and down, and he has no pleasure 'till he gets to Heaven." Those who believe that are deceiving themselves. I was going by a saloon the other day and saw a sign, "Drink and be Merry." Poor, blind, deluded fellows, to think strong drink would make them merry. If you want to be merry you must come to the living fountain that bursts from the throne of God; then you will have true pleasure. A man away from God cannot have true pleasure. He is continually thirsting for something he cannot get — thirsting for something that can quench his thirst, and he cannot get it until he comes to the living fountain. My friends, that excuse is just another wile of the devil to keep men from grace. It is false. The more a man is lifted up to heaven the more joy and peace and gladness he has.

When I was a boy I thought I would wait until I was about to die before I became a Christian. I thought if I had the consumption, or some lingering disease, I should have plenty of time to become one, and in the meantime I would enjoy the pleasures of the world. My friends, I was at that time under the power of the devil. The idea that a man has more pleasure away from God is one of the devil's lies.

I don't know how many times some one has asked me, "Don't you think it is an awfully hard thing to live a Christian life?" I wish I could say with tones of thunder: "No, I do not." I believe the Bible from beginning to end, and when it says, "The way of the transgressor is hard," I believe it. Go down to the brothel, or the gambling den, or the whiskey shop, and see there a man bound hand and foot. He is a cursed sinner; a slave to some passion, some uncontrollable sins have the mastery of him. Ask that man if he has an easy time. Ask the defaulter, taken from a beautiful home and from loving wife and children and put into prison, if the way of the transgressor is easy or hard. Go into the court-room, and see there the old white-haired father with his son, the latter awaiting his sentence. Go ask the young man, "Is sin a pleasant friend?" Sin always degrades and pulls down to ruin. Let no man tell me that the way of the transgressor is easy, and the way of the righteous is hard.

There used to be in the old Tombs in New York city an iron bridge that crossed from the court-room over to the city prison. I was told that it was called "The Bridge of Sighs." I asked the reason, and the answer was: "After criminals have received their sentence they go over that bridge to their cells weeping, and so it is called the "Bridge of Sighs." Over the door was written "The Way of the Transgressor is Hard."

I met a young man on the street, in New York, one morning. He had just crept out from one of the cheap lodging-houses, and he looked as if he had come out of the pit of hell. I said: "The devil works you pretty hard now, doesn't he?" He said, "That's so!" I pity the man who is led captive by Satan.

For many years I had been trying to get a man out of prison, and at last one New Year's Day the President granted our request. I cannot tell you the happiness I felt when I heard of the joy that came to that father and husband when he returned to the bosom of his family. Did it make that man gloomy to get his liberty? Take the man who is serving Satan faithfully, and then take one who is serving Jesus Christ, and has served Him for the last fifteen or twenty years, and let the two stand side by side. Then let them speak. Wouldn't their faces tell the story? If a man should say he had served Satan for forty years, and found him a good master, there is not a man that would believe him, not one. Let the man who has been in sweet fellowship with Christ for forty years tell of the joy he has found in His service, wouldn't his countenance prove the truth of what he said?

Instead of taking two men I will take two women; for when a woman falls she falls lower than man. Why? Because God lifted her above men. When God created woman she was His highest workmanship. Now take a woman who has fallen the lowest, and let her stand here to-night, and then let the most saintly of women stand beside her. Would they need to speak, to testify that the devil is a hard master, and the Lord is a good master?

Then, there is another very common excuse: "I am too wicked to come." A man might as well say, "I am too sick to have the doctor;" but because he is sick he needs the doctor. Another man might say, "I am too hungry to eat;" and a thirsty man might say, "I am too thirsty to drink." It is because he is hungry that he needs food; it is because he is thirsty that he needs water.

During the Civil War I was one of the delegates appointed by the Christian Commission to assist the doctors, and our instructions were to care for the worst cases first. If a man was slightly wounded we passed him by; but if a man was seriously wounded we helped him first. And so I believe it is on the battlefield of life, — the man furthest away from God

needs help the most. Let no one believe that he is "too wicked" or "too bad" to come to Christ. If you can prove that you are a sinner I can prove that you have a Saviour. Christ came to call sinners. Suppose the prodigal said, "When I am better off I will go to my father." No, it was his poverty and rags that brought him to him. And so it is our need that brings us, or ought to bring us, to Him. The instruction was, "Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in." Make the halt and the blind and the outcast come. I once heard a man say:

"There are hardly any 'cultured' people at Mr. Moody's meetings. His audiences are mostly made up of the common people."

"Thank you for the compliment," I said. "My Master ministered to the 'common people,' and when a man gets above the common people he isn't worth much."

What we want to remember is that Jesus Christ is the friend of the common people, like you and me, a true friend of sinners. If the Lord does not complain about your fitness or appearance, you shouldn't look to see if you have on the right kind of clothes. I used to notice, during the Civil War, when enlisting was going on, that sometimes a man would enlist with a nice silk hat on, patent leather boots, kid gloves, and a fine suit of clothes; and perhaps the next man who came would be a hodcarrier, dressed in the poorest and cheapest kind of clothes. Both alike had to strip and put on the regimental uniform. So when you come and say you are not fit, haven't got good clothes, remember that He will furnish you with the uniform of heaven.

I once heard of an artist who wanted to get a model to pose for a painting of the prodigal son. He went into almshouses and prisons, but he couldn't get one. Going through the streets one day he met a poor, wretched man, a beggar, and he asked him if he would pose for the picture. A bargain was made, and the artist gave him his address. The time for the appointment arrived, and the beggar duly appeared and said:

"I have come to keep that appointment I made with you."

"An appointment with me?" replied the artist; "you are mistaken; I have an appointment with a beggar to-day."

"Well," said the man, "I am that beggar, but I thought I would put on a new suit of clothes before I came to see you."

"I don't want you," was the artist's reply, "I want a beggar."

And so a great many people come to God with their self-righteousness, instead of coming in their rags and just as they are.

Some one has said, "It is only the ragged sinners that open God's wardrobe." If you want to get a pair of shoes from a passer-by you would go barefooted, wouldn't you? I remember a boy to whom I once gave a pair of boots, and I found him shortly after with bare feet again. I asked him what he had done with the boots I had given him, and he replied that he had put them on, but he found that when he was dressed up it spoiled his business; no one would give him anything. By keeping his feet bare he got as many as five pairs of boots a day. So if you want to come to God, don't dress yourself up. It is the sinner as he is that God wants to save. Don't let any man say he is "too bad." It is the "bad" people we want. Jesus Christ can put His arm down deep into the pit and bring these bad ones out. How do I know? Because I have seen Him do it. No agnostic or infidel can knock me off that foundation.

I remember a sailor who led a wild, reckless life. When his mother was alive she used to pray for him, and perhaps his memory of her sometimes made him stop and think. Once when at sea a desire to lead a better life came over him, and when he got on shore he thought he would join the Free Masons. He made application, but, upon investigation, his character proved to be only that of a drunken sailor, and he was black-balled. He next thought of joining the Odd Fellows, but his application met with the same fate. While walking up Fulton Street, New York, one day, a little tract was



given him — an invitation to the prayer-meeting. He came, and Christ received him. I remember his getting up in the meeting and telling how the Free Masons had black-balled him, how the Odd Fellows had black-balled him, and how Christ had received him as he was. A great many orders and societies will not receive you, but I tell you He will receive you, vile as you are — He, the Saviour of sinners — He, the Redeemer of the lost world — He bids you come just as you are.

I was once preaching in the large Opera House in Knoxville, Tennessee, and a gentleman arose in the meeting, which was composed mostly of men, and said :

“ Mr. Moody, I want to say publicly that I will accept Jesus right here to-night.”

I like to have a meeting interrupted in that way, and I said :

“ Is there any one else? ”

Another gentleman stood up and said :

“ Yes, sir. I accept Jesus to-night.”

“ Any one else? ” I said.

And a young man about twenty-one arose ; he had a handsome face, a clear, ringing voice, and was the picture of health. He said :

“ Mr. Moody, I accept Jesus Christ here to-night.”

That was on Thursday night. From Knoxville I went down to Chattanooga, and preached there the next Sunday night, and after the services a gentleman came up and said :

“ Do you remember that young man who spoke out in the meeting last Thursday night? ”

“ Yes, certainly,” I said.

“ Well,” he replied, “ we all thought he was in perfect health, but he died last night.”

I believe I shall meet first and last many who have settled this important question in my meetings. Speak out and say, “ I will.”

Another very popular excuse is this: “ I do not want to become a Christian because there are so many hypocrites in the church.” I will not contradict that statement, but I will

say, if you don't become Christians until all the hypocrites are dead you had better give up all hope. The wheat and tares will grow together until the general harvest. There are people who have an idea that a man must join a church to become a hypocrite. Now, if a man is living an impure life and passes himself off as a pure man, when he is not, isn't he a hypocrite? If a man slinks into a saloon and takes a drink "on the sly," isn't he a hypocrite? If a man is dishonest in business, and cheats his customers every time he gets a chance, isn't he a hypocrite?

Now, I want to make sure of this statement. You who do not want to go to church because there are so many hypocrites, why not use the same argument about your business? Why not abandon your business because there are hypocrites in it? Is there any profession in which there are no hypocrites? Why don't doctors say: "I'll not practice because there are so many quacks among the doctors." Are there not "shysters" among lawyers? I think you will find some hypocrites among the lawyers if you put on the same spectacles that you use to look at church-members. Are there no hypocrites among the grocerymen? No adulterating goods and passing them off for pure articles? No short weights and short measures? No manufacturer who puts a foreign label on goods made at home? What political party do you belong to? The Democratic party? Are there no hypocrites among the Democrats? What are you, — a Republican? Are there no hypocrites among the Republicans? You say you are Prohibitionist. Can't you find hypocrites among them? Are you an Odd Fellow? Are there no hypocrites among the Odd Fellows? None among the Free Masons? You won't go to church "because there are so many hypocrites there." Why not get out of your societies and clubs? Are there not a lot of men who stay there until midnight or until the morning, go home half-drunk, and yet pose as honorable citizens?

One man says, "Well, I know a man, a member of a church, and he cheated me out of forty dollars."

This excuse has been his "stock in trade" for the last ten years. Speak to him of the kingdom of God, and he says, "A church member cheated me out of forty dollars." Because a man has cheated you out of money, will you let him cheat you out of Heaven?

Another man says: "I'll tell you the reason why I don't come to Christ now, there's too much excitement. I don't believe in this sensational preaching. I never did. I want to be converted in regular order."

Well, my friend, I don't care where or how you are converted so long as you are converted. Hunt up a church where there isn't any excitement. And if you can't find a church, there's a graveyard. Go to a graveyard and be converted. My friends, do you not see the "lie," the "sham" in this excuse? There is more excitement at a race than in all the churches in six months. Men get so excited in the whiskey shops that they knock one another down; and yet when one gets a breath from God in the churches, and tries to lift men up and save them, the people cry, "undue excitement;" "fanaticism;" "this will do more harm than good!"

Too much excitement! Would to God there were a hundred times more. I pity a man that has knowledge, and has no fire back of it. I would rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal. I pity men who have knowledge like Socrates, but wouldn't get a city or the world on fire. If you haven't a desire to help somebody else, don't throw stones at other people, and say they are "too zealous." If you see a man walking in his sleep on a precipitous mountain-side, wouldn't you wake him up and warn and try to help him?

Another man says, "I have intellectual difficulties."

When I was in Scotland I got hold of a Scotchman struggling with unbelief, and I asked him what was his trouble, and he said:

"I can't believe."

"Whom?" I said.

"I can't believe," he replied.

"Whom?" I said again.

"You don't understand my case," he said. "I tell you I can't believe. I have intellectual difficulties."

He began to smile, and was embarrassed, and said again:

"I tell you I can't believe."

"Can't believe whom?" I said.

"I can't believe myself," he said.

"Thank God," I said. "I am glad you've got so far along."

A man has gone a good ways toward Calvary when he cannot believe himself.

When a man tells me that he can't believe the Bible, I would like to have him put his hand on a single promise that God has not kept. The devil and man for six thousand years have been trying to break God's Word. Until you can prove God a liar you have no ground for your unbelief. I don't believe a man has an inch of ground to stand on when he says he can't believe God. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," but the God of that Book has never deceived any one.

Then there is another excuse: "I am afraid I won't hold out." Oh, friend, if you had to depend on yourself you could not hold out. The Lord undertakes to do that for you. I've seen men who started years before I did, fifty or sixty years ago, and He has kept them all these years. What God has been doing all these centuries, can He not continue to do? If Satan comes along and says, "You won't hold out," tell him he is a liar.

Here is another excuse. Many say they would like to become Christians, but they "don't feel like it." Suppose a friend should invite me to dinner, and I should say, "I don't feel like it." He would probably say:

"Mr. Moody, are you sick?"

"No. I never felt better in my life."

"You don't want to come?"

"Oh, yes. There's not a man in the world that I would like to take dinner with more than you."

"Don't you think I want you?"

"Oh, yes. I know you want me."

"Well, what do you mean?"

"Well, I believe a man has got to have a certain kind of feeling, and I haven't got it. If I can work it up perhaps to-morrow I'll come around."

Now, God invites me to a feast. Let "feelings" go to the four winds. The question is: Do you *want* to come. If you do, you have feeling enough.

There are two excuses that men do not often give. They keep more souls out of Heaven than any other two excuses. The first is a lack of moral courage. There's a wife who would like to become a Christian but dare not tell her husband. She is going to miss Heaven because she has not moral courage. May God give her courage! Act up to your convictions. If the world wants to sneer, let it sneer. I have been laughed at more or less for over forty years, but it is like the dust lighting on my face,—I can brush it away. Infidels may mock me. What do I care. They will soon perish, and their thoughts will perish with them. Men who ridiculed me over forty years ago when I came out for Christ have died long ago. When you see a man laughing at another because he turns his back upon sin and his old life, are you going to let that keep you from acting up to your convictions? Sometimes I get on a train of cars, and some one in my hearing begins to sneer at Christianity, and then I stand up for Christ. I don't know how a man can be laughed out of a principle. Many a man has gone down to a drunkard's grave because he didn't have courage to say "No" at the right time. He had some conscience left and wanted to refuse, but he couldn't muster up the needed courage.

The other excuse is secret and besetting sin. There are men living in secret sins who howl against religious meetings, and say bitter things against the preacher. But the trouble is not with the preacher, nor with the doctrine he preaches. Such scoffers know they are not fit for Heaven. If a man isn't



fit for pure society down here, where is he going to when he dies? When men are willing to turn from their sins, they will have no trouble with the preacher or with his doctrine. If you are living in sin, make up your mind that you will break away from it.

If your excuse is a good one take it up to the bar of God. But if your excuse will not stand the test of eternal truth take the advice of a friend, *give it up*.

I beg of you, do not make light of this invitation to the feast. Would to God I might say something to bring you to it. God wants you there.

I can imagine some one saying, "Thank God, I haven't got so low down that I would make light of religious things. My mother was a godly woman, and her example has followed me, and I have never made a jest of religious things." But if you reject this invitation, and do not repent, is not that making light of religious things?

I had been preaching in Glasgow several weeks, and on the last night I pleaded with those people as I had never pleaded there before. It is a very solemn thing to stand before a vast audience for the last time and think you may never have another chance to ask them to come to Christ. I told them I would not have another opportunity, and urged them to accept, and I asked them to meet me at that marriage supper. After the sermon a young lady came into the inquiry-room and said: "Mr. Moody, I want to become a Christian." I asked a young Christian to talk to her; and when she went home that night she said, "Mother, I have accepted the invitation to be present at the marriage supper of the Lamb." Her mother and father laid awake that night talking about the salvation of their daughter. That was Friday night, and the next day (Saturday) she was taken ill, and a few days after I received this letter:

"Mr. Moody — Dear Sir: It is now my painful duty to inform you that the dear girl concerning whom I wrote to you on Monday, has been taken away from us by death. Her departure, however, has

been signally softened to us, for she told us yesterday she was 'going home to be with Jesus;' and after giving messages to many, told us to let Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey know that she died a happy Christian.

"My dear sir, let us have your prayer that consolation and needed resignation and strength may be continued to us, and that our two dear remaining little ones may be kept in health if the Lord wills. I repeated to her a line of the hymn,

'In the Christian's home in glory,  
There remains a land of rest,'

when she took it up at once, and tried to sing,

'Where the Saviour's gone before me,  
To fulfill my soul's request.'

"This was the last conscious thing she said. I should say that my dear girl also expressed a wish that the lady she conversed with on Friday evening should also know that she died a happy Christian."

When I heard this I said to Mr. Sankey, "If we do nothing else we have been paid for coming across the Atlantic. There is one soul saved, whom we shall meet on the resurrection morning."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### GOOD NEWS—GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.

Reading a Death Warrant — People Who are Glum and Melancholy — Entering Richmond with Gen. Grant — A Thrilling Incident of the Civil War — Two Men to be Selected for Immediate Execution — Drawing the Names — A Startling Message that came to Richmond — Liberating Forty Million Serfs — A Disappointed Preacher — An Empty Theater — “Herrings for Nothing !” — Incredulous People — Paying People’s Debts — The Men Who Arrived Too Late — Anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon — The Postman’s Knock — Farewell to the Little Emigrants — Anecdote of Chaplain Trumbull — Moments of Awful Suspense — The Name that Thrilled His Soul — The Governor’s Visit to a Condemned Convict — A Thrilling Incident — Wrapped in the English and American Flags — “Fire on those Flags If You Dare !”

THE first time I was in Europe an old white-haired man who used to do as much to spread the Gospel as any man I knew — he gave me at one time ten tons of tracts to flood Chicago — said one day that he wished to ask a question of me.

“What is it?” I said.

“What is the Gospel?” he asked.

“The Gospel is coming to Christ,” I replied.

“No,” he said, “the Gospel is God’s spell, or good spell.”

“Well,” I said, “isn’t that coming to Christ?”

“No,” he answered, “that isn’t the Gospel. You are preaching the Gospel, and you do not know what it is.”

I went to work to find out what Gospel meant, and found that it is “God’s spell.” — or good tidings — the joyful tidings of salvation.

No better news has come from heaven to earth, or ever will come, than the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For eighteen

hundred years men of God have gone up and down the earth proclaiming the glad tidings and telling the good news, and yet only a few will believe that it *is* good news.

I have been preaching day and night more or less for forty years. Sometimes I look over an audience expecting to see their faces light up, and, I declare, they look as if I had brought them a death warrant. A great many have an idea that the Gospel is the most doleful message that ever came into this world; and when you begin to proclaim it, some men look as though they had just been requested to attend a funeral, or witness an execution, or go into some plague-infested hospital.

I once heard two or three ladies talking about the Bible. One lady said to another:

"I saw some of my friends reading the Bible, and they looked so glum and melancholy." Turning to me she said:

"I don't think people should be melancholy when they read the Bible; do you, Mr. Moody?"

"Well," I replied, "It depends upon the kind of people who read the Bible; if they are unsaved sinners they will."

"But," she asked, "tell me why."

"Because that book is the death warrant of an unsaved sinner; but if a man knows he is lost, that he is guilty and condemned, and he comes to the Saviour, then the Bible is not a death warrant; it is a reprieve—it is a pardon—it is good news, glad tidings."

Every man who is unsaved ought to be sad when he reads his own death warrant, and that is the reason why unsaved people don't like to read the Bible.

During the Civil War it was my privilege to enter Richmond with General Grant's army. Now, just let us picture a scene on a beautiful day in spring. There are a thousand poor Union prisoners in Libby Prison. They have not heard what has been going on around Richmond; they haven't even heard of Lee's surrender. I can imagine one of these prisoners saying, "Hark, boys! hark! I hear a band of music, and it sounds as if they were playing

‘The Star Spangled Banner ! long may it wave,  
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave !’”

By and by the sound comes nearer and still nearer. It is the Union army, — the boys in blue. Next, the doors of the prison are unlocked; they fly wide open and their comrades shout, “Boys, you’re free!” Wasn’t that good news to them?

During that war many of our men were taken prisoners by the Southern army. These prisoners had been suffering in that prison for a long time, and were anxious to be released, and they waited day after day to hear the news that they were to be exchanged. One day word was brought to them that every man with the rank of captain was to be taken to the commanding officer’s headquarters. The prisoners thought that the captains were to be sent home. Then every colonel wished he were a captain. He would like to come down in the ranks; and every lieutenant wished he were higher up. They were all congratulating these captains, for they thought they were going back to their wives and mothers. They were taken to headquarters; every one of them expected to be paroled. But the prison officer said:

“Men, I have painful news to tell you. I am ordered to select two of your number for immediate execution.”

The feeling that came over that company was terrible. The officers put the names of all the captains into a hat, and one of them put his hand into it and drew out the names of two men. He read the names he had drawn — they were Sayer and Flynn. The hair of one of these men turned gray during the next night. Our government heard what was going on, and they sent this word to Richmond:

“If you take the lives of those men, we will take the life of the nephew of General Lee.”

All at once news came to the two doomed captains, “You are saved.” Don’t you think that was good news to them?

Now, you know you are under sentence of death. We are all condemned to die! Yet there is liberty for every poor captive that wants it.



Once when I was returning from Europe I met Governor Curtin on board the steamer, coming back from Russia. I was much interested in the account he gave of the Emperor having liberated forty million serfs. We thought President Lincoln had done a great thing when he liberated our slaves; but it was far surpassed by that act of the Emperor of Russia. He called his imperial council together to devise some way by which liberty could be given to these serfs. They consulted together for six long months; and at last, one night, they sent word to the Emperor that it would not be expedient or wise to free them. That night the Emperor went to the Greek Church to partake of the sacrament. The next morning he ordered out his guards, and they guarded the palace, and planted their cannon around it. At midday a ukase was issued by the Emperor proclaiming freedom to forty million serfs. They were made free. That is the kind of proclamation I bring to you, and what you want to do is just to believe in its truth.

Some years ago a man in Europe was converted, and after he had been a Christian a little while he got so full of the good tidings that he wanted to publish them and tell everybody all about it. He read in the papers that many of the factories in some of the nearby towns had closed, and he thought it would be a good time to go and tell the people of the good news he enjoyed. So he sent to one of the towns, hired a theater for one Sunday, and advertised that he was going to preach the Gospel. He expected to find the theater packed; but there wasn't a person there. He went on the stage, and there was not a soul to hear him. The keeper came to him, looked at him, and laughed. He thought it was a huge joke. The man didn't want to return home disappointed, so he thought he would go down to the shore and see if he couldn't get an audience there. A good many people were walking up and down the beach, but no one would listen to him. By and by he saw a man walking along the beach, and he had on his head a basket of fish. He was crying:



**"HERRINGS, HERRINGS, GOOD FRESH HERRINGS, FOR NOTHING!"**

"Well," said the man, "if you will cry herrings for nothing! Good fresh herrings for nothing! I will pay you for them." He accepted and went on crying: "Herrings for nothing! Good fresh herrings for nothing!" But he couldn't get rid of a herring. He walked the whole length of the street crying "Herrings for nothing!" But he finally stopped and said: "I didn't know there were so many fools in the world." The secret was, nobody believed him.



"Herrings, herrings, good fresh herrings, two for a penny!"

"How much will you take for the lot?" the man asked.

He counted the herrings and said he would take eight shillings, — about two dollars.

"Well," said the man, "if you will cry 'Herrings for nothing! Good, fresh herrings for nothing!' I will pay you for them." He accepted, and he went on crying:

"Herrings for nothing! Good fresh herrings for nothing."

But he couldn't get rid of a herring. He walked the whole length of the street, crying "Herrings for nothing!" but he finally stopped and said:

"I didn't know there were so many fools in the world."

The secret was, nobody believed him. Some were hungry and starving, but they didn't believe they could get those herrings for nothing. At last he saw a woman looking earnestly at him out of a window, and he said:

"Madam, it is true; these herrings are given away."

She came out of the house and he gave her a couple of herrings. Others were watching, and in a few minutes they had carried them all away.

Now the trouble was, they didn't believe, and that is the trouble in regard to our preaching. Men do not believe that you can get "something for nothing." You *can* get the best thing in the world for nothing. It is as free as the air we breathe; it is "Good Tidings of Great Joy."

Another man was converted in Europe some years ago, and he liked the Gospel so well he thought he, too, would go and publish it. So he started out and great crowds came to hear him out of curiosity. He wasn't much of a speaker, and the next night there were not many present, and the third night he didn't have a hearer. But he was anxious to proclaim the Gospel, and so he got some great placards and posted them all over the town, announcing that if any man in that town was in debt, if he would come to his office between cer-

tain hours on a certain day with proof of the indebtedness he would pay it. Well, of course the news spread all over the town, but nobody believed him. One man said to his neighbor:

“John, do you believe this man will pay our debts?”

“Oh, of course not; that offer is a great hoax.”

The day came, and instead of there being a great rush, no one came.

About ten o'clock a man was walking up and down in front of the office; he looked this way and that to see if anybody was looking, and by and by he sneaked in and said:

“I saw a notice that if any one would call here at a certain hour you would pay his debts. Is there any truth in it?”

“Yes,” said the man, “it is quite true. Did you bring around the necessary papers?”

“Yes.”

After the man had paid the debt he said:

“Sit down, I want to talk to you.” And he kept him there until twelve o'clock.

Before twelve o'clock had passed two more men came in and their debts were paid. At twelve o'clock he let them all out, when they found other men standing around the door, who said, sneeringly:

“Well, you found he was willing to pay your debts, didn't you?”

“Yes, it is quite true, he has paid them.”

“Oh, if that's so, we'll go in and get our debts paid, too.” And they went in, but it was too late.

Now, it is a great wonder that there isn't a rush of men into the kingdom of God to have their debts paid, when a man can be saved for nothing. To every one who is a bankrupt sinner — and you never saw a sinner in the world who wasn't a bankrupt sinner — Christ comes and He says, “I will pay the debt.”

Mr. Spurgeon told me that he once went to his orphanage on a visit. He said that a great many of those orphans had



uncles and aunts and cousins and sisters who brought them Christmas presents. During this visit a little boy came to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, will you let me talk to you a minute?" "Yes, my boy. What is it you want?" "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to give you pocket money, and give you presents, don't you think you would feel bad — because *that's me*." Said Mr. Spurgeon, "the minute he said that, I put my hand right down into my pocket and took out the money." Because that's me! And so with the Gospel. We must say to those who have sinned, the Gospel is offered to them.

I am sure there is not one, rich or poor, high or low, who does not like to hear glad tidings. In Ireland, at the house opposite the one where I was living, when a man came from the market with something that had been ordered he would ring the bell and stand waiting for five or six minutes before anyone would go to the door. Sometimes ladies and gentlemen would come and stand waiting for the door to be opened. But I always noticed that whenever the postman came and gave his double knock, three or four would rush to the door at once. Everybody is fond of good news — of glad tidings.

I once went from London to Manchester to bid some friends good bye. When I arrived at the railway station I saw a group of boys around two little fellows who were going to America. Their coats were threadbare, with patches here and there carefully covering the holes. Some good mother, too poor to send them away in fine style, had tried to make them as neat and presentable as she could. The boys belonged to a Sunday-school in London, and their schoolmates had come to bid them good bye. They shook hands and their Sunday-school teacher did the same, and all wished them God-speed. Then their minister came and took them by the hand.

When they all had bade the boys good bye, a poor widow came up and put her arms around the companion of her son. Perhaps he had no mother, and she kissed him for her and

wished him good bye. Then she put her arms around the neck of the other boy, and he put his arms around her, and she began to weep. "Don't cry, mother," said the boy; "don't cry; I'll soon be in America, and I'll save money, and soon send for you to come out to me; and I'll have you with me. Don't cry." He stepped into the car and when the train was in motion he put his head out of the window and cried: "Farewell, mother;" and the mother's prayer went out: "God bless my boy; God bless my boy."

Don't you think that when he sent the first letter to England that mother would run quickly to the door when the postman came with it? How quickly she would break the seal. She wanted to hear good news. There is not one to whom a message of good news, of glad tidings, has not been sent — better news than was ever received by a mother from a son. It is a message of glad tidings from a loving Saviour — glad tidings of great joy.

Suppose I should tell you that the angel Gabriel had come down from Heaven and commissioned me to say that just one man could be saved, and that he had given me the name. Ah, there would be intense excitement, and each one would say, "I hope it is my name. I hope the message has come that I may be saved." You would want to know the name, and you would like to have it your name.

Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull once told me that when he was a chaplain in the army during the Civil War he was captured and taken to Libby Prison. There were nine hundred commissioned officers in that prison while he was there. A little while before he was released he heard that his child was lying at the point of death. He could get no direct tidings from home, and he wondered whether his little one was dead or alive. One day the good news spread through the prison that one man was to be paroled. He said to himself, "I shall not be the fortunate one. There are Brigadier-Generals, and Colonels, and Lieutenant-Colonels here, men who outrank me. There's many a man in this prison who has more influence at

Washington.” The prison officer appeared, and Mr. Trumbull said if every man had been stricken by death there couldn’t have been greater silence. Only one man was to be paroled. Only one man was to be set free. Only one man was to go back to his wife and children, only one. And at last the prison officer cried out “HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL!” He said the name never sounded so sweet before. It thrilled his very soul.

My friends, I have better news than that. I have not been commissioned to say that only one man can be saved to-night. Oh, no, I have got good news. “*Whosoever* will, let him take the water of life freely.” There is salvation for every man.

I want to tell you that Christ has made everything clear, right up to Heaven, if you will just take Him as your Lord, as your Bishop, your Prophet, your Priest, your King. You need not fear death. You need not fear the grave. He will deliver you from the power of sin if you will only let Him come into your heart and take up His abode there.

There was a young man in a Pennsylvania prison whose death warrant had been signed. A great many had asked the Governor for a pardon for the young man, but he had refused. The Governor was a Christian, and he thought he would go to the prison and talk with the condemned man and tell him that God was merciful and would save his soul. He said to the sheriff, “I want you to take me to that young man’s cell, but don’t tell him who I am until I have left town.” He was taken into the jail; the iron door opened and he passed into the young man’s cell. He sat down on the iron bed and told the prisoner that, although he had been condemned to death by the law of Pennsylvania, there was a merciful God who could save him. He preached Christ, read a portion of the Bible, explained to him the way of life, and then he got down on his knees and prayed with him.

Some days after, the sheriff was in the jail, and the condemned man said to him:

“Who was that man who talked and prayed with me?”

"That was the Governor of Pennsylvania."

The man turned deathly pale, and said:

"Sheriff, do you mean to say that was Governor Bullock?"

"Yes."

"Oh, sheriff, why didn't you tell me? If I had known that was the Governor, I would have fallen at his feet and begged him to pardon me. Oh, why didn't you let me know! If I had only known that, he would never have gone out of here without hearing my plea for pardon."

My friends, there is one greater than the Governor, and, thank God, He has a pardon for every soul. It is signed and sealed with His own blood. He wants to pardon every one of us.

An English officer once told me the story of a young man who came to this country from England, became a naturalized citizen, and afterward went to Cuba, and was there in 1867 when a war broke out. Finally he was arrested and taken before the Military Court and condemned to be shot as a spy. The American consul heard of the case and called on the English consul and laid the story before him, and they found that he was perfectly innocent. They went to the Spanish commanding officer and told him the man was not guilty; but the Spanish officer said the law must take its course.

There was no cable to Cuba then, and the consuls could not quickly communicate with their governments. The morning came when the man was to be executed. The coffin was put into a cart, and the condemned man, sitting on his own coffin, was drawn through the streets of the city. A grave had been dug, and the coffin was placed beside it. The doomed man sat on the end of the coffin, the black cap was drawn over his eyes, and the Spanish officer was ready to give the order to the soldiers to fire, when the American consul and the English consul rode up. The Englishman sprang out of the carriage and took the British flag and wrapped it around the condemned man; at the same moment the American threw the Star Spangled Banner around him, and as he sat there

wrapped in the flags of two great nations the consuls turned to the Spanish officers and said, "Fire on those flags if you dare!" They dared not fire on them; there were two powerful nations behind those flags. My friends, if you get under the banner of Heaven, God will say to your enemies, "You put your hand upon My people and you touch Me; they are the apple of Mine eye."



## CHAPTER XX.

### THE STANDARD OF MT. SINAI.

A Woman Who Worshiped Herself — The Man Who Never Sinned — Swearing "From the Mouth Out" — A Negro Preacher Who Declined to Preach a Sermon on Stealing — People Who "Squirm" — "My Boy Richard Thinks It's Wrong" — Sunday Newspapers — How Mr. Moody Kept Sunday When a Boy — Working Seven Days a Week — The Drunken Sailor Converted — "I am So Tired!" — "That is My Washerwoman" — The Valedictorian's Mother — Coming to Commencement in Her Old Turned Dress — The Farmer's Son at College — "Get Away, Old Man; I Don't Know You" — Tempted to Drink — The Meanest Kind of Murder — "I Can't Go Into Court" — Story of the Opium Smuggler — The Cashier's Mistake — "How Far Is It To Heaven?" — An Arrow That Went to the Mark.

**O**F ALL the agnostics, or infidels, or skeptics I have ever met, I have yet to find the first one who can find fault with God's law. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." If God created us, — and there must have been a creating power, — He certainly ought to have our admiration and our worship. We certainly ought not to worship a god made by our hands and by our own imagination. If God has created, then He should have the first place in our hearts. I believe that when we give God His place, and we take our place, then life begins in earnest, and we are in a position where God can smile on us, and shower upon us untold blessings.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." I believe the devil is willing to let us worship the Bible, the saints, the angels, and the apostles if we do not worship the God of Heaven. We are to worship no image of God, but the God of the Bible.

You need not go to China to find men worshiping idols. How many there are everywhere who bow down to the idols Business, Pleasure, Children, Wealth, Dress. How many have their minds continually on the question, "What shall I wear?" I was in a meeting once when a lady came in and took a seat near the front. I handed her a hymn book but she was so taken up with herself, looking at her dress, and admiring herself generally—you could see it in her eyes—that she had no thought of anything else. She worshiped herself. That was her god. You can make a god of yourself as well as of some image that men make with their hands.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Men frequently have more respect for their family than for the God of Heaven. I know a great many men who would not swear before their children, their wives, or mothers, but they swear like pirates when they get out of their sight. It shows that they have more respect for their family than for God. A man can't show his contempt for God more than by swearing, cursing, and blaspheming. During the Civil War you could hear men cursing and swearing on every side; but when a mother came to look after her wounded son, or some saintly woman of the Christian Commission or the Sanitary Commission came through that camp,—and they were like angels passing by—the men would not swear; they had more respect for the wife, the sister, or nurse, than for the God of Heaven.

I met a man once who told me he had never sinned. He said if he knew of any wrong he had done he would repent. I said:

"Did you ever get angry?"

"Oh, yes, but righteous indignation is all right."

"Did you ever swear?"

"Well," said he, "I wish you wouldn't ask me that. Oh, I don't mean anything by that. I only swear from the mouth out."

God says He will not hold a man guiltless that taketh His

name in vain, and when a man swears and thinks it is not a sin he is deluded indeed. No blasphemer shall inherit the kingdom of God. Do you believe a man cursing that holy name will have a desire to see God face to face? But some say, "I have tried to stop and cannot do it. When I get excited, I swear." I once met a man in the South and I labored with him because he swore. He stuck to it, and he was a professed Christian, too. Now, I believe if the Holy Ghost does not take the "swear" out of us our Christianity does not amount to much. It is hard work to make me believe a man who swears is a true child of God.

I heard of a negro during slavery times who was preaching with a great deal of power. His master heard of it and sent for him.

"Sambo," he said, "I am told that you are preaching to the negroes with a great deal of power."

"Yes, Massa, the Lord helps me right smart sometimes."

"Now, I want you to take time enough to prepare a good sermon, and preach against stealing, because there's a great deal of that going on around the plantation. Study up, and preach a powerful sermon against stealing."

Sambo's countenance fell at once. His master said:

"What's the matter? What makes you look so downcast about it?"

"Well, Massa," Sambo replied, "I don't like to preach on that subject, 'cause it always throws a kind of coldness over the meeting."

I notice it sometimes throws a coldness over the meetings when we preach the Ten Commandments.

My wife was once teaching our youngest boy his Sunday-school lesson. The lessons had been for a few Sundays on those kings that reigned in Israel after Solomon, and they had got as far as Omri and Ahab. The kings grew worse and worse right along down, and Ahab was the worst of the lot. When they came to Ahab, my wife said, "Now, Paul, notice that this King Omri was very bad, and his son was worse than

his father; they kept growing worse. Now, perhaps they began by being disobedient;" and she began to apply the truth to him. The little fellow squirmed in his chair a little while and then said, "Mother, I think you are getting a good ways from the lesson." That is just the way with all of us; when the truth is forced upon us how we squirm.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." I think that is very clear, and I believe that Law is as binding and as much in force to-day as when it was first uttered at Sinai. When I was in Philadelphia, Richard Newton of the Episcopal church told me his experience. He belonged to a Bible class, and the teacher was trying to lead him to Christ. His father kept his grocery store open on Sundays, and he worked with him. By and by he made up his mind to come to Christ. After he became a Christian he told his father he was willing to work until midnight Saturday night, but he would not work on Sunday. His father said, "Very well, young man; if you are too pious to obey your father, you can get out." The next Sunday was the hardest day of his life. He couldn't bear the thought of going away from home. Monday morning he was lying in his bed wondering where he would go after breakfast, when his father came to the door and rapped, and said, "Richard, it is time to open the store." He said he never jumped out of bed and dressed himself so quickly before in his life. He worked all the week and did everything he could, and nothing was said about his going away. On Saturday he heard his father say to his customers, "My son Richard thinks it is wrong to keep the store open on Sunday, and you must buy all your goods to-day." The result was, that not only his father, but his brothers, were converted; all won to Jesus Christ just because he was willing to take his stand.

People have changed the Holy day into a holiday and a day of recreation. Now for a fact: If the Sabbath goes, the church goes. If we give up the Sabbath, we must give up the church. If the church goes, the home goes. That is the next thing. Destroy the church and you destroy the home. Keep

that in mind. I don't believe that life or society would be safe, that property would be safe, even in the heart of a city, if it was not for the church.

Now I come to the Sunday newspaper. Do you believe that I can glorify God by reading a paper that goes out with page after page of "fun," that has page after page of "society news," columns of "suicides and murders," and all the "adultery" cases they can rake up in the whole country? And if a minister has gone wrong in all Christendom, they keep the tid-bit for Sunday reading. Well, if you take such papers into your home, and your children acquire a taste for that kind of reading, do you expect that they are going to church Sunday morning if they can get out of it?

I will tell you something more. I have traveled a good deal and I suppose I have been in the churches of this country as much as any man; and I want to say that you can go from Maine to California and as a general thing you will see very few children in the churches. There are exceptions, but as a general thing the children are not there. I think it is a beautiful sight to see a father and a mother coming in with seven or eight children behind them. I get hundreds of letters saying, "Mr. Moody, ask the people to pray for my drunken son." It seems to me the time to begin is when they are children. I think fathers and mothers ought to bring their children to church with them. If the child goes to sleep, wake him up. You say:

"They don't understand the sermon."

What if they don't!

"But their feet don't touch the floor, and they get tired."

It will do them good. My mother started me off to Sunday-school, and kept me going, and it was not to one service only, but to three. I went to church and heard the sermon; went to the graveyard where my father was buried and ate a little lunch that I took in my pocket; went back to Sunday-school, and after Sunday-school went to church again; and did it all up for the whole week. I was glad



when it was all over, and when I got to Boston I declared that I would stop going to church; but I could not. When Sunday came I was bound to go. And when I stood at the grave of my mother, one thing that I thanked God for was that she made me go. If I had come to the city at eighteen years of age, without that training, I think I should have gone down to ruin.

You say that Sunday newspapers are prepared beforehand. Now, if the papers were anxious not to work on Sunday, they could get nearly everything ready on Saturday for the Monday paper. You know I haven't been around this world with my eyes shut. I know it can be done. They say there is no work done on these papers on Sunday. But see how many trains are running for them, and how many boys are selling them. If you have a conscience, the next time you buy a Sunday paper I hope it will rise and smite you. We can get on without Sunday papers. You don't find in them wholesome Sunday food for soul and body.

People call me a "Puritan." I like that. I would rather stand alone than go with the multitude if they are going to ruin. I would rather be in the minority with God than in the majority without Him. France gave up the Sabbath. How much have they made by it? In Paris I found skilled mechanics, carpenters, bricklayers, all kinds of mechanics, working for a dollar and a quarter a day. The capitalists and monopolists make them work seven days in the week, and if they won't they are ground down. The Sabbath is a boon to every workingman. I don't believe in strikes; I have no sympathy with strikes; but I confess I should be inclined to go in and fight if workingmen were compelled to do unnecessary work on the Sabbath. If you break down the Law of God it will bring ruin. It is the most astonishing thing that people don't see it. Take the criminals and you will find that almost every one of them began his career of crime by breaking the Sabbath.

There are no people whose religious influence is felt more

than the Scotch. I don't believe that any other four millions in any part of the world have turned out so many strong men as Scotland. Reverence for the Sabbath is deep-rooted there. When I went to Glasgow they put up a building in the East End and I used to stay at the West End, three or four miles away. They sent word to me that they thought I would do as much good to foot it on Sunday as to drive a cab four miles. They put me in that position, and I had great respect for them.

I used to think that I could work seven days in a week, and I was an older man at thirty than at sixty-two. I used to work so hard that the "spring" went out of me; but when I saw that I was violating God's law I repented and turned around. You can't get anything out of me on Saturday. I take the whole day of Saturday to rest, and on Sunday I am as fierce to get at an audience as I was at twenty. I read a paragraph in a newspaper the other day, that ministers are not wanted after they are fifty; that is the dead line. I don't believe ministers are worth much until they get to be fifty. People say the best is behind, that our heyday is the past. It is not so. I am growing young. I am only sixty-two. In a paper down in Texas, not long ago, an article was headed: "Old Moody here." I was shocked. Why, I never felt so young in all my life as I do now. What does the Bible say? "With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him My salvation." There is no death to a true believer. My heyday is ahead of me. I pity those people who go around with their heads down. I don't know why a man should be cut off at forty or fifty unless he violates God's law.

You hear about ministers "overworking." Well, they do when they work seven days in the week. I believe that the professional man who works hardest with his brains is the pastor. Look at the sick he has to visit; at the funerals he has to attend. I would rather preach twelve sermons than attend one funeral. If he has a heart in him a funeral saps his life. Two sermons a week, and then the pastoral calls. His work is never done. I am sorry that most of them work seven days

in the week; that is where they make a mistake. Give the body a rest.

Does any one need it any more than a man engaged in Christian work? Let the brains have rest and you can keep right along twelve months in the year. I give my horses a rest. If they have to work Sunday they get a rest on Monday. We have a good many horses connected with the Northfield farm; our Boys' School is four miles from the church, and the teachers have to ride. It was a problem to be decided how they could be conveyed to church; but I came to the conclusion that the Lord would make it up to us if we let some of our horses rest one day; and the horse that works Sunday gets his rest on Saturday or Monday. The horses are fat, and fresh, and strong. Apply the Golden Rule to the horse and the man that works for you. If you do they will speak well of you and testify for you.

"Honor thy father and thy mother." Do you think that a young man who spends his nights in whiskey shops; or a young man who spends his nights playing billiards, where there is a bar, to see who shall pay for the drinks; or a young man that goes to a brothel, is an honor to his father and mother? If a man is living a miserable, selfish life and never gives an evening to his parents, but is off to some club or fashionable resort, is he honoring them? NO.

I have never known a young man to prosper who spoke contemptuously of his parents. There was once a young man whom I thought a good deal of, who once belonged to the Sunday-school I had in Chicago. He was as fine a looking young man as I ever saw. His father was a confirmed drunkard, and his mother took in washing in order that her children might have an education. He was a young man of great promise, and when he was in the High School he ranked as high as any pupil there. I had great hopes of that family. But one day the mother stood out in front of her humble home with her washing clothes on, talking with this son. He saw a young man coming up who attended the High School, and

he left his mother and went forward to meet him. And the other boy said:

“Who is that woman you were talking with?”

“Oh,” he said, “that’s my washerwoman.”

He was ashamed to have his companion know it was his mother. When I heard of it my heart sank within me. I said, “That young fellow isn’t what I thought he was.” I kept my eye upon him. He made an utter wreck of life. I lost hope for him from the hour he denied his mother.

Dr. John Hall once told of a boy who had been sent by his mother off to school, and when the time came for him to graduate he wrote home that he wanted his timid, old, widowed mother to be there on graduation day. She wrote back she could not come; she hadn’t a new dress, and had turned the skirt of her old one once and she couldn’t turn it again. The boy said he could not graduate without her; she *must* come. He persuaded her to come. She wasn’t dressed very well. When the people had assembled it was discovered that the best seat in the hall was reserved for somebody. Soon that young man came proudly down the broad aisle with his aged, widowed mother leaning on his arm, and he escorted her to that seat. She did not know that he had carried everything before him, that he was Valedictorian of his class, and the most popular man in the whole school. When he won the prize and the medal was placed upon his breast, he slipped down and put it on his mother, and kissed her, and said, “I should never have had it but for you.”

There was nothing in President Garfield’s life that touched me so much as when, the moment after his inauguration, he turned and kissed his aged mother. I say that man is a miserable, contemptible wretch who speaks sneeringly of his parents. A man ashamed of his old mother! — God forgive him. If you have a mother, treat her kindly. She is the best friend you have. If she is alive, make her last days as sweet as you can. When she is gone you will realize that about half the world is gone.

A poor farmer was toiling hard to keep his son at school. One day he went up to the city in his old "butternut" clothes to sell a load of wood. The boy was about finishing his course and the father was trying hard to raise money to pay the bills. As he was going up the street he came suddenly upon his son, who was with some other young men, dressed in the height of fashion. The father eagerly rushed up to him and said:

"I am so glad to see you, my boy."

But the son rudely pushed him aside, and said:

"Get away, old man, I don't know you."

The father went home heart-broken—his son was ashamed of him. God pity a young man who would treat his father in that way!

When I see drinking saloons full of young men I think of the white-haired mother back in the country somewhere; I think of the father whose head is bowed with grief and shame. You who live in the city ought to do all you can to save these young men. Give them a kind word, a helping hand. I can't tell you how lonely I felt when I first came to the city. No Young Men's Christian Association or Public Library that I knew of. I didn't know where to go. The stores were closed at night, and I was out on the streets, and my feet well-nigh slipped. It is a privilege to live in some of these great cities, to help those who need help. Many a young man who has become a curse to his parents and his friends might have been a beacon light pointing to the City whose foundation is the God of Heaven.

I remember the first time a young man asked me to drink. I said "No." I told him I had promised my mother that I would never drink. He said, "You are tied to your mother's apron strings." I turned round and gave him a blow that almost knocked him down. I am now over sixty years old, and I am not ashamed to say that I thank God I obeyed my mother. She had seven sons, and not one of us ever drank. The last influence a man forgets is the teaching of his mother. Go to



prison cells — to the men confined there for life; they can't forget the training and teaching of father and mother. It follows them to the last.

"Thou shalt not kill." Hate is a murderer. I used to think that to the congregations I addressed it would be out of place to talk about murder. If I get angry with a man and wish him dead and would like to hear that he was dead, that is murder. I think the meanest murderer is the young man who will kill his own father and mother, and do it by inches; go home night after night drunk, and when the mother remonstrates, have him curse her, and tell his father to "mind his own business"; he "will drink as much as he pleases," and "come home when he gets ready." That is the meanest kind of a murderer. That man who murders me for my money is a prince to him. How many young men are murdering their parents? How many husbands are murdering their wives by their impure lives, by going off into all kinds of sin and bringing ruin upon their children; and the mother sees it, and her heart breaks, and she sinks under it and goes to the grave. Isn't that murder? When I see a young man breaking his mother's heart it breaks my heart.

Once when I was preaching in New York a boy was brought into court who had threatened the life of his mother, and she had handed him over to the police. The next morning she said, "I can't go into court," and she fell dead in the hall. Didn't that boy murder his mother? Of course he did.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery." I would like to pass over this commandment and not touch upon it. But I believe that adultery is coming in upon us like a flood, and I believe that we have got to cry aloud and spare not. Now, there are very stringent laws against murder and stealing; and if I should be found guilty of stealing a hundred dollars I would be behind prison bars before the sun went down to-night; and if I should deliberately push some one under an electric car, and he should lose his life, I would be arrested, tried for murder, and would probably be hanged. But a young man may

make fair promises of marriage and ruin a woman's soul and body, and yet hold his head high in society. In the sight of God isn't his sin darker and deeper than stealing, or even murder? And yet, how many men make light of it. Think of the untold wretchedness and agony and woe caused by that cursed sin. I firmly believe that the most infernal sin that the sun shines on to-day in America is the way a so-called "fallen" woman is treated. She has been wronged, ostracised from society, cast out and dragged down by the hounds of hell; and the man that wronged her holds his head high and walks down the aisles of the church. He is not ostracised. That is a sin that God will punish some day. Do you think the adulterer is going to get clear? Do you think God isn't going to bring him to judgment? I have not the shadow of a doubt. The Bible shows that no adulterer can inherit the kingdom of God. For a man or woman to profess to be a son or daughter of God and then turn away into this sin and think that they are never going to be brought to judgment is to be under a terrible delusion of the devil. There is no escape from the law of God; He has appointed a day when He will judge the people in righteousness. Down deep in my heart I pity any man who has ruined a woman. God have mercy on him. And I pity any woman that will try to lead away another woman's husband, and blight a family, and break up a happy home. God have mercy on the woman that will do that.

"Thou shalt not steal." No thief is going to inherit the kingdom of God who does not repent and make restitution. I believe a great many men and women are kept out of the kingdom of God because they are not willing to make something right in their past lives. They have been guilty of some dishonest act. A great many men get into the church and never make any progress; they never grow. I have heard ministers say, "Isn't it strange? What is the trouble?" Ninety-nine times out of a hundred there was something in their past lives that they didn't straighten out.

I hope the time will come when a man will be ostracised just as much if he steals a large sum as if he steals a small sum. Suppose he is president of a bank, or president of an insurance company, and steals money belonging to widows and orphans. I tell you that watering stocks and bonds and selling them to poor people and then "freezing them out," as they call it, is stealing. There are a good many more thieves than some people imagine, and there must be a good deal of restitution in this country before we can have a very deep work of grace. If a man is a thief, treat him as a thief, and don't make fish of one and flesh of another.

When I was in Canada a man told me that when he was a boy a man gave him by mistake a piece of money that was called in Canada a "ten shilling" piece; it was just about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and it was gold. Instead of giving the boy a silver one shilling, as intended, the man gave him a gold ten shilling piece by mistake, and the boy kept it. The next day the man came back to the boy and said, "When I made change with you yesterday, didn't I give you a ten shilling piece instead of a one shilling piece?" "No, sir, you did not." For forty-three years that man had that on his conscience. At last the spirit of God got hold of him, and he just figured up the interest and handed principal and interest to an orphan asylum, and so got it off his conscience at last. If you have anything on your conscience, straighten it out at once. If your mind goes back to some transaction with your neighbor in which you cheated him, pay back every dollar at once.

I was preaching in British Columbia some years ago and a man came to see me who said he wanted to become a Christian; but he stated that he had been smuggling opium into the United States. He said:

"It will take everything I have to make restitution. I have a young wife and little children, and I don't know what they will say."

"I will tell you what your wife will say: she will tell you to do right," I said.

"Will you go up and see her?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I will go."

His home was prettily furnished with good furniture, paid for with the money that he had got by smuggling. I said to his wife:

"Are you willing to have all this sold and start life over again?" The tears ran down her cheeks, and she said:

"Mr. Moody, I am willing to give up everything I have to get right with God, and to have my husband get right with Him. I knew my husband had been smuggling."

Everything in that house was sold, and that woman took the last penny out of her pocketbook and added it to the restitution money. They owned a building lot over the border line, in Seattle, and the man sold it for twenty-five hundred dollars, and I brought the money on to Washington. The light broke in upon that family. That is the kind of Christianity we want. If you have stolen, make restitution.

Some years ago I met a prominent banker who said, "I want you to tell me how to become a Christian." I told him, and I thought he came out for Christ in a very decided way; but one night we had a Consecration meeting, and he went away. Just as he left me he said, "I didn't enjoy that meeting. It seems as if God does not want me or anything I have." I said, "My friend, there's something wrong in your life. Go alone and ask God to reveal it to you." The man went away, and in his closet, on his knees, he remembered he had swindled the government in a transaction in Montana. He figured up the amount, went down to the express office and sent fifteen hundred dollars to the United States Treasury as "Conscience Money." He said, "No sooner had that money gone from my hands than my conscience gave me the greatest joy." If you have stolen, go at once and make restitution. If you have a penny that belongs to some one else, return it.

Perhaps some clerk has taken money from his employer, successfully covered up his tracks, and no one knows it but the all-seeing eye of God. But he can't be converted unless

he makes restitution. It may be that he has squandered the money, and can't make restitution; but it is his duty to go right to the man he injured and confess it.

A man who had robbed his employer of five hundred dollars came to one of our ministers and told the story. He wanted to become a Christian, but there was the five hundred dollars right in his mind all the while.

"Well," said the minister, "your path is very clear; you must pay back the money."

"But," said the man, "I can't pay it back."

"Then you must go to your employer and confess it."

"But my employer is a hard-hearted man, and if I confess it he will put me in prison."

"Well," said the minister, "I will go and see him."

He went into the office of the man and told the story. "Now," the minister added, "I have reason to believe that that man has been converted of his sin. I believe if you will forgive it and give him a chance you may save his soul, and he will work and pay back the money." The employer said:

"He shall never hear a word from me."

The result was that the man became a Christian.

I was once perfectly amazed at a question that was put to me to decide. A man went to a bank and received ten dollars more than he asked for, and, upon discovering the mistake, he took the ten dollars back. His friends called him a "fool." They said the cashier had made the mistake; and the man asked me if I didn't think he had made a mistake in taking the money back. What kind of a conscience has a person who asks such questions as that? Of course the money didn't belong to the man who took it. Apply the Golden Rule. The idea of asking such a question, and asking me to decide the case, as if I were judge, jury, and lawyer.

One of the students in our institution at Chicago rode on a street car and got off before the conductor came along to get his five cents. His conscience troubled him. He happened to know the face of the conductor, and he took the five



cents to him. The conductor called him a "fool." Was he a "fool?" He would have been a thief had he retained it. He had had his ride, and that five cents didn't belong to him. It belonged to the company.

I will tell you the sequel of that. The conductor called him a "fool," and the student answered, "I am a Christian." And the conductor asked him to his house, and he and his wife were converted. The conductor had confidence in the young man. He believed in him. When the people of God set their faces to do right, the world will have confidence in their Christianity. It is these little, mean tricks we are constantly doing, — things not upright, that hurt the cause of Christ.

Some time after, the student with some others attended a meeting. They had their Bibles with them, and as they got on a car a lawyer who wanted to make fun of them stepped up to this young man, and said, in a sneering way:

"How far is it to Heaven?" And the young man replied:

"Just one step. Out of Self into Christ."

As the young men got off the car, the student whispered to the lawyer:

"Generally when a man is inquiring about the distance to a place he is traveling towards it. I hope you are traveling that way."

The arrow reached its mark. Weeks after, the lawyer came to the institution and wanted to find that young man. He didn't know his name, but he described him as best he could. They found him, and the lawyer said:

"I want you to pray for me. I have not had any peace since that night."

All came from the five cents. It was a good investment.

A man once came into one of our meetings who wanted to become a Christian, but he said he had taken money belonging to his employer, and he wanted to know if he could not go into business and pay that money back.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because you can't pray over your business and ask God to help you. You can't pray over stolen money."

The next night he wanted to make a compromise.

"No, the only thing is to pay back that money."

"I haven't got enough," he said.

"Pay all you've got. Live on bread and water and pay back."

He didn't like the terms. Finally, he came with a long envelope in which was nine hundred dollars and his watch. He had cleaned himself out. I got the two partners together in a private room and told them how he had been taking money from them, and I said:

"That is all he has left. There is the nine hundred dollars. There is his watch. There is the money that his wife had in her pocketbook. And yet it is short. Now he throws himself on your mercy. You can put him in the penitentiary if you want to."

They said they didn't want to do that; for a man who is trying to do right should be helped. And both employers prayed for him.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Love will not slander or lie. How often we have felt the sting of the slanderer's tongue, and our lives have been made bitter by some lie. I think one of our national sins is the way that men in office are abused. There's not a man that's not slandered. I believe as a general rule our public men have been good men; the Presidents in my day have been good men. But what false and slanderous reports have been started about them! Let us keep in mind that if we hear evil or false reports of a man, and we take them up, and start them along, and push them on, we are equally guilty.

If you have lied about a man, if you have slandered him, if you have abused him, go and tell him what you have done, and ask his forgiveness. I felt much encouraged one night when a man came into the inquiry-room and said, "Mr.

Moody, I want you to forgive me." "Why," said I, "I have nothing to forgive you for; I never met you before." "Well," said the man, "I have been abusing you pretty hard for about a year. I was here last night and I got converted, and I want to ask your forgiveness."

"Thou shalt not covet." Love is not covetous. I have heard people say, "I wonder why some people have so much, and I so little." Oh, we must not be covetous, for it is against the law. Let us ask God to write this law on our hearts.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

Won to Jesus by a Smile — “That Man Must be a Minister” — The Best for the Money — Light from the Celestial Hills — No Heart so Hard but Love will Soften It — A Theory Upset — “I Ain’t Never Comin’ to This Sunday-school no More” — Bearing on the “Curiosity” Chord — Making up a Bundle for Johnny — Don’t Want to go to Heaven if Grandfather is There” — Going West to Get Rid of the Neighbors — “I Suppose It’s my Duty to Say Something” — “Now, Moody, You Are All Wrong” — The Power of a Loving Word — A Story of the Civil War — “For Charlie’s Sake” — “This Is Papa’s Friend” — The Kiss of a Child — “I Don’t Want Your Money” — Melted to Tears at the Name of “Brother” — Put Yourself in His Place.

WHEN I was in London a minister said to me one night: “Mr. Moody, I want you to pray for a family who will be at the meeting to-night.” When I arrived at the hall I saw in one corner a father, mother, and four or five children. I prayed for them. When I got home I asked the minister about the family, and he told me they had been won to Jesus by a smile.

He said that one day he was passing by a house at the window of which a little child was standing. He was very fond of children, and he smiled to the child and bowed. The minister was in the habit of passing the house every day, and the second time he passed he noticed the child and smiled again. The next time there were several children there, and he smiled and bowed again. When he came again the same children were standing there, and a lady was standing with them. He thought it would not be quite right to bow to the lady, so he smiled again at the children. The lady said to her

little ones, when she saw him looking so pleasant, "That man must be a minister. I want you to follow him the next time he comes, for I am sure he is a minister." When he came round again the children followed him through several streets, until he went into an Independent church. The children followed him right in and they brought home a good report. They said they never heard such a preacher, although probably they didn't understand a word he said. But you know a little pat on the head and a kindly look goes a long way with children. Well, the result was that the mother came, and she brought the father. They all became converted, and thus a whole family were brought to Christ by a smile.

My friends, it would be a good thing if every minister had a smile on his face. There are more men driven away from churches by sour looks than by almost anything else. A minister ought to have a clear conscience, and he would have a pleasant smile. Some of you may say, "Well, Christ was melancholy, and wept over sinners." Ah, but He wept for love. There is such a thing as a man weeping in his love.

If our hearts go out toward men and we love them, they will be drawn toward us and we shall win them to Christ. We must win them to us first. The last time I heard Dr. Arnott speak he used a homely illustration. Said he, "Those of you who were brought up on a farm will understand when you wean a calf you must teach it how to drink. You take a bucket of milk and put your fingers in the calf's mouth, and when he has got a good hold you gently pull his nose right down into the milk. Then you slip your fingers out, and the calf is drinking before he knows what he is doing. And so," he said, "if you want to win people to Christ you must go lovingly to them and lead them gradually to Him."

We want to believe that the love of Christ is the best thing we can have. If a man wants to buy a horse he goes around till he finds the best horse he can get for his money. If a woman wants to buy a new dress, she goes from one store to another and searches till she finds the best dress she can buy



for the money. That is the human nature the world over. So if we can show sinners, by love, that the religion of Jesus Christ is the best thing to have, we can win the world to us.

But there is a good deal of what might be called sham love. People profess to love you very much, when it is all on the surface. It is not heart love. How often have you been in a friend's house, and the servant came in and announced to the mistress that somebody was waiting to see her in the front room; and she says:

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry he has come; I can't bear the sight of that man"; and she'll get right up and go into the other room and say:

"Why, how do you do? I am so glad to see you!"

There is a good deal of that sort of thing in the world. I remember talking with a man one day, and an acquaintance of his came in, and he jumped right up and shook him by the hand — why, I thought he was going to shake his hand off, he shook so hard, and he seemed to be so glad to see him, and he coaxed and urged him to stay; but the man said no, he would come another time; and after that man went out my companion turned to me and said:

"Well, he is an awful bore, and I am glad he's gone."

I began to feel that I was a bore, too; and I got out as quickly as I could. That is not real love; that is love with the tongue, while the heart is not true. Now, let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. That is the kind of love God gives us, and he wants the same in return.

I like to see in a Christian's face the light that comes down from the celestial hills of glory. To love those who abuse them is what the Master did; and if we have His spirit, we will certainly love those who do not love us. I don't believe there is a man living whose heart is so hard but that love can break it. A friend of mine who had a large Sunday-school had a theory that he would never turn a boy out of the school on account of bad conduct. "I considered," said he, "that those boys who behaved badly in Sunday-school had not had the ad-

vantages of a good bringing up, and for that very reason ought not to be turned out. I found out," said he, "that it was one thing to have a theory and another to put it into practice."

On one occasion a boy came into his Sunday-school who nearly upset his theory. He put him under one teacher and nothing could be done with him; he put him under another teacher, and the result was just the same. So he made up his mind to expel him, and do it publicly, and let the whole school know that he was expelled. But a lady teacher came to him and said:

"I wish you would let me have that boy."

"But," said he, "he's such a bad boy, and uses vulgar language. Not one of those men can do anything with him, and I am sure you can't."

"Well, I am not doing as much as I ought to for Christ, and it may be that I can win him."

She was a lady of wealth and refinement, and he thought she wouldn't have patience with him. He gave her the boy, and for a few Sundays he behaved very well; but one Sunday he behaved badly, and when she corrected him, he spat in her face. She quietly took her handkerchief and wiped her face.

"Johnny," she said, "I wish you would go home with me. I want to talk with you."

"Well, I won't. I won't be seen on the street with you, and what's more, I ain't never comin' to this Sunday-school no more."

"Well, if you won't walk home with me, let me walk home with you."

"No, I wouldn't be seen on the street with you, and I'm not coming to this old Sunday-school again."

She knew if she was going to reach him she must do it then, and she thought she would try. Sometimes when you can't reach people in any other way, you can do it by exciting their curiosity. So she said:

"If you should come to my house next Tuesday morning I shall not be there, but if you come, ring the front door bell and

tell the servant there is a little bundle on my bureau for you, and she will give it to you."

"I don't want it. Keep your old bundle."

"But she thought he might change his mind. He thought it over, and the more he thought about it the more he wanted to know what was in that bundle. So he went up to the house on Tuesday morning and the bundle was handed to him. In it was a little vest, a little necktie that she had made with her own hands, and a kind note which read:

"Dear Johnny: Ever since you have been in my class I have prayed for you every morning and evening that you might be a good boy. I love you and want you to stay in my class. Do not leave me."

Before she was up the next morning a servant came to her door and told her that a boy was in the drawing-room and wanted to see her. She went down and found Johnny weeping. She spoke to him kindly, and asked:

"What is the trouble, Johnny?"

"Oh, teacher," he said, "I have had no peace since I got that note from you. I want you to forgive me."

"Wouldn't you like to have me pray that Jesus may make you a Christian?" she asked.

And she kneeled down and prayed with him; "And," said the superintendent, "after that there was not a better boy in the school." Love conquered him.

I want to tell you a secret. There are two classes of old people: some that are getting cross and crabbed in their old age, and some that are growing sunny and bright. You sometimes see an old man who is all the time living on the past, nursing his troubles, and grumbling and finding fault with his lot; and he grows cross and crabbed, and keeps things around him uncomfortable for everybody, — a man who is looking into the future with dark forebodings and with great anxiety. You have heard of the boy who didn't want to go to heaven if his grandfather was going there, because he was always saying, "Tut, tut, don't do this, or don't do that." I know a grandfather who fitted up a room with all the toys and things that a

child's heart could wish, and then said to his grandchildren, "Go in there and get all you want." If any of you grandfathers and grandmothers find any crossness or crabbedness coming on, just nip it in the bud. There are a good many children like the girl who said her name was "Emma Don't"; they nagged her so much with "Emma, don't do this," and "Emma, don't do that," that she thought her name was "Emma Don't."

Many years ago when there was a good deal of emigration to what was then called "out West," a man in Connecticut started for Ohio. To the hotel-keeper who was questioning him he said he was going West to get rid of his neighbors and surroundings. Said the hotel-keeper:

"You will find the same sort of people out there."

"I hope not."

"But you will."

He went on. After awhile another man came to the same hotel, and he had a conversation with the same hotel-keeper, and he asked:

"What takes you West?"

"Well," said he, "I've got a family of boys, and they are growing up, and I am afraid they will slip off West and leave me all alone, and I thought I would live out there and have my family with me; but," said he, "the hardest part of leaving is to part from such good neighbors as I had in Connecticut."

"Well," said the hotel-keeper, "you will find just such people wherever you go."

See the point? Have you got good neighbors? If not, whose fault is it? If you have bad neighbors, when you go home look in the looking-glass and you will find the man who is to blame.

Love must be the motive power in all our actions. If our actions are merely performed from a sense of duty God will not accept them. I've heard this word duty in connection with Christian work till I am tired of it. I have been in meetings where some one has got up and asked a brother to speak.

After considerable persuasion he would rise and say: "Well, I did not intend to speak when I came here to-night, but I suppose it is my duty to say something." It is the same with the Sunday-school; many teachers take up classes merely from a sense of duty. There is no love in them, and their services go for nothing. Let us throw a little love into our actions, and then our services will be acceptable to God.

Suppose I should tell my wife that I loved her because it is my duty — what would she say? When my mother was living I was in the habit of going to see her every year. Suppose I had said to her, "Mother, you were very kind and good to me when I was young; when father died you worked hard to keep us together, and so I have come to see you because it is my duty." Don't you think she would have said, "Well, my son, if you only come to see me because it is your duty, you need not come again." And that is the way with a great many of the servants of God. They work for Him because it is their duty — not for love. Let us abolish this word duty, and feel that it is only a privilege to work for God, and let us try to remember that what is done merely from a sense of duty is not always acceptable to Him.

One night when I had been speaking in this way in London a minister said to me after the services: "Now, Moody, you are all wrong. If you take the word duty out from its connection with our works you will soon have all the churches and Sunday-schools empty."

"Well," said I, "I will try and convince you that I am right. You are married?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose this was your wife's birthday, and you bought a book for a present to her, and you went home and said, 'Now, wife, this is your birthday; I thought it was my duty to buy something for you — so here's a book; take it.' Would your wife not be justified in refusing it?"

"Well," said he, "I think you are correct; she would be right in refusing it."



That wife would appreciate a present given through love, not duty. What Christ wants is that we shall work for Him because we love Him.

You do not know how far a loving word will go. When I went to Chicago years ago I remember how I walked up and down the streets trying to find a situation; and I recollect how, when they roughly answered me, their treatment chilled my soul. But when some one would say: "I would like to help you, but I can't; but you will be all right soon," I went away happy and light-hearted. That man's sympathy did me good. I believe there are thousands who are waiting for some one to come and offer a little sympathy. They want someone to take them by the hand and help them.

In Detroit, at an international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, Judge Olds was present as a delegate from Columbus. One evening he was telling about the mighty power that Christians summon to their aid in this petition "for Christ's sake!" "in Jesus' name!" and he told a story that made a great impression on me. When the Civil War came on, he said, his only son left for the army, and he became suddenly interested in soldiers. Every soldier that passed by brought his son to remembrance; he could see his son in him. He went to work for the soldiers. When a sick soldier came to Columbus one day, so weak he couldn't walk, the Judge took him in a carriage, and got him into the Soldiers' Home. The Judge became President of the Home, and he used to go down every day and spend hours in looking after the soldiers, and seeing that they had every comfort. He spent on them a great deal of time and a great deal of money. One day he said to his wife, "I'm giving too much time to these soldiers. I must stop it. There's an important case coming on in court, and I've got to attend to my own business." He said he went down to his office that morning resolved in future to let some one else take care of the soldiers. After a while the door opened and a soldier hobbled slowly in. The man fumbled at something in his breast pocket, and pretty soon he

produced an old soiled paper and handed it to the Judge. The father saw it was in his own son's writing, and this is what it said :

"Dear Father, — This young man belongs to my company. He has lost his leg and his health in defense of his country, and he is going home to his mother to die. If he calls on you treat him kindly,

"For Charlie's sake."

"For Charlie's sake." The moment he saw that a pang went to his heart. He got a carriage, helped the maimed soldier in, drove home, put him into Charlie's room, sent for the family physician, kept him in the family, and treated him like his own son. When the young soldier was well enough to go home, he took him to the railway station, put him in the most comfortable place in the car, and sent him on his way home to his mother. "I did it," said the old judge, "for Charlie's sake." Now, whatsoever you do, my friends, do it for the Lord Jesus' sake. Do and ask everything in His name; in the name of Him "who loved us and gave himself for us."

The world wants sympathy about as much as anything. The Son of God passed by the mansions and went down into a manger that he might sympathize with the lowly. If a man knows you are in sympathy with him, his heart, however hard it may be, will be broken. A gentleman came to me one day to get me interested in a young man just released from the penitentiary. I said :

"Bring him in."

The gentleman brought him in, and I took him by the hand and told him I was glad to see him. I invited him to my house and introduced him to my family as my friend. When my little daughter came into the room, I said :

"Emma, this is papa's friend."

She kissed him, and the man sobbed aloud. I said :

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, sir, I have not had a kiss for years. The last kiss I had was from my mother, when she was dying. I thought I should never have one again." His heart was broken.

Another young man, just out of the penitentiary, came to see me, and after I had talked with him for some time he didn't seem to think I was in sympathy with him. I offered him a little money.

"No," he said, "I don't want your money."

"What do you want?"

*"I want some one to have confidence in me!"*

I knelt down and prayed with him, and in my prayer I called him "brother," and he shed tears the moment I called him brother.

So if we are going to reach men we must make them believe we are their brothers. We must put ourselves in their places.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE FUTURE STATE—HEAVEN AND WHERE IT IS—  
ITS INHABITANTS AND RICHES—SHALL WE KNOW  
EACH OTHER THERE?

The Future State—What the Bible Says About Heaven—"Everywhere" Meant "Nowhere"—How Far Away is Heaven?—Heaven a Locality—A Glimpse of the Heavenly World—The Dying Soldier—An Incident in Mr. Moody's Life—The Vacant Chair—After the Funeral—"Where is My Mamma?"—Reading His Own Record—An Incident of the Civil War—Calling the Roll of Heaven—The Dying Soldier Who Answered, "Here! Here!"—An Old Scotchman's Answer—"This Is All Mine"—Dying as He had Lived—The Man Who Could Talk of Nothing but Corner Lots—The Card with a Gold Border—A Question Often Asked of Mr. Moody—Shall We Know Each Other in Heaven?—The Recognition of Friends There—They Do Not Lose Their Identity—"We Shall be Satisfied."

THERE is a class of people who tell us that we know nothing about the future state, and that it is useless for us to speculate about it. Now, there is one thing we do know, and that is, that we are not going to stay in this world very long. I was preaching in Providence many years ago, and recently preached there again. A good many men that sat by my side all through the earlier meetings were gone. I missed them. I saw nine men sitting in the front row, all of them, I should judge, living on borrowed time,—the time allotted to them, three score years and ten, having already run out. They knew their pilgrimage here was nearly over, and that they would soon go hence.

When I was in Dublin I heard of a little boy who, while being taught in one of the mission schools, had found Christ. He fell ill and died, and his father, a poor workingman, who had never looked into the Bible, was heart-broken. They told him that Johnny had gone to Heaven. "Well," he said, "I

am going to follow him." And every night he took a tallow-dip into his room and studied his Bible. Four years after the boy's death the father might have been seen, still reading his Bible night after night. If you had asked him what he was looking for he would have told you he was learning the way to Heaven where his Johnny had gone. It was a sensible thing to do.

Now the moment you talk about Heaven, some people say, "I wish you would talk about something else. What do you know about Heaven?" Do you think that God Almighty would have said so much in the Bible about Heaven if He wished us to remain in ignorance about the future state?

I was on my way to a meeting one night with a friend, and he asked, as we were drawing near the church:

"Mr. Moody, what are you going to preach about?"

"I am going to preach about Heaven." I noticed a frown on his face, and I said, "What makes you look so?"

"Why, your subject. What's the use of talking upon a subject that's all speculation? It's only wasting time."

Men who say that this subject is all speculation have not read their Bibles. Allusions to it are scattered all through the blessed Book. If I were to read to you all the passages upon Heaven, from Genesis to Revelation, it would take me all night and to-morrow to do it. I think if there is any book in the world that can tell us anything about our future state, we certainly ought to be interested enough to read it.

If I were going to a foreign land to spend the rest of my days there, I would like to know all about its climate, its inhabitants, their customs, their privileges, and their government. Everything about that land would interest me. Suppose you were going to Africa, or Alaska, or China, to make one of those places your home, and that I had just come from one of those countries, how eagerly you would listen to me. I can imagine how the old gray-haired men, and the young men, and even the deaf, would crowd around, and put up their hands to learn something about it.



My friends, where are you going to spend eternity? Your life here is very brief. Life is but an inch of time, a mere fiber that will soon be snapped, and you will be ushered into eternity. Where are you going to spend it? If we are going to spend our future life in Heaven, it becomes us to try to find out all we can about it.

There is nothing that we hold on to as we do to life. A man will go all around this world in search of health to add a few years to his life. Look at the circles broken by death. Look at the hospitals for the insane, the imbecile, the idiotic. Look at the homes made dark and wretched by sin. Think of the world's misery and woe. Look at the wretchedness that can be found in any of our cities. But oh, how sweet life is! With what tenacity we cling to it. Yet we know that this life is but for a day. Not a day passes without funeral processions winding through the streets. Look at the bending forms of men and women tottering to the grave. No little village but has its burial plot. But there is one city in the universe of God without a cemetery; one city without a hearse; one city where there is no night, no sorrow, no weeping; one city where Death never enters, where there is no separation, where there are no gray hairs and bending forms. There perpetual youth is stamped upon every brow; there they live on and on forever, a life as pure as God's life, and as lasting as God's life. It is in the reach of everyone.

Soon after I was converted a pantheist got hold of me and tried to draw me back to the world. I don't know a worse man than he who tries to pull young Christians down. He is nearer the borders of hell than any man I know. When this man knew I had found Jesus he tried his best to pull me down. He argued with me, and as I did not know the Bible very well then, he got the best of me. The only way to get the best of these atheists, pantheists, or infidels is to have a good knowledge of the Bible. Well, this pantheist told me God was everywhere — in the air, in the sun, in the moon, in the earth, in the stars, but he really meant nowhere. And the next time

I prayed it seemed as if I was not praying anywhere or to anyone.

Heaven is a destination — it is a locality. Some people say there is no Heaven, and some will tell you that this Earth is all the Heaven we have. How low a man has fallen when he comes to that conclusion! We have ample evidence in the Bible that there is such a place as Heaven, and we have abundant manifestation that His influence from Heaven is felt among us. He is not with us in person; only in spirit. The sun is about 95,000,000 miles from the earth, yet we feel its rays. A great many people might ask, "How far away is Heaven? Can you tell us that?" I don't know how far away it is, but there is one thing I do know: He can hear our prayers as soon as the words are uttered. There has never been a prayer said that He has not heard; not a tear shed that He has not seen. We don't want to learn the distance. What we want to know is that God is there, and the Bible tells us that He is.

We are not in darkness about the future state. Do you suppose God is going to let His children wander around in darkness, not knowing whether they shall make Heaven their home, or be banished forever from His presence? The Bible says, "From the place of His habitation He looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth," and "Look down from Thy habitation, from Heaven." I have no sympathy with the idea that Heaven is everywhere, but nowhere in particular. I believe it is a locality as much as is Boston. It is a city as much as London or Paris. We must bear in mind that God is a person, and if He is a person, He must have a dwelling-place.

Then we find in Revelation that it is called a city, and we find Abraham looking for that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." He believed that was real. The well-watered plains of Sodom did not have any attraction for Abraham. Why? Because with the eye of faith he saw a better country.

Let us look for a moment at John's description of that

place: "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there." On a little gravestone in a cemetery where a blind child was buried was inscribed these words:

### **"No Night."**

She lived in perpetual night here — in perpetual darkness; but the thought that filled her mind, that animated her and lifted her up out of her troubles and sorrows was that she was going to a land where there was no night.

I have had this question raised: "What does Paul mean about the third heaven? Are there three degrees?" Now, the Hebrews in their writings acknowledge three heavens. The first was where the showers come from and where the birds fly. The second was the firmament where the sun, moon, and stars are. The third was the dwelling-place of God. When Paul spoke about the third heaven that is what he meant.

I firmly believe that Stephen was not the last man that looked into Heaven. Many in your day and mine have had a glimpse of that world. I knew an infidel, whose wife was an infidel also. They had one little girl, and the father told me himself that he didn't know where she ever heard the name of God, excepting in blasphemy. At length the father, mother, and a neighbor stood around her dying bed, and a heavenly glory illumined her face. She was so young she could not speak plainly. Her name was Julia. Just before she breathed her last she reached out her little thin hands, and said, "Dulie is

coming, God!” Didn’t that little girl look into the Eternal City? How many times have we seen loved ones passing away, and it seemed as if Heaven burst upon us. Many have looked into Heaven since Stephen did.

I knew a mother whose little boy, as he was dying, said:

“What mountains do I see yonder, mother?”

“There are no mountains there, my child,” she said.

“Yes, there are, mother, don’t you see them? Please take me over in your arms.”

And the mother knelt and prayed, and told her boy that Jesus would be with him. Then he said:

“Mother, don’t you hear them?”

“Hear whom, my child?”

“Hear the angels, mother. They are just on the other side of the mountains. Carry me over the mountains, mother.”

“I can’t do that, my child,” she said. “The Saviour will take you over. Jesus will be with you.”

And then he breathed a little prayer, and faintly said:

“Good-by, mother, Jesus has come to carry me over the mountains,” and the little sufferer was gone.

If we were filled with the spirit, Heaven would be very real to us. A soldier in a soldier’s meeting during the Civil War related this incident. His brother came to him one day and said he had enlisted. He went to the recruiting office and put his name down next to his brother’s. They had never been separated. They were in the same Company, marched together, tented together, messed together, and were in a number of battles together. At last, in the battle of Perryville, a bullet passed through his brother’s body. He could not stay with him, but putting his knapsack under his head he made him as comfortable as he could, and started on. As he turned reluctantly away, his brother called:

“Charlie, come back.”

“What do you want, brother?”

“Kiss me on my lips,” he said, “and take that kiss home to mother, and tell her I died praying.”

As he was turning away he heard his wounded brother say:

“ This is glorious! ”

“ What is glorious? ”

“ Oh, I see Christ in Heaven! ”

Lying in a pool of his own life blood, he looked up and caught a glimpse of the glory beyond. I believe if we are in the Spirit when the hour of death comes we may catch a glimpse of the glory, too.

There is a class of people who say that the soul becomes unconscious and sleeps until the resurrection. I cannot believe that. There is another class who tell us that there is no hereafter at all, and that when we die that is the last of us. Now, if a man receives eternal life when he is converted, and that is what God says he receives, how are you going to bury eternal life in the grave? All the undertakers in the world couldn't build a coffin big enough to bury eternal life. That life cannot go into the grave. That life cannot sleep until the resurrection. It is life without end — eternal life, and that cannot die.

Now, it is clear that Christ is in Heaven. I believe that is what is going to make Heaven so attractive. It is not the pearly gates, nor the jasper walls, nor the river bursting from the throne of God, nor the streets of gold, nor the tree that bears twelve manner of fruits, with its leaves for the healing of the nations, nor the angels and the archangels. What makes Heaven so attractive is that we are going to see the Father who gave the Son for us, and the Son, face to face.

What makes home attractive? Is it beautiful statuary, or costly paintings on the wall? Is it handsome furniture, or beautiful grounds? I tell you many such homes are nothing but gilded sepulchers. No joy there, no light there. I remember going home some years ago. For fifty years I had frequently gone to my home, and I always found mother there. Once I thought I would surprise her, and so I didn't let her know I was coming; but when I arrived, she had gone away, and home was as desolate as it could be. I thought it was





DYING ON THE BATTLEFIELD. THE PARTING OF TWO BROTHERS.

At last a bullet passed through his brother's body. Putting a knapsack under his head he made him as comfortable as he could, and started on. As he was turning away he heard his wounded brother say: "This is glorious!" "What is glorious?" "Oh, I see Christ in Heaven!" Lying in a pool of his own life blood, he looked up and caught a glimpse of the glory beyond.



home that was attracting me, but it was my mother. After she had passed away, I went off on a preaching tour, and on my return I went home again, and her room, her chair, were vacant. The plants had been tenderly cared for, and the fire in the room was burning brightly, and everything was just as it had been when she was with us. I said to my brothers, "It was my custom to pray with mother, and talk with her Sunday afternoons, and if you will agree, we will keep it up."

What makes home so attractive? It is the loved ones there. How eagerly we look forward to Thanksgiving and Christmas, when families come together again. I believe that is what Heaven is going to be, a great Christmas where families will be reunited. I have been told of a little girl whose mother was very ill, and one of the neighbors took the child away to stay until the mother was better. She grew worse, and died, and they thought it was better that the child should remember her mother as she was when living. After the funeral was over, and everything suggestive of death had been removed, they made the home as bright and cheery as possible, and brought the little one back. She had cried herself to sleep every night, and was full of joy to be at home, and she ran with childish delight from room to room, calling:

"Mamma! Mamma!"

When she had gone all over the house, and could not find her mother anywhere, she sat down and cried as if her heart would break.

"Take me away," she said. "I don't want to stay here. Mamma isn't here."

It was not the home that the little one was longing to get back to; it was the mother.

Take Christ out of Heaven and what would it be? What makes Heaven so attractive is that Christ is there.

In China, it is said, when a man comes into court they have two great books, one a black one, called the "Book of Death," and another, a white one, called the "Book of Life." If a man is found innocent, they put his name down in the Book of Life.

If he is found guilty, his name is put down in the Book of Death.

Every name is this hour either in the Book of Life or in the Book of Death. Where is your name?

A man said to me some years ago, "What's the use of talking such foolishness as that, as if our names are kept in a book in Heaven?" I looked through the Bible, and was surprised to find how frequently books are spoken of in Scripture; in Daniel, in Revelation, etc. We find Paul writing and sending greetings to certain ones, whose "names are in the Book of Life."

Once when in England I was invited to sit with a judge on the bench while he was trying some cases. A prisoner was brought in, and the clerk asked him if he had ever been arrested before. He said, "No, sir." An officer opened a book and said, "Yes, sir, this man was arrested at such and such a time." It was the fourth or fifth time; and when the man saw the record he turned pale. Every man must meet his record. I believe God makes every man write his own record, and by and by he must meet it.

A lady friend of mine was returning to this country a few years ago, and she left London for Liverpool with quite a large company of Americans to take the same steamer. They went to the Northwestern Hotel, at that time the largest hotel in Liverpool, and found that all the rooms had been engaged; and all but this lady were compelled to search for other lodgings. She said that she had secured rooms. "Why," the rest exclaimed, "they have all been taken for several days." "Yes," she said, "but I sent my name ahead and engaged rooms." That is just what Christians are doing — sending their names in ahead. Do you want a room in Heaven? Set your heart and your affections on things above, and not on things on earth.

I would rather a thousand times have my name written in the Lamb's Book than have all the wealth of the world rolling at my feet. A man may achieve fame in this world, but it will

fade away; he may accumulate wealth, but it will prove a bubble. He may belong to a good many churches; he may be an elder, or a deacon, and be a bright light in his church, and yet he may not have his name written in the Book of Life. Judas was one of the twelve, and yet his name was not written in the Book of Life.

A man in a temperance meeting was urged to sign the pledge for his mother's sake. He said, "She is dead." "Ah, but she may see you from Heaven." If your boy is in Heaven, try and get some other mother's boy in. If your boy is wandering from God, and is so far away that you can't reach him, try to get some other mother's boy into the kingdom, and while you are helping him some one may be helping your son.

I entreat you, parents, to be sure and have your children's names in the Book of Life. That should be your aim, rather than to buy and sell, and leave millions of money to make the way to perdition easy for them. Look into the results where men have worked for years to leave property to their children. It has often been a means of swift destruction to them.

A mother lay dying in one of our Southern cities. When she found her end was near, she requested the father to bring the children in separately, that she might give them her dying blessing. The oldest of the seven was brought in first, and the mother talked to him, and gave him her blessing, and a motto to carry through life. Then she took the next, and the next, and she kept on till the last, a little infant, was brought in. She kissed it over and over again, and gave a message to the father to keep until the little one was old enough to understand it, and then it was to be given to the child. It was very hard for the mother to part with the baby. She seemed to wish to hold it to the last. They took the child from her, and she looked up into her husband's face and said, "I charge you, bring all these children home with you."

And so God charges us. The promise is to ourselves and to our children. We can have our names written in the Book



of Life if we will, and then by the grace of God we can call our children to us and know that their names are also recorded there. That great roll is being called, and those whose names are recorded are summoned every day, every hour. It is being called to-day. If your name were called, could you answer with joy? You have heard of the soldier who fell in battle in our Civil War. While he lay dying, he was heard to cry:

“Here! Here!”

Some of his comrades ran to him, thinking he wanted water, but he raised his trembling hand and said:

“Hush! They are calling the roll of Heaven, and I am answering to my name.”

Then in a faint voice he whispered:

“Here!” and passed away.

If your name should be called to-day, are you ready to answer “Here!”

It doesn't take long to tell where a man's treasure is. Take a man whose heart is set upon money, and tell him how to make a few thousand dollars, and how his face will light up. Take those who make pleasure their god, and tell them where they can have a night of pleasure, and see how their eyes will brighten. That is where their heart is. If my treasures are laid up on high, I do not need a minister to come along every week and prepare me to live in Heaven, because I am already living there; where the treasure is the heart will be also. Some one asked an old Scotchman if he was on the way to Heaven, and he said: “Why, man, I live there; I am not on the way.”

If you lay up your treasures this side of Heaven,—I don't care what the treasures are, or where they are laid up, you are doomed to disappointment. When you leave this world, you cannot take a penny with you. They tell a story of Stewart and Astor, the New York millionaires, meeting in the other world. Astor met Stewart at the bank of the river and wanted to borrow money enough to get over, and Stewart said he hadn't got a cent. Both left millions behind them, but after they died they had nothing they could use in the other world.

There is such a thing as being rich down here and being poor through all eternity; rich in this world and an eternal beggar in the world to come. The richest man is the man who lays up his treasures where they will last.

During the Civil War a friend of mine visited one of those great Western farms, for the purpose of getting a donation of grain for wounded soldiers. The owner took him up into the cupola of his house, and said:

"Do you see those herds of horses and cattle? There's thirty miles of fencing around that pasture. See what a great farm it is. There's enough raised on it to feed thousands and thousands of men, and there's not a mortgage on it. This is all mine."

After he had pointed out his earthly treasures, he was asked how old he was, and, on being told, my friend said:

"Then you are living on borrowed time. My friend, what have you got up yonder?"

"What do you mean?"

"What have you got beyond this life? Have you any treasures laid up in Heaven?"

"No, I can't say that I have."

"Well, is it possible that a man of your shrewdness, enterprise, and judgment should make such a wreck of life? Are you going to be rich here for a few short years, and be a beggar in eternity?"

"It does look rather strange if you look at it in that way, doesn't it?"

He died as he had lived, and his children quarreled over his possessions, and the lawyers got the most of them.

Once, when in a Sunday-school in California, I asked if there was anyone present who could write a plain hand. "Yes," was the answer. So we put up a blackboard, and the lesson proved to be from the text, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven." I said, "Suppose we write upon that board some of the earthly treasures. We will begin with 'gold.'" The teacher readily wrote down gold, and they all

comprehended it. "Well, we will put down 'houses' next, and then 'land.' Next we will put down 'fast horses.'" They all understood what fast horses were — they knew a good deal more about fast horses than they knew about the Kingdom of God. "Next we will put down 'tobacco.'" The teacher seemed to shrink at this. "Write it down," said I, "many a man thinks more of tobacco than he does of God. Next we will write down 'rum.'" He objected to this — didn't like to write it down at all. I said, "Down with it." Many a man will sell his reputation, his home, his wife, children, his present and eternal welfare for it.

"Now," said I, "suppose we write down some of the heavenly treasures. Put down 'Jesus' to head the list, then 'Heaven,' then 'river of life,' then 'crown of glory.'" So we went on till the column was filled, and we drew a line and showed the heavenly and the earthly things in contrast. They could not stand comparison. We could not but see the superiority of the heavenly over the earthly treasures. Well, it turned out that the teacher was not a Christian. He had gone to California on the usual hunt — gold; and when he saw the two columns placed side by side, the excellence of the one over the other was irresistible, and his soul was won for God.

It makes all the difference in the world where your heart is. An old minister in Kentucky had a son in Chicago in the real estate business, and with him it was "real estate," "real estate," morning, noon, and night. The old father came to visit him, and he found his boy's mind full of real estate. He had lost all his Christianity. He could talk of nothing but corner lots, corner lots, corner lots. He seemed to live on corner lots. The old gentleman was very much grieved. One day he went down to the office and his son said, "Father, I am going out for a few minutes, and if any one comes in, you can tell them there is a very good lot here that is worth so much; and here is another nice lot that is worth so much; and here is a good one that is worth so much;" and so on. The old gentleman didn't have much heart for the business; his

thoughts were somewhere else. By and by a gentleman came in to inquire about a lot, and the old minister said, "My son says this lot is worth so much. And here's another one worth so much. I don't know anything about them, but I tell you, my friend, I would give more for standing room in the new Jerusalem than for all the corner lots in Chicago."

The old gentleman had set his heart on the new Jerusalem, and Chicago hadn't a grip on him. And the son came in and found that his father had gone to preaching. You can tell where the heart is by what it is set upon. It is a good thing to be sure of standing room in the new Jerusalem.

Now, people say, How are you going to set your affections on things above? How control your thoughts; how get them into a heavenly channel? If you were interested in France you would get books and read up on French history, literature, art, and politics, and you could get so full of France that you couldn't talk about anything else.

Our soldiers in the Civil War thought tents were good enough for them; they wanted to do their fighting and get home again. Home was away back in the North. So we are down here fighting the battles of the Lord. We are not going to stay here. We are only pilgrims and strangers. Our home is up yonder. The crowning time is coming. I like to look ahead to the time when I shall hear the words, "Good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Our friends are there. Those who served Christ on earth, those who have been true to God, have been gathering there for six thousand years. Abel was the first to enter that world. He was the first to sing the Song of Redemption. What a choir has been gathered there since! Once on my return from England, I received a letter from a young man there, who was greatly attached to his mother. In England they have a custom, when a friend dies, of sending out mourning cards with wide black borders, announcing the death. When the card came announcing the death of his mother, in-

stead of a black border, it had a gold border, because the mother had gone to a city of gold. Some one sent him these lines:

" I shine in the light of God;  
His likeness stamps my brow;  
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,  
And I reign in glory now!

" No breaking heart is here,  
No keen and thrilling pain,  
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear  
Hath rolled and left its stain.

" O friends of mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.

" Do I forget? O, no!  
For memory's golden chain  
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below  
Till they meet to touch again.

" Each link is strong and bright,  
And love's electric flame  
Flows freely down, like a river of light,  
To the world from whence I came.

" Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glittering sky?  
Do you weep when the raging voice of war  
And the storms of conflict die?

" Then why should your tears run down,  
And your hearts be sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
And another soul in heaven?"

Those lines came to him as if they had been sent from Heaven by his sainted mother; and he said, " If she has gone into that life of love and glory, I think I ought to leave off the black border and put on one of gold."

I cannot tell you with what joy I read that poem when my own mother passed away. I don't think of my mother as dead. She is " forever with the Lord."

Very often people come to me and say: " Mr. Moody, do



you think we shall know each other in Heaven?" Often the question comes from a mother who has lost a dear child, and who wishes to see it again. Sometimes it comes from a child who has lost a mother, or a father, and who wants to recognize them in Heaven. A great many people are anxious to know where their loved ones are, and whether they shall know them when they see them again. There is just one verse in Scripture in answer to this question, and that is: "I shall be satisfied." It is all I want to know. If I do not know my mother in Heaven, do you think I shall be "satisfied"? My brother who went up there I shall see, because I shall be satisfied. We shall see all those we loved on earth up there, and if we loved them here we shall love them ten thousand times more when we meet them there. Who gave me love for my mother? Who put that love into my heart? Then will He not satisfy that love? I shall know her, and better than I did here. You will know that child of yours when you get there.

If we are not going to know our loved ones in the hereafter I think that is where love must end. But I think love is going to increase, and we are going to know them far better than we ever knew them in this world. I shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of God. They do not lose their identity. Moses had been gone from this world fifteen hundred years when he came back to the Mount of Transfiguration. Doesn't it look as if Peter and James and John knew him? Elijah had been gone nine hundred years, and they knew him. I believe that when I get to Heaven I shall know Moses without any introduction. I haven't any doubt but that I shall know all these men whose acquaintance I have made in the Bible. We are clearly taught that God the Father is there, and that He is a person, that He has a location, that He lives in Heaven, and that we shall see Him and be with Him, because we find all through the Scriptures that Christ is with the Father, and They are one, and His prayer was that His disciples might be with Him. Surely we shall know each other there.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

An Incident in London — Mr. Moody's Experiences when He was Converted — "Trouble with D. L. Moody" — At the Outbreak of the Civil War — Going to War with a Whoop — Self Control — "Mother, Where's My Collar?" — Taking a Dose of Unpleasant Medicine — Offering His Wife a Bouquet Instead of an Apology — A Story of Anger and Contrition — A Manly Apology — Story of Three Millionaires — Waking Up and Finding Himself a Rich Man — Mean and Contemptible People — The Jealous Eagle and Its Fate — The Boy and the Echo — A Wise Mother — The Rival Merchants, and How They Were Reconciled — Mr. Moody's Experience at a Dinner Party — A Sad Sight — A Father Playing Cards for Money — Washing out Religion with a Bucket of Cold Water — Men Whose Religion is Only Skin Deep.

WHEN I was converted I thought that the battle was fought and the victory was won. I soon found out that I was mistaken, and that the battle had only just begun. In the Bible the life of the Christian is called a warfare, a conflict. He is like a new recruit in the army; he has to go on long marches, is subject to strict military discipline, and must learn a good many things before he becomes a real, true, faithful soldier. If you have never taken the pains to study what is called "the two natures," you will find it a very healthful exercise of the soul. I was a great mystery to myself when I was converted; I thought the old nature would be made over into a new one; but I found I had two natures: one the higher nature, and the other the lower; one carnal, the other spiritual. Then the conflict began. I had no conflicts within myself until I was born of Heaven; in fact, I thought I was about as fine a character as the world ever produced. When the new life dawned upon me, the new creation, then I

found that the spirit lusted against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit, and I had more trouble with D. L. Moody of the old creation than any man who ever crossed my path. There may be meaner men in the world, but I never had as much trouble with any of them as I did with myself.

There was, some years ago, a very promising man in London, who proved to be one of the most earnest laymen of the time. He was a great star in fashionable society, but he came out for Christ. Some time after he had been converted a devoted Christian lady said to him, "What have you found to be your greatest enemy since you became a Christian?" He said, "Well, I think the greatest enemy that I have found is myself." "Ah," said the deeply-taught woman, "The King has taken you into His presence, for it is only in the presence of the King that we are taught that lesson."

If a man has obtained self-control, has achieved victory over the old nature, the carnal nature, he has had a hard fight. I can't tell how great a spiritual uplift I received when that truth dawned upon me. God didn't take away my old nature. I found I was tempted just as much after I was converted as I was before. There came such a gush of life into my soul that for months the old nature was overcome, but one day there came a flash of temper. I thought my temper had gone. If you think that your temper is gone, if you think the old man is dead as soon as you are converted, you are greatly mistaken.

It is by faith that we are going to overcome. When the Civil War broke out there were men who really believed it would be over in a few months. William H. Seward, then Secretary of State, declared that the war wouldn't last over ninety days; and young men enlisted and went to war with a whoop; they were going down to thrash the South, and were going to make quick work of it. They were four years about it, and on both sides about 500,000 men went to their graves. What was the trouble? They underestimated the strength of the enemy, and overestimated their own strength. It wasn't quite so easy to overcome as they thought.

The reason why so many men and women fail in their Christian life is because they don't stop to count the cost; they don't realize that the Christian life is a conflict, and that no man can win the victory without supernatural power. I thought when I was converted that I could lay my oars in the bottom of the boat, fold my hands, and sweep right into the arms of God's love; but it was not long before I found I had got to row against the current, not with it. That is what makes character. If we get into the boat and just float along toward that eternal shore, and there is no struggle, it will not develop character. We have got to go against the current. There is no escaping that. The men and women that overcome are the ones that make character. Some have more to overcome than others. Some people are pretty bad, and are obliged to struggle hard; some are pretty good; and there are some men and women who seem to have been born with beautiful traits; but I have a good deal more respect for one who overcomes a jealous, mean, selfish disposition than I have for those who have not had that struggle. Joseph was a beautiful character; he didn't have so much to overcome as Jacob. Lot had a very weak character that had to be bolstered up by his Uncle Abraham, the great, sturdy oak. You will find about a million Jacobs where you find one Joseph! Josephs are scarce! It is folly for any man to attempt to overcome the world around him unless he has overcome the world within him first. If wives want to control their husbands they must get control of themselves first. A wife that has self-control will manage the whole house; but if she hasn't self-control, she can't control anybody. A mother who cannot control herself cannot control her child. What we want is to get control of the enemies within. I believe that the greatest victory a man or woman can achieve on earth is to conquer self. He that ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city. Alexander had the whole world at his feet, but he found that he couldn't control Alexander. Napoleon would have had control of the world, but he couldn't control Napoleon.

The lust of the flesh is appetite. I must either control my appetite or it will control me. Suppose a man has an appetite for opium, or for strong drink, or for anything that is injurious, and it has gained the mastery over his will, I can assert that no slave ever had a harder master than that man. The question is, have you got control of the appetite, or has it got control of you?

Paul admonishes us to be sound in faith, in charity, in patience, in love. You wouldn't have a preacher that was unsound in the faith. But if he was unsound in temper, or unsound in love, you might still call him a splendid man. There is the same authority to be sound in patience as there is to be sound in faith; and if you begin to use discipline on church members who are not sound in patience, what would become of the church? You wouldn't have many members, and many ministers would be without pulpits. I don't want you to think I don't sympathize with you; I do sympathize. I know how it is with that mother who has a large family of children; I know how she is pulled this way and that. James comes in and says, "Mother, where's my collar?" John comes along and asks, "Mother, what have you done with my shoes?" and Mary comes along and says, "Mother, where's my hat?" Mother is pulled this way and that, and she gets out of patience and frets, and the children fret, and the husband isn't much better. Sunday morning he says, "Mary, why are you not ready for church?" He hasn't done a thing to get the children ready for church; the mother must get all of them ready on time, and get herself ready, and all he has to do is to put his hat on and go.

The minister who hasn't patience and can't control his temper had better get out of the pulpit. I know lots of ministers who are not worth a snap of my finger; they can't control their tempers; they go into the pulpit and scold and find fault with their people, and lose their power and lose their influence. We must control ourselves if we ever expect to control our families, our enemies, or any one else.

A person without temper is like a piece of soft steel, not



good for anything. When steel has lost its temper you throw it away. People that have no temper have no force of character. Peter had temper, Paul had temper, and Elijah had temper; and what we want is to bring our bodies under and get control of our temper. People call it a weakness or a misfortune, or, worst of all, excuse it as being inherited. That is the meanest of all! You talk about inheriting these things from your father and mother; if you have got all they had and haven't lost anything, that is no excuse for you.

You ask, "How am I going to overcome bad temper?" When you find yourself saying or doing a mean thing, say to the one you have wronged that you are sorry. And when you have done that twenty-five times you will stop doing mean things. It takes a good deal of courage to say, "I am wrong." That is "keeping the body under." As Paul said, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." The tempted person may speak of his temper as a misfortune or a weakness. He is mistaken. It is a sin. But some one says, "You know nothing about it." I do. It was once a word and a blow with me, and the blow came pretty quick, before the word cooled; nothing would satisfy me better than knocking the man down. I was very much like the Irishman, who said he was "never at peace unless he was fighting somebody."

A lady once came to me and said:

"Mr. Moody, I haven't got as much patience as I had five years ago; instead of growing in grace I have been losing ground; I wish you would help me."

"I should like to help you," I said, "but I am afraid you won't like the medicine; it isn't very pleasant to take. The next time you lose your temper, or lose control of your tongue and say sharp, cutting things, as soon as you realize that you have done it, go to the person you have wronged and ask forgiveness."

"Oh, no," she said, "I wouldn't like to do that."

"No," I said, "of course you wouldn't; and there is the trouble, but you will never win the victory until you do."

I have known a husband to give his wife a good scolding and go out of the house in a mad fit, but before he had gone far his conscience would smite him. Then he would say to himself, "I didn't treat my wife right this morning, and when I go home I will take her a big bouquet." Tons of bouquets won't cover that thing up! If a man wants to conquer that habit let him go to his wife and say, "I feel mean and contemptible for speaking as I did this morning, and I want you to forgive me." After he has done that half a dozen times he will be cured. You say, "I should like to see you try it yourself!" I have tried it, and I know how it works. I want to tell you another thing: Some people seem to think that the preachers who have nothing to do but write sermons and preach them ought to be very angelic; but they have the same things to overcome that you have. Preaching isn't going to make me any better, and talking for half an hour isn't going to give me self-control; I must get it as other people do; it is a conflict, it is a battle.

A lady came to me some time ago and said:

"Mr. Moody, I have got so in the habit of exaggerating that some of my friends accuse me of lying. I feel very badly about it, and I have tried hard to overcome it, but I can't."

"I think you could," I said, "if you tried in the right way. I think there is a way if you really want to try it."

"Pray, tell me what it is?" she said.

"The next time you exaggerate to anyone go and tell them you lied to them, and ask them to forgive you."

"Oh," she said, "I wouldn't like to call it lying."

"A lie is a lie, and you have got to stamp it out; after you have made half a dozen confessions of lying, you won't lie any more," I said.

Confession is crucifying to the flesh; people don't like to confess, but if you are going to gain the victory over sin you have got to do it.

A minister's sister married a lawyer who was a very prominent man, but an infidel. She thought that she was going to win her husband to Christ, and she was constantly holding up

her brother as a most lovable and beautiful character, a man with a great deal of self-control. This irritated the husband, and he said to himself, "I will bring that man down. I will show my wife that her brother is not so angelic as she thinks he is." So one evening the lawyer accused the brother of doing a very disreputable thing. The minister denied it, but the lawyer insisted that the evidence against him was well supported. The brother flew into a rage and said:

"I won't stay in the house if you think that of me!" He got up and went out, and slammed the door after him. After he had gone the lawyer said to his wife:

"Your brother is very angelic, isn't he? I tell you, he's no better than the rest of us."

The next morning about five o'clock a servant knocked at the infidel's door and told him that the minister, his brother-in-law, was down stairs and wanted to see him right away. He dressed himself and went down. The minister said:

"I want to apologize for speaking to you as I did last night; I am very sorry I lost my temper, and I want you to forgive me."

The infidel had to admit that he had accused him unjustly; and when he went back he said to his wife:

"I believe your brother is a Christian if there ever was one. I never would have done that; I believe in Christianity of that kind." And he, too, soon became a Christian. It takes a hero to confess!

Then there is covetousness; that is another inward sin. Many a man is a slave to his money; money is his god; it has got him by the throat, and it holds him right there. A good many Christian men and women go on piling up wealth year after year until it gets complete mastery over them. Mr. Durant, the man who established Wellesley College, told me that the greatest trouble he had was with covetousness. One day he awoke to find that he was a rich man, and the question came up, whether he would let money be his master, or be master of his money? He said the battle raged in his mind

for some time, and at last he won the victory, and out of that victory came Wellesley College. There is more said in the Bible against covetousness than against drunkenness. Men bow and scrape to a covetous man, and kick a drunkard out of society. We must overcome covetousness or it will overcome us.

Once when I was preaching in Baltimore John W. Garrett told me about George Peabody and Johns Hopkins. When young men both were clerks together in Baltimore. Both were bachelors, and they were rivals to see which would be the richer. They went on piling up millions and millions. One day both Hopkins and Peabody were at Garrett's table together. And Hopkins said to Garrett:

"Peabody is giving away lots of money."

"Yes," said Peabody to Garrett, "I wish you would tell Hopkins to make his will. He has no one but nieces and nephews, and they do not need his money. It would be a pity to have him die and not give away his money."

"Nothing makes me so angry," Hopkins replied, "as to have people tell me what to do with my money. If anybody comes and asks me for money I never give anything. I only give as I please."

Garrett didn't propose to be choked off that way. Without looking at either of them he said:

"Peabody, which have you enjoyed the most, making money or giving it away?"

He looked up and saw Hopkins pricking up his ears and listening. And Peabody said:

"Well, Garrett, that is a hard question to answer. There is a great deal of satisfaction in making money, and there's a deal of excitement about it; and then the possession of money gives a man power. But I looked ahead a few years ago, and I got to thinking, and I knew that I could not take it away with me, and that many people with large fortunes have been ruined. After thinking it over I decided that it would be a blessing to better the condition of the London poor. I did not believe in

giving them money, but I could make their homes better. So I got a few men together as trustees and I cut a slice off the loaf, and I never did anything that hurt me so much as when that money went out of my hand. Well, they got the building done. The rooms were all filled, birds were singing in the sunlight, plants were growing in the windows, and little children were playing in a yard in the center instead of in the streets. As I walked through that building, a feeling came over me that I had never experienced before, and from that hour I have enjoyed giving far more than making."

Inside of forty-eight hours Hopkins was making out the will that handed over his millions to the Johns Hopkins University, and to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, covering thirteen acres, the largest on the continent. I believe what the Bible says is true: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Jealousy is an enemy to be overcome. Have we not contempt for a really jealous man, or a jealous woman? Haven't we? Have you ever had trouble with anything of that kind? There is a fable of an eagle that could fly a little higher than another eagle; and the other was so jealous that he asked a hunter to bring his rival down. The hunter said, "I would if I had a feather to wing my arrow." So the eagle gave him a feather, and he took aim at the other eagle, but didn't hit him. Then he said, "I will try again if you will give me another feather." So he kept on shooting and missing until every feather was gone, and then he shot the jealous eagle. If you see somebody a little higher up than you are, and you want to bring him down, let me tell you it is a mean, contemptible thing to do. People sometimes think they have overcome jealousy, and the first thing they know up it comes from a different direction. If you find other people doing things that you condemn, it is a good thing to take a look at yourself and see if you are not guilty of the same thing. I have found myself doing that lots of times — condemning people for doing certain things, and then found I was doing exactly the same things myself.

Some one has compared this life to an echo, because, they



say, other people treat us just about the same as we treat them. A story is told of a little boy who had never heard an echo. One day he was out at play, and he heard over in the woods his own voice. He shouted :

“ Hello there ! ” and the echo came back :

“ Hello there ! ”

“ Who are you ? ”

“ Who are you ? ”

“ You are a mean boy ! ”

“ You are a mean boy ! ”

“ I am going to whip you ! ”

“ I am going to whip you ! ”

He ran and told his mother that there was a very bad boy in the woods that was going to whip him. His mother understood how it was, and said :

“ I don't think he's a bad boy at all ; go out and speak kindly to him and see if he doesn't speak kindly to you.” So he went out again and tried it once more :

“ Hello there ! ”

“ Hello there ! ”

“ Who are you ? ”

“ Who are you ? ”

“ You are a good boy ! ”

“ You are a good boy ! ”

“ I love you ! ”

“ I love you ! ”

Then he went back and said to his mother :

“ After all, he is a good boy ; I was mistaken about him.”

Treat people kindly, and they will treat you kindly ; snap at them and they will snarl at you.

Two merchants were rivals and a great deal of jealousy existed between them. One of them became converted and he went to the minister and said, “ I am still jealous of that man, and I don't know just how to overcome it.” “ Well,” said the minister, “ if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you cannot supply him, just send him over to your neighbor.”

"Oh," he said, "I wouldn't like to do that." "Well," said the minister, "you do it and you will kill jealousy." He promised he would, and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have, he would send him across the street to his neighbor's. By and by the other merchant began to send customers over to this man's store, and it was not long before they became firm friends. That is the way to overcome jealousy.

Now we come to outside enemies. After we get victory inside we are ready to engage enemies outside. A woman who is strong at home is strong all around. When a man gets self-control it seems as if he could go out and conquer the whole world; but if he is weak here the world will trip him up. If he has not won the victory over himself he needn't talk about gaining it over outside enemies.

Custom is one of the outside foes we have to meet. It is common to hear people say it is the "custom" to do so and so; never mind, if the custom is a detriment to us we will go against it.

Fashion is an enemy. How many people say it is the "fashion" to do so and so. Never mind; I will go dead against fashion if it is going to weaken my influence or cripple my testimony; I will overcome it.

A friend of mine was once playing cards with another gentleman, and he thought he would play for a small amount of money. But he noticed that his little son got intensely excited, and was very anxious that his father should win. The father went to bed and got to thinking, and he said to his wife, "Our son was terribly excited over that game, and I'm afraid it won't be long before he, too, will be playing for money." And he went to his son and said, "You were very much excited over that game." "Yes, I was," said the boy. "Well," said the father, "I did wrong; I am never going to play cards any more." That man was an infidel; yet he had sense enough to see that he was ruining his son. I would to God that the fathers and mothers would wake up and see the danger of going

too far. What is the harm of this game or that? My friends, I will never play a game of chance as long as I live. I would not run the risk.

Many years ago while I was in London I was invited to a dinner party in a Christian family, given in honor of two or three American friends. It was the custom to drink wine, and there were no less than seven kinds of liquor on that table. At the table sat an elder, and near him was a young lady whom he urged to drink. I saw her face already flushed with the wine, and she kept declining, but he persisted in urging. It was late and I thought a good many of them ought to be in bed. I said, "This is no place for D. L. Moody," so I asked to be excused. I left the table, and the man of the house followed me up stairs.

"What does this mean?" he said.

"There is altogether too much drinking here for me," I replied.

"You are no gentleman, sir," he said, angrily.

"I hope I am a Christian, if not a gentleman. I am not going to sit there and countenance that," I answered. And I stepped out.

Whenever anything comes into my life that separates me from God, and robs me of peace and joy and love, and hides His face from me, I must give it up. I don't care what it is.

It is the custom in some places, on some occasions, to offer wine to young people. A lady told me only a short time ago that she had to strike several families off her visiting list because she would not have her children go where wine was offered to them. I am talking about "Christian people." When drunkenness is everywhere, and the wretchedness and woe it causes are so plainly to be seen don't you think you ought to take your stand against it, and throw all your influence against such a dangerous custom? People say "They all do it." They don't. Make up your mind that not all will do it, if you stand alone. "Oh, but," some one says, "a man is very weak if he can't resist temptation." A man may be made of

iron and have a giant will; he may be able to drink just so much and stop when he pleases; but he may have a son who does not possess the will-power of his father, and if he attempts to follow his father's example he may be ruined. It is a dangerous experiment.

A little breath of opposition or of persecution may overcome us. A man once arose in one of our meetings and said he had been serving Christ for six months, but that a deacon had thrown a bucket of cold water over him and it had taken the religion all out of him. I said, "My friend, religion never struck in very deep if a bucket of cold water could take it out." It was only skin deep. If you have got a strong inside fire, cold water won't overcome you.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### PERSONAL WORK IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Enthusiasm Essential to Success — Teachers Pulling One Way and Parents Another — The Discouraged Superintendent — People Who are Like a Bundle of Shavings — Taking Hold and “Holding On” — A Touching Incident — The Little Girl Mr. Moody was Proud Of — A Rich Young Woman’s Choice — An Amazed Father and Mother — “Can You Give Me a Class?” — The Shoemaker’s Boy — “None of Your Business” — Gaining a Ragamuffin’s Confidence — “If you Go There again I’ll Flog You” — Taking His Floggings in Advance — President Lincoln’s Visit to Mr. Moody’s Sunday-school — Feeling Two Inches Taller — A Class of Frivolous Girls — A Pathetic Story — Working and Dying — A Night Mr. Moody Never Forgot — How He Lost His Ambition for Business — An Affecting Parting — “I Will Meet You Up Yonder.”

FOR years I was superintendent of a Sunday-school in Chicago, and I learned one thing — that any man or woman who ever took charge of a class without enthusiasm did not succeed.

It is sometimes very discouraging when you have been pulling seven days in the week one way to get children interested, and their parents have been doing all they could to prevent you from prosecuting your work. I notice that those who get discouraged, and give up their classes, and go from one school to another, from one field to another, are never successful; but those who persevere day after day, week after week, month after month, are always blessed.

I met a young man in Chicago who had been toiling for years in the Sunday-school without having any results, so far as conversions were concerned. There were about fifty boys in his class, and only a few of them were Christians. He came regularly to our meetings, was one of the ushers, and every



once in a while there would be a request for prayer for that class. After a while their hearts were moved, and out of one hundred and eighty scholars — the class having grown to that number — over one hundred had been converted and were working for the Saviour. “Ye shall reap, if ye faint not.” If we will only take this for our motto, and never despair even if we do not see any fruit to-day, or next week, or next month, we shall not be discouraged. Hold on to God’s promises, and believe that He can reach the hardest heart.

In one city where we preached, a Sunday-school superintendent came to one of our morning meetings; he felt that he was not faithful enough, and he was greatly troubled. He went to his pastor and said:

“I want to resign my position as superintendent; I do not feel that I ought to be superintendent any longer.”

“What is the reason; why do you want to resign?” the minister asked.

“Well,” said he, “I am afraid I am not converted. If I am, I am so cold no one would know it; I am not fit to pilot sinners to life eternal, not fit to be superintendent.”

“Don’t you think that, instead of resigning, you ought to ask God to bless you?” the minister said.

And the minister knelt with him right there, prayed with him, and in the course of two or three days he found relief, and peace, and happiness, in believing; and instead of wanting to give up his school, he wanted to get his school blessed likewise. His heart hadn’t been right, and that was the reason why his Sunday-school work had not been successful. He confessed this to his school, telling them that he had not been faithful, but that he had at last got right with God. Mark the result. The teachers confessed that they were in the same condition their superintendent had been in. All the teachers in that school re-consecrated themselves to God and His service. The pastor of that church told me that he took one hundred and thirty into that school, after the superintendent and the teachers were ready for their duties as Christian workers.

In some cities where we have been, teachers have come to me and said, "Mr. Moody, pray for my Sunday-school scholars;" and I would just take the teachers aside and point out their duties and show how they themselves ought to be able to pray for their pupils. Very often they would come to the next meeting, and the prayer would go up from them, "God bless my scholars."

Let me say to you, young converts who have just commenced a Christian life, go out into the vineyard at once and find some work to do for the Master. Just persevere, and if the work does not seem to prosper, go right on. God never uses Christians that get discouraged and disheartened, and His kingdom is never built up through them. What we want is *courage to persevere*.

Bring your classes together, and pray to God to convert them. Suppose all our Sunday-school teachers should say: "I will try to bring my children to Christ," what a reformation we should have! Let no one say that that boy is too small, or that girl is too puny or insignificant to come to Christ. Every one is valuable to the Lord.

I like these men who take hold of classes and don't give them up; who attend their own church every Sunday, and are not drawn away by some eloquent preacher from abroad who happens to be filling a neighboring pulpit. They are right there fifty-two Sundays in the year; you know where to find them; they are always at their post of duty; all the while their influence increases. But these teachers who are all the time running here and there never accomplish much.

A good many people are like a bundle of shavings — a spark falls, and quickly the shavings are gone, and there's scarcely any ashes left. My friends, ten thousand such Christians are not worth one who makes constancy his motto. We don't want any revival Christians — got enough of them; don't want any Sunday Christians — got enough of them. What's wanted are men who are established in good works, *men that hold on*. A man who does one thing well is a man of power.

The man who tries a hundred things generally fails at everything. If God calls me to Sunday-school work I will *stand by my post*. If God calls me to lead a prayer-meeting or read the Bible I must *hold on*, and it won't be long before God will bring success, for He has promised that "Ye shall reap if ye faint not." God will try you; you will have some things to discourage you, but you must *hold on*.

How God uses weak things! Ralph Wells tells a touching incident of an old lady who lived in New York State during the Civil War. She was poor, seventy-five years old, had a Sunday-school class, and she lived two miles from the church. One Sunday when it stormed very hard she thought she could not possibly go to Sunday-school, because it was so far away. She said: "It storms so hard I think I won't go;" but the thought came to her, "Suppose some of my scholars should be there. If they come through this storm it will be because they are interested."

So the old lady walked two miles in a bitter, driving storm, and she found one young man of her class present. She talked with him about the Saviour and prayed for him. It is good sometimes to come down to one pupil. Where there are a great many in the class each one may think you mean some one else when you talk to them all, but when only one is present there can be no mistake. He knew that the teacher meant him. The next Sunday he was not there, and she made inquiries and learned that he had enlisted in the army. Two years after she learned that he was dying in a Southern hospital, and he sent word to her that that stormy Sunday was the turning point in his life. He had tried to forget it, but could not. The thought that she had come two miles in that terrible storm to do a little good made a deep impression upon him, and led him to the Saviour. He sent back a rejoicing message. Was she not repaid for walking that two miles in a winter storm? What she accomplished would have paid her for going a hundred miles. That Sunday-school scholar and his teacher are in glory now.

Little children are apt to be overlooked ; but they, too, must be led to Christ. Children have done a great deal in His vineyard. They have led parents to Jesus. Christ can find useful work for these little ones. A teacher in Southern Illinois who had taught a little girl to love the Saviour said to her, " Can't you get your father to come to Sunday-school ? " Her father was a swearing, drinking man, and the love of God was not in his heart. But under the tuition of that teacher the little girl went to him and told him of Jesus' love, and finally led him to the Sunday-school. What was the result ? He was instrumental in founding over seven hundred and eighty Sunday-schools in southern Illinois. What a great privilege a teacher has — the privilege of leading souls to Christ. Let every teacher say : " By the help of God I will try to lead my scholars to Christ."

A little girl only eleven years old once came to me in a Sunday-school and said : " Won't you please pray that God will make me a winner of souls ? " I felt proud of her, and my pride was justified, for she became one of the best winners of souls in this country. Suppose she lives threescore years, and goes on winning four or five souls every year ; at the end of her life's journey there will be three hundred souls on the way to glory. How long will it be before that little company swells to a great army. Don't you see how that little mountain rill keeps swelling till it carries everything before it ? Little trickling streams have run into it, till now, a mighty river, it has great cities on its banks, and the commerce of all nations floating on its waters. So when a single soul is won to Christ you cannot see the result. A single one multiplies to a thousand, and they into ten thousand. Perhaps a million souls will be the fruit, we cannot tell. We know that the Christian who has turned so many to righteousness shall shine forever.

If a Sunday-school teacher does not love his scholars — if he hurries through the lesson as if it were something he wished to get through with, it will not be long before they find it out. They will see it in his eyes, in his face, in his actions.

A few years ago a little boy came to one of our mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city about five miles away, and every Sunday that boy went past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. One Sunday a lady who was out gathering scholars met him and asked him why he went past so many schools. "There are plenty of others," said she, "just as good."

"They may be just as good, but they are not so good for me," he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because they love a fellow over there," he answered.

Ah! love won him. "Because they love a fellow over there!" How easy it is to reach people through love! Win the affections of your scholars if you would lead them to Christ.

I have been told of a young lady whose parents were very wealthy and who sent her to be educated in the best schools they could find. They were very anxious that she should move in the highest circles of society. Among her teachers was a lady who worked for Christ. By constant labor she won this young girl's heart, and pleaded with her to become a Christian. She succeeded, and the young lady became a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. She labored with her schoolmates, and God used her in winning a number of young ladies in that school to Christ. She returned home, and her father and mother wanted her to shine in fashionable society. They were amazed that she had no desire for worldly things, and that they couldn't get her interested in them. She went to a Sunday-school superintendent and said, "Can you give me a class in your Sunday-school?" He was surprised to hear her ask for a class, and he told her that he had none that he could give her then. She went away with a resolve to do what she could outside of the school.

One day she saw a little boy running out of a shoemaker's shop, and behind him was an old shoemaker with a wooden last in his hand chasing him. He had not run far when the last was thrown at him, and he was struck in the back. The boy



stopped and began to cry. The spirit of God touched that young lady's heart and whispered, "There is your work." She stepped up and spoke to him kindly, asking him if he was hurt.

"None of your business," he said.

She went to work to win his confidence. She asked him if he went to school.

"No."

"Well, why don't you go to school?"

"Don't want to."

"If you will come," she said, "I will tell you beautiful stories and you can hear the singing."

"Well, they will laugh at me if I go."

"If you will come you can be in my class, and I won't have any one in my class but yourself, and I won't laugh at you," she said.

At last she gained his confidence, and he promised to go. She agreed to meet him on the corner of the street, and the next Sunday, true to his promise, he waited for her at the place designated. She took him by the hand and led him into the Sunday-school. He had no shoes on, his hands and face were dirty, his clothes were ragged, and his hair was not combed.

"Can you give me a place to teach this little boy?" she asked of the superintendent.

He looked at the boy, but they didn't have any such looking little ones in the school. A place was found, however, and she sat down in the corner and tried to win his soul for Christ. She had found something to do for the Master.

When he went home he told his mother that he had been among the angels; that he had never heard such sweet singing in his life. But when his father found out where he had been, he said:

"That is a Protestant Sunday-school, and if you go there again I'll flog you."

The next Sunday the boy slipped in to the Sunday-school again, and when the father found it out he flogged him, and told

him he would flog him every time he went there. He kept going, however, and took the floggings. One Sunday he said to his father :

“ I wish you would flog me before I go and then I won't be thinking about it all the time I'm there.”

My friends, there is something stronger than the fear of punishment. Get hold of a person's heart, and he will brave all kinds of opposition. When the father found that he couldn't flog it out of him he said :

“ If you will give up the Sunday-school I will give you every Saturday afternoon to play, or you can have all you can make by peddling.”

The boy went around to see the teacher and said :

“ Father says I may have every Saturday afternoon if I will keep away from the Sunday-school, and I have been thinking, if you are willing, I would say to him that I would give it up. Then I can come around and spend Saturday afternoons with you, and we will have more time together than we would on Sunday.”

“ Certainly,” the teacher said, “ I will do it.”

So she gave up her Saturday afternoons to him. If she was invited out on those afternoons, she was always engaged ; if she had callers, she was engaged. She gave herself up to teaching that boy the way into the kingdom of God. She labored with him earnestly, and at last the light of God's spirit broke upon his heart.

One day while he was selling his wares at the railroad station he slipped and fell from the platform as a train of cars was approaching, and the whole train passed over both of his legs. A physician was summoned, and the little sufferer looked up into his face and said :

“ Doctor, will I live to get home? ”

“ No,” said the doctor, “ you are dying.”

“ Will you tell my mother and father that I died a Christian? ”

They bore the little fellow's mutilated body home, and with

it his last message that he died a Christian. Oh, what a noble work was that young lady's in saving that little wanderer! How precious the remembrance to her!

I wonder how many young ladies there are who would give up their Saturday afternoons just to lead one boy into the kingdom of God! I think they are very scarce. I have found them very scarce who will begin work of that kind and hold on to it. I don't believe there is a child anywhere that could not be led to Christ if some godly man or woman would work earnestly to get him.

I want to tell you how God woke me up. I used to be active in general Christian work; but I had no experience in this personal work, this individual work; like a man talking to another about being one of Christ's disciples, or a teacher talking to Sunday-school scholars on Sunday, and then going around and talking to them one by one during the week. At one time I hired five pews in the church and filled them every Sunday; but I never spoke to one of the men I got there. I thought the real orthodox way of preaching sermons was the best; I never spoke to one of them. No one called my attention to it, and I was perfectly satisfied with my work. I soon got permission to use the large Music Hall — the city gave me the use of it — and I worked to fill it; if I could run that school up to twelve or fifteen hundred, I was greatly elated; if it ran down below a thousand I was depressed. I would work all day Sunday to get scholars in. I remember when President Lincoln came and visited that school I felt two inches taller; I thought I was doing a great work. If you had asked me how many had been converted I would have said: "Well, we are just sowing; the reapers are coming on behind." But some how or other we did no reaping. When a boy got to be fifteen or sixteen years old he drifted away from us and the world got him. Yet I toiled on in that way perfectly satisfied.

I will tell you what woke me up. I had a class in that school, and there wasn't a single person that could manage it, and it was a class of girls. It seemed as if they were born

laughing and giggling. I finally gave them over to a teacher, and told him if he would just keep them quiet that would satisfy me. One Sunday he was absent and I took the class, but they laughed in my face, and I had a great mind to open the door and just order them all out. That week the teacher came into the store to see me. I noticed as he came in that he was very pale and weak, and as he took a seat on a box he said :

“ I have come to bid you good-bye.”

“ Why? ” I asked.

“ I have had a hemorrhage of the lungs, and the doctor tells me I can’t live here ; I am going home to my widowed mother to die.”

“ You are not afraid of death, I hope? ”

“ No, it isn’t that.”

“ What is the trouble? ”

“ Moody,” he said, “ I don’t know of anyone in this world that I ever led to Christ, and none of my Sunday-school class is converted ; I can’t bear the thought that when I get up yonder I shall not meet one that has ever been made better because of my life. What shall I say when I come to give an account of my stewardship? ”

I began to feel rather awkward myself ; what should *I* say if I was called to give an account of *my* stewardship? I said :

“ Suppose you go and see them and tell them just how you feel? ”

“ When I had strength,” he said, “ I didn’t go, and now I can’t.”

I got a carriage and helped him into it and we started out. I don’t believe I should be here now if it had not been for that day’s experience ; God gave me a revelation that day. I drove up to the first house and we got out, and he reeled across the sidewalk and went into the house. He knew every one of his girls by name. He said to this one :

“ Mary, I must leave Chicago ; I can’t stay here any longer ; but before I leave I want you to become a Christian.”

After he had talked a while, he prayed, and then I prayed.

When he got tired out I took him home, and the next day I took him out again; and for ten days he labored in that way, sometimes alone and sometimes I went with him. We visited every member of the class. Do you know, those frivolous girls suddenly became very serious. One day he came into the store, his face beaming, and said:

"I have good news to tell you; the last one of my class has yielded her heart to Christ to-day, and I am going home to-morrow. I have come to bid you good-bye."

"You are going to be here to-night, you say; wouldn't you like to meet the class all together before you go?" I said.

He said he would; and I sent a message to all the girls.

That night God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. I can't tell you what a night it was! The dying teacher told those girls how God had helped him. After he had talked a while and read the Bible, he kneeled down to pray; he prayed for me as superintendent of the school; after he prayed I prayed; and when I was about to rise, to my surprise one of those scholars began to pray, and she, too, prayed for the superintendent. Before we rose from our knees every one had prayed. It seemed as if heaven and earth came together in that room.

The next day I went back to the store, but, to my great amazement, I had lost all ambition for business. Up to that hour I had made everything bend to succeeding in business; that was the height of my ambition. That day I couldn't take any interest in business; I felt as if I would like to bid that teacher Godspeed. I went down to the railway station to see him off. It was a beautiful summer evening, and every one of the class was there. While we stood there we sang a Sunday-school hymn:

"Here we meet to part again,  
But when we meet on Canaan's shore,  
There'll be no parting there."

There stood the engineer and fireman with tears trickling down their faces. When the conductor shouted "All aboard," the



teacher stepped up on the platform, and as the car moved off, with his finger pointing heavenward, he said :

“ I will meet you up yonder.”

The work that began then in that school has been going on ever since. Sometime afterwards, when I was preaching in California, I recognized a lady in the audience, and after the service I said to her :

“ Have you ever lost sight of Christ since that dying teacher led you into the kingdom? ”

“ No,” she said.

“ What are you doing for Christ? ” I asked.

“ I have a Sunday-school class of a hundred scholars.”

“ Have you ever given up Sunday-school work since that time? ”

“ No, sir.”

Those scholars scattered over different parts of the Lord's kingdom, but not one of them that I ever heard of turned back again to the world; I believe they were all true to God. I honestly believe that I should never have given up business if it had not been for that experience.

Life is very sweet to me, but I would rather die to-night than to go back to that time when I was only a nominal Christian and didn't know the luxury of personal work. I pity the man or woman that has never had a taste of this personal work. If you haven't had it may God give it to you.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The Man Who Fell Among Thieves — The Priest Who Passed Him By — John Wesley's Motto — A Cry for Help — Criminal Selfishness — Driven Out of Town — Too Many Committees — The Levite — The Good Intention — "Drawing" Church Members — Blaming the Usher — The Chinaman and the Hoodlums — Race Prejudice — The Kind-hearted Samaritan — A "Blowing Up" — A Year Wasted — Binding Up His Wounds — A Worker in the Seven Dials — Gathering in the Outcasts — Giving Time, Money, and Personal Effort — The Fiddling Infidel — Paying the Inn-keeper — A Pung Full of Boys — "Hitch On" — Watching for a Chance to Ride — "Get Away! Get Away!" — The Hopeful Mother — A Serious Case of Homesickness — No Comfort in Looking at Jackknives — The Beautiful New Cent — Kindness Never Forgotten — Lending to the Lord.

I REMEMBER hearing Dr. Kirk once speak at a convention in the West. He opened his address by giving a picture of Heaven. I said, "That's the finest thing I ever heard!" But he stopped and said, "My friends, that's not what we are here for. We have come to decide what we will do to have the world converted." I shall never forget that part of his speech.

I believe, if the truth was known, that every man's life is planned by the Almighty, and away back in the councils of eternity God laid out work for each one of us. There is no man living that can do the work He has laid out for me to do. No one can do it but myself. And if our work is not done we shall have to answer for it when we stand at God's bar. It seems to me that every one of us ought to take this question home to our hearts: "Am I doing the work that God meant for me to do?"

Now, you will notice in the parable of the good Samaritan,

that Christ brings four men to that skeptical lawyer's consideration. The first was a wounded man who had been stripped by thieves; the next was a priest; the next was a Levite; and the next was a good Samaritan. It is a good thing to take a good look at these four men. The wounded Jew had gone from Jerusalem down to Jericho, and misfortune overtook him. You will find plenty of such people; they have fallen among thieves, and they need help. The priest came down that way. He had probably been officiating at Jerusalem. He was, perhaps, in very high standing. If we had him here now we should probably give him high-sounding titles, — Rev. Levi, D.D., LL.D. Perhaps he said as he saw that poor wounded Jew, "Poor fellow, I pity him. If he were in my parish I would look after him. But I've not been appointed to look after men between Jerusalem and Jericho."

I once asked a minister to pronounce the benediction, and he said he wasn't in his own parish, and he couldn't do it. I felt sorry for him. What was the motto the mighty man, John Wesley, gave us? "The World is My Parish." Never stop to ask whether the man who needs your help is a Jew or a Gentile. He is your brother. I have no doubt that priest was full of pity in his head, but empty of pity in his heart. He saw that wounded man lying there suffering and dying, and he spoke no word to him. There might have been a spring near, but he never gave him a drop of water, and he "passed by on the other side." "Let him die; he is nothing to me."

A few years ago there was a man who fell through the ice into the water. It was a bitter cold night in winter, and a man living on the shore near by heard the drowning man cry "Help! Help!" And the man in the house said, "I don't want to be disturbed this cold night," and he left the poor man to his fate. The next day the body of the drowned man was found. When it was known that the man on the shore had done such a mean, contemptible thing his neighbors hounded him out of town.

But we hear the cry of the poor and lost all around us, lost

for time and for eternity, and we “pass by on the other side.”

“He doesn’t belong to my parish!”

“I’m a Methodist, and I look after the Methodists!”

“He belongs to the Baptists. I look after them!”

“He is a Congregationalist; let the Congregationalists look out for him!”

I say, if a man is in trouble, HELP him!

The priest passed on. Perhaps he was going to dedicate a synagogue in Jericho, and he must hasten down there to attend to his “ecclesiastical” duties. I have been told that “we have so many committees and divisions in our churches that we haven’t time to do the Lord’s work.”

The Levite came after him. He would be a deacon in New England, or a church warden. He was of a different turn of mind. He *looked* at the wounded Jew, and he, too, “passed by on the other side.” But he stopped long enough to “*look*” at him. I don’t know but he put his hands in his pocket, and said:

“I pity that man. I know him. He lives on a back street and has a wife and ten children. Won’t it be a dark day for them when he is taken away? Perhaps he has been wont to put some money into the treasury. I will go down to Jericho and see if I can get somebody to help. I will call it ‘The Jerusalem and Jericho Committee to look after wounded Jews between Jerusalem and Jericho’; and I will give five dollars as a salve to my conscience. I will see if I can’t get some of the leading men of the Jericho synagogue to appoint more soldiers to guard that road. It is a burning shame that a man can’t go down from Jerusalem to Jericho without falling among thieves.” Such things are going on in our cities all the time. Men are dying for want of our help.

I am told that I can find ten thousand priests and Levites easier than one good Samaritan. They are mighty scarce. How many times the question is asked, “How shall we get a ‘drawing’ minister?” What we want is “drawing church-members.” Put a rich man at the end of a pew, and if a work-

ing man is ushered in to sit beside him the pew-owner will very likely say to the usher at the first opportunity:

“What did you put that man in my pew for? I pay fifty dollars a year for that pew.”

The pew has probably been half empty for five years, but the usher gets a blowing up for seating a poor man in it. Talk about “difficulties” and “obstacles.” No obstacles in God’s way. “Go and do likewise,” and you will “reach the working men.” There’s no trouble. Take a man that’s down and help him up, and it is worth hundreds of sermons.

I was in California some years ago, and a Chinaman was walking up the street quietly, when one of the hoodlums took him by his cue and pulled him down on the sidewalk and threatened to kill him. I said:

“That man has never done you any harm. What do you want to kill him for?”

A gentleman told me I came near being killed myself for saying so. The hoodlum replied:

“That dog ain’t got no soul.”

Samaritans to the orthodox Jews were about the same. We know that the Samaritan was the only man under Heaven that could not become a proselyte to the Jewish faith. The Jews would not buy or sell to a Samaritan. Now, the Jew must have a pretty poor opinion of a man if he won’t sell to him, when there is a possibility of making anything out of him.

I recently heard an incident related illustrating this prejudice. A colored woman got into a street car and sat down near an Irish woman. The Irish woman drew up her skirts and edged along; and by and by a Chinaman got in and sat down near the colored woman, and she drew up *her* skirts and edged along. It’s easy enough to talk about the Jews not liking the Samaritans, but there’s some of that feeling left yet. Once in a while, when we are trying to get a man on the right road, and we ask some one to help us, he says, “I am a Roman Catholic.” “Well,” we say, “we are Protestants.” So we give no assistance to each other. The party spirit of old has not all



vanished yet. The Protestants will have nothing to do with the Catholics; the Jews will have nothing to do with the Gentiles. And there was a time — but, thank God, we are getting over it — when a Methodist wouldn't touch a Baptist, or a Presbyterian a Congregationalist; and if we saw a Methodist taking a man out of a ditch, a Baptist would say, "Well, what are you going to do with him?" "Take him to a Methodist church." "Well, I'll have nothing to do with him." A great deal of this has gone by, and the time is coming when, if we are trying to help a man out of the ditch, and others see us tugging at him, and we are so weak that we cannot get him out, they will help him, too. And that is what Christ wants. Do you suppose when you go to Heaven that the Lord will ask whether you came from Boston or New York, whether you are a Jew, Gentile, Catholic, or Protestant? Let's get above these things.

I can see that good Samaritan coming along, with eyes bright, and a sunny face. He hears the sufferer groan, and dismounts at once and goes into the bush, and there the wounded Jew lies dying. And the Samaritan says, "I see. He is a son of Abraham." If he had been like some I know he would have said:

"I'll give that fellow a lecture. I'll give him a piece of my mind. I'll help him by-and-by, but I'll give him a draught of vinegar first, and I will put oil in his wounds afterward. You have called us Samaritans. I'll help you, but I want you to understand that you deserve just what you've got."

A gentleman in Chicago often used to give me a good "blowing up," but he always gave me a check afterwards, but that blowing up always came first. Some people carry a bottle of vinegar around with them, and then always wonder why people are not "drawn towards them." It is a wonder, isn't it? That good Samaritan didn't bring out the vinegar, and he didn't stop to ask "Who are you?" "Where did you come from?" "Where are you going?" But he said to himself, "The man is dying. He needs help. I must attend to his

needs, and get him up from here." He didn't stop to discuss his faults and criticise him. He didn't read a manuscript forty minutes long. There is a class of men who think the world is going to be lifted up by manuscripts. Brethren, we want something besides written sermons. We want a few sermons with hands and feet. That poor fellow didn't care to hear an essay just then. The Samaritan might have pulled out a manuscript and said, "Now I will tell you just when sin came into the world." "But," the poor fellow would have said, "I am dying. Help me!" "Oh, but first let me tell you the origin of sin."

I once said to a young man :

"Go out and work for God. You have health and strength. Go and expound the word of God up and down the land."

"Well," he said, "I would like to do it, but I haven't had much encouragement in our university this year. We have been the whole year trying to find out who wrote the Pentateuch."

Think of a class that spent a whole college year trying to find out who wrote the Pentateuch!

What did that poor wounded Jew want then? He wanted "oil." It is a good thing to carry oil with you, and if you find a wounded man pour in the oil. He did not want a lecture. He wanted sympathy, and something to keep him from dying. The hot rays of the sun were pouring in upon his wounds, and he wanted them bound up. I don't know where the good Samaritan got his bandages. Men don't usually carry bandages with them. I think he must have torn up some of his garments. He took more prejudice out of that Jew in thirty minutes than was ever taken out of one before in all the history of the world. *Help the fellow who is down*, and he will believe that you have got a religion that is worth having.

When I was in London I became acquainted with one of the most remarkable men I ever met. He was a young man brought up in the best society. His father moved in what the world calls the upper circle. This young man was well acquainted with the Royal family, but when he was con-

verted he went down into the Seven Dials, a locality full of dark alleys and the lowest dens of infamy. He would go out on those dark narrow streets until midnight, and oftentimes stay until two and three o'clock in the morning. There he met ragged boys without homes, lying around on boxes, barrels, and stairways, and he would gather them together, give them a supper, good shelter, and a bed, and stay there and sleep with them. He left his beautiful mansion, and seven nights in a week he went down to what I might call the very borders of hell, for it seemed to me the darkest sight I ever saw. He went not only one or two weeks, but for eight or nine years, spending every night among the most abandoned people, trying to bring them up out of their deep degradation. In 1872 he had eighty-five boys in Canada, all of whom had been converted, and they were all doing well. When I was in London the last time it was my privilege to stop at his house. He has since married, and his wife told me that he gave five nights out of the week to that work at the Seven Dials. He put up a building costing about \$75,000. Not only did he spend his money, but his time. A good many people are willing to help the Lord in a patronizing way, by giving a hundred dollars or so to the church, and they are perfectly willing to let others do the work; but this man was willing to go right down among the lowest of the low to get hold of them; and I don't know a man so blessed as he.

I had another friend in London who went into one of these "closes" — a court with tenements built all around it — every Sunday afternoon to preach. There were two infidels living there, and one of them would fiddle and fiddle, and try to drown the preacher's voice. But my friend had the John Bull perseverance and he held on. By and by the cholera and the plague struck that "close," and one of these two infidels was stricken down and died. My friend went in and provided for the man's wife and children, and the other infidel was the first convert he got. His talks and sermons did not win him, but his acts of kindness did. I don't believe that there is a man in all the world who cannot be reached by kindness.

Let me go back to that good Samaritan. What did he do for the poor Jew? He lifted him on his own beast, and he "footed" it. He brought him to the inn and said, "I'll pay for all he needs." The next morning the Jew was a good deal better. Then the good Samaritan said to the inn-keeper, "I don't know how much it will cost, but here is fourteen pence. If that's not enough I am responsible. I will repay. Don't let the man want for anything." Don't you believe that Jew's prejudice against the Samaritan disappeared for time and eternity? There's not a philosophic skeptic can make you or me believe that he was not a good Samaritan. It is a good thing to meet a Samaritan, — a good one.

I was in New England once when the first fall of snow came, and the boys were out with their sleds. An old man with a dilapidated old pung came along. He looked like Santa Claus, and the pung was full of boys "inside and out," as the Irishman would say. The boys hung on to the runners, and they tied the ropes on until there was a long string of sleds behind.

"Hitch on, hitch on, boys," said the old man.

But one little fellow stood off. He could not hitch on. He looked as if he had lost all his friends. Just then he saw another man with a sleigh who *looked* like a good Samaritan. I shall always remember how the boy watched and watched to see if he was truly a good Samaritan. He could not quite tell, but finally he hitched on. The man turned round, and shouted:

"Get away! Get away!" and he gave him a crack with his whip, and the boy began to cry.

I said to myself, "That's about the way it is in life. Some men go through the world and say 'Hitch on, boys, hitch on!' And others, 'Get away! Get away!'"

I want to tell you of the first good Samaritan I ever met. Ah, it brings the tears to my eyes every time I think of it. My father died before I can remember. There was a large family of us. The little twins came after his death, — nine of us in all. He died a bankrupt, and the creditors came in and took every-

thing as far as the law allowed. We had a hard struggle. Thank God for my mother! she never lost hope. She told me some years after that she kept bright and sunny all through the day and cried herself to sleep at night. We didn't know that, or it would have broken our hearts. We didn't know what trouble our mother was passing through. Thank God! He gave her a rest in the evening of life. But my brother, a year and a half older, had gone to Greenfield, and had done "chores," and he was so homesick that he was constantly writing for me to come. He wanted me so much that he wrote that he would come home for me. I said I wouldn't go. But one cold day in November, — I have never liked November since, — a day of leaden skies and frozen ground, my brother came home, and said he had found a good place for me, and I must go down and spend the winter in Greenfield. I said I wouldn't go. But as my mother and I sat by the fire, she said:

"Dwight, I think you will have to go. I don't think I shall be able to keep the family together this winter."

Very little that dear mother had to keep us on. It was a dark night for me. But mother's wish was enough. If she said I ought to go that settled it. I didn't sleep much that night. I cried a great deal. The next morning after breakfast I took my little bundle and started. I was about ten years old. When we got a mile away from the house we both sat down and cried. I thought I should never get back as long as I lived. We footed it over the frozen ground thirteen miles. I have never been so far from home since. I thought I should never get back over those thirteen miles. My brother introduced me to the old man and his wife with whom I was to live. I was to milk the cows, go on errands, and go to school. There was not a child there. That afternoon I looked the old man all over, and I saw he didn't care for boys. He was kinder than I thought he was, but he could not sympathize with a child. Afterwards I took a look at his wife, and I thought she was crosser than he was. I was homesick. I heard a man say the other day that the only home he cared for was under his hat. I



pity a man if that is his idea of life. I never could get over being homesick. So I said to my brother :

" Brother, I'm going home."

" What are you going home for? "

" I'm homesick."

" You'll get over it if you stick it out."

" No, I won't. I don't want to get over it. I can't stand it. I don't like those people here, anyway."

" Dwight, come out and take a walk with me," my brother said.

He took me out near the courthouse square, led me to some shop windows, and showed me some jackknives. What's the use of looking at jackknives if a fellow hasn't any money to buy them with? My eyes were full of tears. I didn't care for these things.

" I'm going home," I said.

" No, it'll be dark," said my brother.

" Well, I'll start to-morrow morning before daylight. I will tell the old man to get some one else to milk his cows."

All at once my brother, who was looking ahead, brightened up, and said :

" There comes a man that will give you a cent."

" How do you know? "

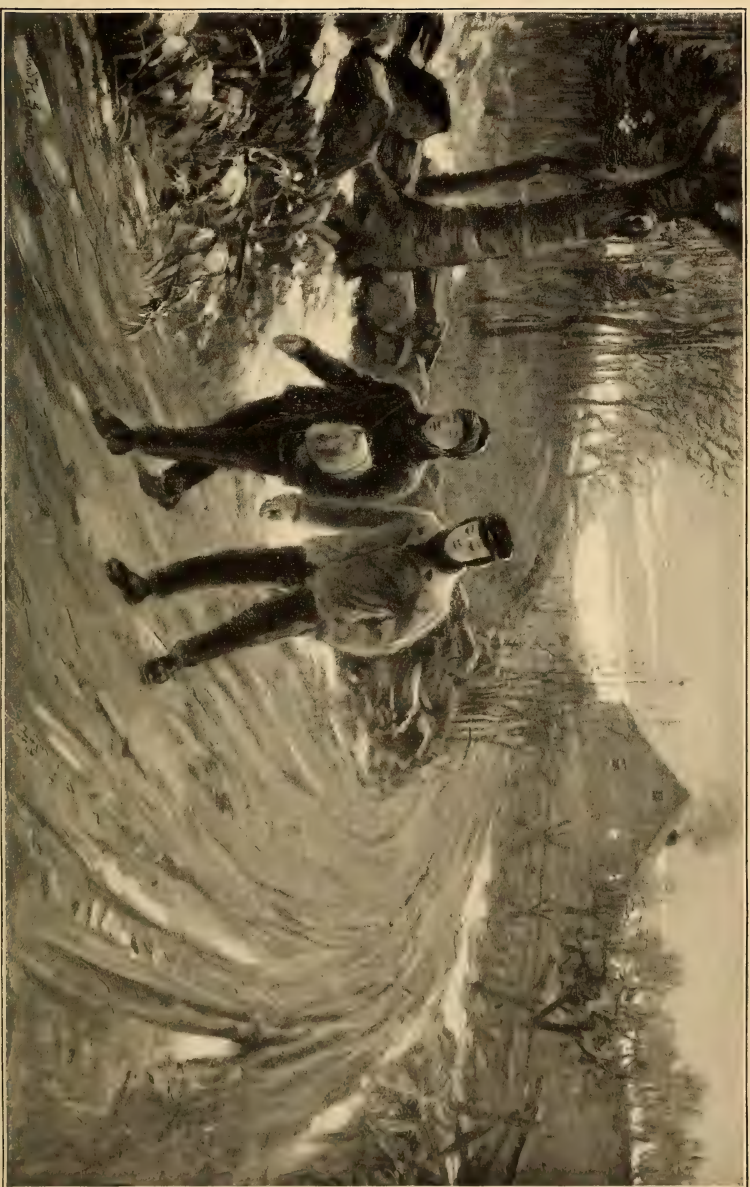
" Why," said he, " he gives a brand-new cent to every new boy that comes to town, and he will give you one."

My tears went away as I saw the old man come tottering along the sidewalk, his face all lighted up. He reached me just in the nick of time and, looking down, he said :

" Why, this is a new boy, isn't it? " My brother straightened up and said :

" Yes, sir, he is my brother, just come to town."

And the old man put his trembling hand on my head and looked down upon me. He got hold of my heart, and as he held my hand he told me that God had an only Son in Heaven, and that He loved this world so much He died for it. He went on talking about Heaven, and told how the Father loved me,



MR. MOODY LEAVING HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME.

But one cold day in November.—I have never liked November since,—a day of leaden skies and frozen ground, my brother came home, and said he had found a good place for me, and I must go down and spend the winter in Greenfield. I said I wouldn't go. But as my mother and I sat by the fire, she said: "Dwight, I think you will have to go. I don't think I shall be able to keep the family together this winter." It was a dark night for me. I didn't sleep much that night. I cried a great deal. The next morning after breakfast I took my little bundle and we started. I was about ten years old. When we got a mile away from the house we both sat down and cried.



and how my father on earth was lifted up, and how I had a Saviour up there, and he told me the story of the Cross in about five minutes. Then he put his hand in his pocket, and he gave me a brand-new cent. I had never seen such a bright and beautiful cent before, and I almost thought it was gold. He put it in my hand, and I never felt as I did then before or since. That act of kindness took the "homesickness" out of me. I felt from that hour that I had a friend. I thought that man was God, almost.

I don't know what has become of that cent. I have often wished I had kept it; but I can feel even now the gentle pressure of those trembling hands on my head. I never walk the streets of Greenfield and hear a child crying that I don't instinctively put my hand in my pocket for a cent. And it gives me joy. Oh, when you give to the poor your help, your sympathy, a loving word, you are "lending to the Lord." Let us all be good Samaritans. Let us not pass by on the other side.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

People Who Pick at the Bible — Critics and Cavillers — Jonah and the Whale and Some Other Doubted Stories — The Scotchman's Answer to a Modern Philosopher — The Boy Skeptic Who Wanted to Argue with Mr. Moody — Ministers who Delight in Picking the Bible to Pieces — The Only Verse He Could Quote — The Bible Judged without Examination — The Minister's Cut Bible — "I'm Going to Hold On to the Covers" — Cutting Out what You do not Agree With — The Supernatural Things of the Bible — The Bible in Three Hundred and Fifty Different Languages — Telegraphing the Entire New Testament to Chicago — Issuing Fifteen Hundred Bibles an Hour — Wonderful Spread of the Gospel — Wonderful and Interesting Instances of Fulfilled Prophecy — People Who Can't Believe the Bible.

**I** DO not believe we are qualified to work for God until we understand a part of the Bible, at least. I have yet to find a successful worker, in the pulpit or out, who doubts the truth of any portion of the Bible. If a man begins to pick at the word of God it don't take him a great while to become an unbeliever. I have often said that if I were going to give up any portion of the Bible I would give it up altogether. What is the use of being five years in doing what you can just as well do in five minutes? If a man or woman begins to pick at the Bible it won't take five years to pick it to pieces. I have known of ministers who began to criticize the Bible, and it was not long before they were out of the pulpit and out of the ministry, and had made shipwreck of their faith. If I understand the Bible, one portion of it comes to me with the same authority that any other portion does. Some people say they believe in the New Testament, but not in the Old Testament; that there are things in the Old Testament they cannot believe.



Do you know that the very things people cavil about to-day are the things that Christ set His seal to when here upon earth? Some say, "I don't believe in Noah and his ark; I suppose that old story was exploded long ago." When I give up that story I give up the sermon on the Mount. When a servant gets to be above his master he had better go and serve someone else. The Saviour believed it: "But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

Men say to me: "Mr. Moody, you don't really believe the story of Sodom and Gomorrah, do you?" Certainly I do; Christ connected that with His revelation: "Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed."

Men say, "I don't believe the story of Moses lifting up a brazen serpent on a pole, and the Israelites being healed when they looked at it, do you?" Yes; He connected that with His own cross: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up."

"But you don't believe that the children of Israel were fed in the wilderness for forty years; that God really sent bread out of heaven for them to eat?" Certainly I do, as much as I believe the sixth chapter of John, where Christ says: "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness."

"You don't believe that story of the widow of Sarepta and the cruise of oil?" Yes, I do; Christ taught it: "But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow."

"But you don't believe that Naaman went into the Jordan and was healed of leprosy?" Certainly; Christ believed it and referred to Naaman: "And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian."

"But you certainly don't believe in the story of Jonah and

the whale?" "Yes, I believe that too." When I give that up I am going to give up the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. As you get along in life and perhaps have as many friends on the other side of the river as you have on this side, you will get about as much comfort out of the story of Jonah as any other story in the Bible. May God help us to hold on to it! Jesus connected that story with His own resurrection. In Matthew they said thrice, "Show us a sign." And He said that the only sign would be the story of Jonah in the whale's belly. Christ believed that Jonah went into the whale's belly, and are you going to be His disciple and be wiser than He? Men say, "It is a physical impossibility for a whale to swallow a man." The Bible says, "God prepared a great fish." That is enough. If God created a whale, couldn't He create a fish large enough to swallow a man? There is no trouble when you bring God in to prepare the fish. God could prepare a fish large enough to swallow the whole world — take us all in at one swallow. Any trouble there? I don't see any. The idea that God couldn't make a whale with a mouth large enough to swallow Jonah; I never heard of such an absurdity.

A friend of mine from Scotland was returning home on a steamer, and a couple of modern philosophers stood on the deck talking together, and the Scotchman stood right near them where he couldn't help hearing what they said. One of them said: "You know the Bible has got to go down: it is only a question of time when it will be abandoned altogether. It can't stand in the light of science." "Yes," said the other, "it has got to go down." Then the other said: "Did you ever hear anything so absurd as the story that Baalam's ass spoke? Now, I am a scientific man, and I have taken pains to examine the mouth of an ass, and it is so formed that it couldn't speak." My Scotch friend stood it just as long as he could, and finally said, "Ah, man, you make the ass and I will make him speak." The idea that the God who made the ass could not make him speak! And yet we hear such stuff right in New England!

A friend once said to me :

" Mr. Moody, I wish you would go and talk to that young man." He was a mere boy, and when I began to talk with him he wanted to have an argument, but I wouldn't argue with him. I said :

" You are a skeptic? "

" Yes, sir, I am."

" How long have you been a skeptic? "

" A number of years."

" Now," I said, " may I ask you how old you are? "

" Fourteen."

" Would you tell me what a skeptic is? "

To save his life he couldn't tell ; he had heard some infidels talk about being skeptics, and he thought he would be one. Most men who are talking against the Bible don't know any more about it than that boy did about skepticism. They hear some of the sentiments of infidels, and they go about reporting them, and don't know a thing about it.

A man in Montreal was once talking to me, and said :

" The fact is, Mr. Moody, we have got to have a new Bible. This old Bible was well enough for the dark ages, but it won't do for the nineteenth century."

" Well," I said, " before you give up the Bible we have, let us see how much you know about it ; which is the first book in the Bible, Genesis or Revelation? "

" Well, I can't tell that."

He couldn't answer that question, but he had " got to have a new Bible." I want to tell you something : The men whom you hear talking against the Bible don't look inside of it once in six months ; they know nothing about it. I contend that there is no book in the wide world that is so misjudged as the Bible.

Some ministers seem to derive a good deal of pleasure in going into the pulpit and picking the Bible to pieces. If you have such a minister I advise you either to get him out of the church or go out yourself. I wouldn't stay in a church that

had a man in the pulpit who picked the Word of God to pieces, not by a good deal. I heard of a young man who called on his pastor, and said he wanted to show him the minister's Bible.

"What makes you call it my Bible?" said the minister.

"Well," said the young man, "I have sat under your preaching for five years, and when you spoke of anything in the Bible as not being authentic, I cut it out."

And he had cut out all of the book of Job, all of Revelations, and the Songs of Solomon. About a third of the Bible was gone. The minister said:

"Let me have that Bible." He didn't want his people to see the book in that condition. But the man said:

"Oh, no! I have got the covers and I am going to hold on to them."

If ministers have a right to cut out what they don't like, and I have a right to cut out what I don't like, and if everybody else should cut out what they don't like, we should have a wonderful Bible! The adulterer reads in the Bible that no adulterer shall enter the kingdom of heaven, and he says, "Cut it out!" The drunkard reads that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven, and he says, "I don't want that," and he cuts it out. The thief reads, "Thou shalt not steal," and he says, "I don't want that," and he cuts it out.

My dear friends, take the whole book, not a part of it! Is all of it inspired? No, I don't say that all of it is inspired. All Scripture is given by inspiration, but it is not all inspired. When the devil told a lie in Eden, he wasn't inspired to tell a lie, but some one was inspired to write about it. When the devil told the lie about Job he wasn't inspired to speak, but some one was inspired to record it. When Ahab got those four hundred prophets together to speak their prophecy, they were not inspired to speak a lie, but somebody was inspired to write about it.

Another class says, "Well, Mr. Moody, you know I believe all that corresponds with reason; I believe the natural things of the Bible, but I don't believe the supernatural things."

There isn't any part of the Bible that doesn't teach supernatural things. If God is a supernatural being He must have a supernatural book to tell about Himself. We read in Genesis that God talked with Abraham. Now, if that did not take place, then the man who wrote Genesis knew that he was writing a lie, and out goes Genesis. Take Exodus, and there we find the story of the ten plagues, the children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, water flowing out of a rock; and if those things did not take place, one after another, the man who wrote Exodus knew that he was writing a lie. Read Numbers, and there is Moses making a brazen serpent, and putting it up on a pole, and the people bitten of fiery serpents look upon it and are healed. If that didn't take place then the man that wrote Numbers knew that he was writing a deliberate lie, so out goes Numbers. You can go through the whole Bible, and you will find supernatural things all through it. The last portion of the Bible that a man gives up is the four Gospels, and a man that does not believe in the supernatural things recorded in them has got to give the Bible up altogether. There was hardly a day in the life of Christ that He did not do something supernatural. Five hundred years before He was born, an angel told Daniel that He was to come. An angel told Zacharias that he was to be the father of the forerunner of Christ. An angel told the Virgin that she was to be the mother of Christ. Angels came to the shepherds to announce His coming; the Holy Spirit came upon Simeon so that he recognized Him in the temple. From the beginning of Christ's ministry, when the Holy Spirit descended upon Him in the form of a dove, to the time when His resurrection body passed up through the clouds into heaven, something supernatural was taking place. He spoke to the sea in a tempest, and the sea recognized Him and obeyed His voice. He spoke to the barren fig tree, and the tree withered away. He spoke to leprosy, and leprosy obeyed Him. He spoke to death, and death fled before Him.

When He died the sun refused to look upon that scene; this old world recognized Him, and the earth reeled and rocked like



a drunken man. The earth knew Him. That was supernatural. And when He burst asunder the bands of death and came out of Joseph's sepulchre that was supernatural.

The great Welch preacher, Christmas Evans, said "Many reformations die with the reformer, but this reformer ever liveth to carry on His reformation." Thank God, he is not dead! I know a good many people are trying to make us think that Jesus is in Joseph's sepulchre yet! They want us to throw away the supernatural things of the Bible! My dear friends, if you throw away the supernatural things, you have got to throw away the whole Bible. I thank God that our Christ is a supernatural Christ, and that the Bible is a supernatural Book; and I thank God that I live in a country where it is so free that all men can read it.

There is another thought I want to call your attention to: People say they believe the New Testament, but they do not believe the Old. Do you know that there are only eighty-nine chapters in the four Gospels, and there are one hundred and forty quotations from the Old Testament in them? There are sixty-five quotations in Matthew alone from the Old Testament. How are you going to believe in the New Testament and not believe in the Old? There are twenty-five quotations from the Old Testament in Luke alone; in the two short epistles of Paul to the Corinthians there are sixty-five quotations; in Colossians there are sixteen quotations; in Hebrews there are eighty-five quotations — not just isolated passages, but great blocks of quotations; in Revelations alone, the book upon which the skeptics cast so much discredit, there are two hundred and forty quotations; and yet, people say, "I believe the New Testament, but I won't believe the Old."

Christ said of the law, "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Now, when Christ said that, the Old Testament was all they had; there was no New Testament. Then Christ says: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." When Christ said that, there were no reporters

following Him around to take down every word He said ; there were no printing-presses or publishers to bring out volumes of His sermons every year. It is said that Spurgeon had manuscripts of all the sermons he ever preached in London ; but when Christ was on earth, there was no one taking down His sermons and putting them away in manuscripts ; and yet He says : “ Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.” He was looked down upon by the church of that time as the vilest of imposters ; all the religious teachers sneered at Him. His followers were only a few despised women of Galilee, and a few unlettered fishermen for disciples. I can imagine a modern free-thinker standing by and hearing that remark, and saying, with a scornful curl of his lip : “ Hear the Jewish peasant talk ! Did you ever hear such conceit ? ‘ Heaven and earth shall pass away, but His words shall not pass away.’ ”

My friends, nearly nineteen hundred years have passed away since those words were spoken, but have His words passed away ? They have been put into three hundred and fifty different languages, and they have gone to the farthest corners of the earth ! There is not a nation on the globe to which missionaries have not carried the Word of God, and they have made the greatest sacrifices and gone through the severest hardships in order that they might do so. Suppose that when Christ taught on earth, some prophet had prophesied that a continent would be found sixteen hundred years after Jesus Christ left this world, and that somebody would take the lightning and flash His words right across that continent, would anybody have believed it ? And yet that has been done in your day and mine. When the revised version of the New Testament was published an enterprising concern set ninety operators at work on private wires and telegraphed the whole New Testament from New York to a Chicago newspaper, and it all appeared in the paper the next morning ; and natives and foreigners, Christians and infidels, were reading it. This happened nearly nineteen hundred years after Christ left the

world, and yet we are saying that the Word of God is getting out of date. What you and I want is to know how to handle it.

Do you know that the sun shines to-day on more Bibles than it has ever shone on before. I was in New York a little while ago, and an editor of one of the leading daily papers there wanted to know if there was any demand for Bibles now-a-days (1899). He said the people had given up the Bible and gone to reading newspapers. Well, there have been more Bibles sold in the last three years than at any other time. There never has been such a demand for Bibles. Bibles that I used to pay eight and nine dollars for can now be bought for four and five, and you can buy a good one for seventy cents. I don't know how they do it, but they do. Do you know that the American Bible Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society issue 1,500 Bibles every hour? Thank God, the Bibles are not going out; they are just coming in! More Bibles have been printed in the last few years than in the past 1800 years. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." Are His words passing away? No, and thank God they are not going to pass away. You and I will pass away, and the world will pass away, but His words shall live and endure.\*

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\* Mr. Moody's statement that the American and British Bible Societies issue "1,500 Bibles every hour," needs explanation. Probably he meant to include Bibles and integral books of the Bible circulated (as well as printed) in all lands. Including its issues in foreign lands, the American Bible Society in one year (1898-9) put into circulation 1,380,892 "Bibles, and Testaments and integral Portions of the Bible," and in the same year the British and Foreign Bible Society issued 4,479,439 volumes of Scripture; a total of 5,860,331. How many this is for each hour depends on the number of hours in a year on which the computation is made. Probably Mr. Moody would say that he meant business hours. Now, allowing 310 working days a year, of eight hours each, we have 2,480 hours, thus giving on this basis a total output of about 2,363 volumes for each working hour; or nearly 670 for each of the twenty-four hours of the day throughout the entire year, including Sundays and holidays. These figures show the annual output of Bible societies alone. In addition to them are many large publishing houses in the United States and England whose annual sales of Bibles aggregate hundreds of thousands, so that the actual number of Bibles, and integral books of the Bible, sold each year, is much greater than the figures above quoted.

It is stated on unquestioned authority that the Bible Societies alone have

I say, take the whole Bible. A large part of the Bible was written by prophets, but you seldom hear a sermon on prophecy, fulfilled or unfulfilled. Do you know that there are over two hundred prophecies that have been remarkably and literally fulfilled in regard to Jesus Christ? There was nothing that happened to Jesus Christ when He was here on this earth that was not prophesied of Him. We read in the second chapter of Luke that Joseph and Mary went up to Bethlehem to be taxed. When Augustus Cæsar sent out his decree that all the world should be taxed, that decree brought the parents of the child Jesus up to Bethlehem, where it had been prophesied that He should be born. It was prophesied that He should be spit upon. Did they not spit upon Him? Isaiah said that they should smite Him. Did they not smite Him? Take those two hundred prophecies, and look them over carefully, and you will find that every one of them has been literally fulfilled. Yet, people say they can't believe the Bible!

There are a great many prophecies in the Old Testament that history proves to have been literally fulfilled; for instance, the prophecies concerning Ninevah, Babylon, Egypt, and Jerusalem. Infidels may talk as much as they like, but I don't know of any portion of Scripture that will stop their mouths as quickly as fulfilled prophecy. When I was a boy I was taught to believe that all the land west of the Mississippi River was a vast and barren desert of sand. But, later, when they had taken a hundred millions of dollars in silver out of that desert, people began to rub their eyes and wake up to the fact that the land was worth something; and that territory was found to be, at that time, the richest in this country. There are some portions of the Bible that have never been explored, yet there is some of the purest gold of heaven there. If you study the Bible you will find it the most interesting book in all the world.

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distributed, since 1804, in round figures, the enormous number of 280,000,000 of Bibles, Testaments, and Portions; while ten years ago the estimate was 214,000,000. — [ED.]

Here are a few passages about those great cities that were flourishing at the time the prophets prophesied :

Isaiah 13. 19: " And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.

" It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there.

" But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there.

" And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."

Now, mark the fulfillment. A friend going through the valley of Euphrates with a dragoman tried to induce him to pitch his tent near Babylon, but he couldn't get that dragoman to pitch his tent anywhere near the ruins. The prophet said that Arabs wouldn't pitch their tent there; no shepherd would dwell there. The prophecy has been literally carried out, as you will find to-day in traveling through that country.

Nahum 3. 6-7: " And I will cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazingstock.

" And it shall come to pass, that all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say, Nineveh is laid waste: who will bemoan her? whence shall I seek comforters for thee? "

For 2,500 years Nineveh was buried, covered up. Now, we have gone down into the ruins and are digging up the remains of that old city and bringing them to Constantinople and Paris and London, and people from all parts of the world gaze at these fragments of the ruins of Nineveh. " I will make thee a gazingstock of nations." That prophecy has been literally fulfilled, and yet it was uttered that Nineveh was a great and mighty city.

A gentleman who went around the world a few years ago told me that when he came to the place where old Tyre used to stand, he took out his Bible and turned to Ezekiel 26. 3. As he stood among the ruins that night on the very spot where the city once stood, he read :



"Therefore saith the Lord GOD; Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up.

"And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock.

"It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea: for I have spoken it, saith the Lord GOD: and it shall become a spoil to the nations."

He said the sun was going down, and the fishermen were bringing their nets up out of the sea and spreading them on the bare rock where once stood that great city, and the prophecy was literally fulfilled.

Take the prophecy concerning Jerusalem, in the nineteenth chapter of Luke:

"And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side."

Didn't Titus do that? Didn't the Roman Emperor do that very thing?

"And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another."

I do not know when I was ever more impressed than when I was in Jerusalem, as I recalled the prophecy, "Thus saith the Lord, I will plow Zion like a field." I plucked the wheat right there on Mount Zion; it had been plowed and sowed just as it was prophesied that it would be plowed hundreds of years before.

As I went through Egypt I saw every day the fulfillment of prophecy:

Ezekiel 29. 15: "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations: for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations."

That was prophesied when Egypt was a great and mighty nation. Is there a baser nation on the face of the earth to-day?

It has been trying to get up in your day and mine; but the moment it tries to lift its head up, all the nations jump upon it to keep it down.

Yet, some people say they can't believe the Bible! That is because they don't know anything about it, they do not study it.

It is easy for some to laugh at the Bible; but the hour is coming when one promise in that old Book will be worth more than ten thousand worlds like this. It is easy for some to sneer at it, but the hour is coming when they will need it. In prosperity and health it is easy to laugh and sneer, and get infidels to scoff at God; but the hour is coming, and that quickly, when everyone will want a Saviour.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE BIBLE AND HOW TO STUDY IT

Different Ways of Studying the Bible — Digging Deep for Heavenly Truths — An Infidel's Challenge to Mr. Moody — Using a Concordance — The Man Who Wanted a Book on Assurance — Studying the Bible with a Telescope — Characteristics of the Gospels — How Mr. Moody Held the Attention of the Northfield Students — Studying the Bible with a Microscope — A Real and an Artificial Bee — Preachers with Flippant Tongues — Mr. Moody's Interleaved Bible — Marking the Bible — Mr. Moody's Recollections of the Family Bible — Looking to See when Dwight was Born — Mr. Moody's Embarrassment in a Boston Sunday-school Class — "Greeney From the Country" — The Importance of Knowing How to Handle the Bible.

**I**T IS very difficult for one person to tell others how to study, or how to use their minds, for there are no two minds that work exactly in the same groove. God made great variety in the human race; no two persons look exactly alike. You very often hear people say of twins, "Those two boys look as near alike as two peas;" but the mother knows them. It is a good thing to have variety in this world. I am glad that there is no other man in the world like me; I don't want to see another one like me. You can make up your mind that there is no other person just like you.

I will give some hints on the study of the Bible which perhaps will be helpful to you. I consider it a great calamity that anyone who has been a child of God a great many years cannot get some help from that book for himself. When my youngest boy was able to carry his spoon to his mouth without spilling the contents the other children clapped their hands and shouted, "Look, papa, Paul can feed himself." I think it is

a great pity if a child of God is not able to feed himself. I know people forty years old who never get anything out of the Bible except what they get on Sunday. If the minister gives them geology, and botany, and metaphysics, they have to go hungry; but if he gives them the Word of God they are fed. What we want is to know how to study the Word of God and feed ourselves.

Now there are different ways of studying the Bible. I received from George Müller the idea of taking one book of the Bible at a time; I found that plan was very helpful to me. If I hadn't much time I would take a short Epistle, or one of the minor prophets, and read it at one sitting.

Another good way is to take one of the longer books; take Isaiah, or Jeremiah, and read it through. If my wife wrote me a letter eight pages long and I should read one page a day I should forget what was on the first page before I got to the eighth. I sometimes think it is a calamity that the books of the Bible have been divided up into chapters and verses. People read a chapter and they think that is the end of the subject, when in reality they have just touched upon it; it may be a week before you come back to reading on that subject again, and by that time you have forgotten what you read before. I remember when I was a boy and used to hoe corn I did it so poorly that I had to put a stick in the ground to tell where I left off one day, so that I wouldn't go over the same ground the next day.

I've traveled around a good deal, and many times have stopped where they had family worship. The head of the house would take down the Bible, and there would always be a mark in it. But if there was more than one mark, or if the mark had got changed, he wouldn't know where to read, and he would say to his wife, "Didn't we read this chapter yesterday?" And she wouldn't know, and so he would read the same chapter he had read the previous morning. A good many people don't know where they leave off unless they put a mark in the place where they read the Bible last; and then

they wonder why it is they don't get hold of the Bible, — why they don't understand it. I don't believe they will ever understand the Bible in reading it that way. We have got to dig in order to reach these heavenly truths — not dig a little here and a little there, but keep right on digging in one place until we find the truth. If people make up their minds that they are going to get interested in Bible truths, they are going to dig away until they find them.

Each book has a key, and you want to find the key to help in its study. If you take up a modern book you will often find at the beginning a preface which gives you the key to the book. There are only sixty-six books in the Bible, and it won't take long to get sixty-six keys. Take Genesis; that is the seed-plant of the whole Bible; you will find nearly everything in the Bible foreshadowed in the book of Genesis. Then take Exodus; that is the book of redemption; then Leviticus, the book of sacrifices; then Numbers, the book of wanderings; then Deuteronomy, the book of directions for the conduct of the children of Israel after they get into the promised land. Christ quotes more from that than from any other book, and that is the reason why the devil attacks it so much at the present time.

Then take up Bible characters as types of Christ, and see if you can find any likeness in any of them to Christ Himself. Abel was a type of Christ; Enoch, Abraham, and Isaac are types of Christ. Perhaps one of the best types was Joseph. He was hated by his own brethren; so was Christ. He was stripped of his raiment; he was sold for twenty pieces of silver; he was betrayed and misjudged; cast into a pit and into prison. Did not Christ's enemies treat Him much the same? At God's appointed time Joseph was brought out of prison and made governor over all Egypt. Did not God take Christ out of the sepulchre and place Him on the throne of Heaven?

A good way to study the Bible is to take it up topically. I think I have received more help in that way than any other. There is a book that I think every Christian ought to have,



and that is a Concordance. Perhaps all teachers and ministers have them; but I tell you everyone ought to have certain books. If you can't have a whole library you can at least have a few books that will be great helps. I remember, in Boston, an infidel once picked me up on a quotation I had made from the Bible. He said it wasn't in the Bible, and he handed me a Bible and asked me to find it. He might just as well have asked me to hunt for a needle in a haymow; I couldn't find it. Often the question comes up if such-and-such a passage is in the Bible, and you may hunt hours without finding it; but if you have a Concordance you can find it in three minutes.

Suppose, for instance, you look up every passage in the Bible on Assurance, and study the subject until you have mastered it. You get the whole drift of the subject and it will go with you all through life; and twenty, thirty, or forty years hence it will be a feast to you. A man once said to me:

"Can you recommend a book on Assurance?"

"Yes. There is a very fine one on Assurance, written by a man named John."

"An Englishman?"

"No. Son of Zebedee."

"Where can I get it?"

"At any bookstore."

"What shall I call for?"

"It is in the Bible, bound up with some other works. It is better than all the infidel books ever published. You had better read and study it."

If a person will study that epistle a few weeks he will find out whether he is in the kingdom of God or not.

Then take up the doctrine of the Atonement and see what the Bible has to say about it. The whole Bible teaches the doctrine of Atonement. I remember at one time speaking on Heaven, and a lady came to me and said, "Mr. Moody, I never knew there was so much in the Bible about Heaven." I had talked for half an hour about Heaven, and she thought I had

told all there was in the Bible about it. You can spend a whole month on Heaven, and you won't exhaust the subject.

I remember giving some time to the study of the subject of Grace. I don't know how long I was on that subject, but I got so full of it that I had to go out and talk about it. You know that when a vessel is full there must be an outlet. So I went out on the street and spoke to the first man that came along, and asked him if he knew anything about the Grace of God. I suppose he thought I was crazy. If you will study in this way you will get so full of these subjects that it will not be hard to take up personal work in the kingdom of God; because when you get your very soul on fire you can't help working for Him.

Take up some of these grand doctrines and study them for yourselves. I once thought I could turn Chicago upside down if I could only get faith, and so I used to pray for faith. I had an idea that it was going to come right down from heaven and strike me like lightning, and I should jump right up from my knees full of it; but it didn't come. Then I read in the tenth chapter of Romans that "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," and it came to me like a revelation from heaven. Ever since I began to study the Bible my faith has been growing. You can't get acquainted with these promises and feed on them without having your faith grow stronger.

Another good way to study the Bible is to study it with a telescope. What I mean by studying it with a telescope is to get the drift of the whole book. Take the book of Matthew, and you have a whole lecture. If you are going to stop to take account of the essential points of the book there are five remarkable sermons in it. Matthew was a sort of short-hand reporter, and he reported the sermons more fully than the rest. Get those five sermons in the Book of Matthew and you have a pretty good idea of the whole book.

Then take Mark, and you will find that there isn't a long sermon in it. It is supposed to be written for the Romans,

who would not have received it if it had been made up of long sermons; it is full of pithy points.

Matthew begins with Abraham and writes to the Jews. Mark commences with Malachi's prophecy; Luke begins with John the Baptist; while John begins with Christ in the bosom of the Father. If I wanted to prove the divinity of Jesus Christ I would go to John. Matthew tells us of the resurrection of our Lord, but he does not tell us how He left this earth. Mark gives His resurrection and ascension, and Luke also gives His resurrection and ascension, and reappearance with the promise of the Holy Ghost. In John we have all these, and the promise of His return. Those four men wrote from four different standpoints; get those standpoints and study each Gospel from that light, and you will find all the Gospel we have in them.

I have over eleven hundred students at the school in Northfield. I found it very difficult to open services with morning prayer. We had only about fifteen minutes to get and hold their attention before they had to go into their classes and recite in Latin and Greek. Every mind was on the alert to be able to recite, and they would have been tempted to look into their books had there not been a kind of unwritten law against it. I couldn't get hold of those eleven hundred students when their minds were occupied with thoughts of their studies, and I hit upon this plan: I said to them one morning, "Tomorrow morning I am not going to open the Bible, but I want you to tell me what is in the first chapter of John." I had to go to studying myself; you can't commit to memory when you are as old as I am as easily as you can when you are younger. We committed to memory the verses that were assigned for that morning, and, more than all, it became very interesting before we had gone very far. The students committed those verses to memory and carried them with them through life. When we got into the second chapter they became very much interested in the miracle at the marriage in Cana, where the mother of Jesus said to the servants, "Whatsoever He saith

unto you, do it." When we got into the third chapter of John we had hard work to get out of it. We spent the most time on the sixteenth verse, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In the fourth chapter we got around to that well of Sychar. I don't believe we ever had a more blessed time in the school, until we got into the fifth chapter, where were the witnesses that Christ brought to prove that He was divine. The sixth chapter we called the "Bread Chapter." The seventh chapter we called the "Water Chapter." The eighth chapter we called the "Light Chapter." The ninth chapter we called the "Sight Chapter." A man may have plenty of light, but he must have his eyes open if he wants to see. The tenth chapter we called the "Good Shepherd Chapter." The eleventh chapter tells of the Shepherd going to find the sheep that had strayed and bring it back to the fold. The twelfth chapter gives Christ's farewell to the people. The thirteenth chapter teaches humility. The fourteenth chapter tells of the mansions in Heaven. The fifteenth chapter tells of the True Vine. The sixteenth chapter tells of the promise of the Holy Ghost. The seventeenth chapter tells of Christ Jesus in prayer for His disciples. The eighteenth chapter tells of His arrest. The nineteenth chapter tells of His crucifixion. The twentieth chapter tells of His resurrection. In the twenty-first chapter He is with His disciples again, then He ascends to the Father. There isn't a book that you cannot study with a telescope; that is, take a bird's eye view of the whole thing.

Then study it with a microscope. What I mean by studying the Bible with a microscope is to take up one word, or one thought, and trace it through the whole book. Take the word "Walk," as in Ephesians: walk in obedience, walk in love, walk worthy of the vocation, walk circumspectly, walk as children of light, walk in good works, walk not as the Gentiles walk. Take the "No mores" of Revelation. Take the eight "Overcomes" of Revelation; I could almost shout before I

got through. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

When I was in Boston I went into a chromo establishment. I wanted to know how the work was done. The proprietor showed me a stone several feet square, one of many stones used in printing a portrait, from which he took an impression on paper; but when he took the paper off the stone I could see no sign of a man's face; the paper was just tinged with a little color. I said I couldn't see any sign of a face there. "Wait a little," he said. He took me to another stone, but when the paper was lifted I couldn't see any indication of a face. He took me to eight, nine, ten stones, and at last I could just see the faintest outlines of a portrait. He went on until he got up to about the twentieth stone, and I could see the face distinctly, but he said it was not perfect yet. Well, he went on until he came, I think, to the twenty-eighth stone, and a perfect face appeared, and it looked as if it could speak. If you read a chapter of the Bible and don't see anything in it, read it a second time, and if you cannot see anything in it read it a third time. Dig deep. Read it again and again, and even if you have to read it twenty-eight times, do so, and you will see the man Christ Jesus, for He is in every page of the Word.

I honestly believe that the coming minister is going to be a man who will explain the Word; I believe what this nation is crying for is expository preachers. I know some ministers who only use the Bible as a book to take a text from. They will give you metaphysics, and geology, and botany, and astronomy, and I don't know what else, and then wonder why people don't love the Bible. I don't wonder. A man made an artificial bee that was so like the real bee that he challenged a man to tell the difference. What did the man who was challenged do? He dropped a little honey near the bees; the artificial bee went buzzing around, and made a great noise, but took no notice of the honey. No life in it! The real bee went for the honey. There are a lot of artificial Christians in these days; they know nothing about honey; they talk about the



honey of the Word, but they know nothing about it, because they are artificial. So many of these Christians want an eloquent or bombastic preacher, a man who has great oratorical gifts or makes striking gestures! You hear such people say:

“I went to hear so-and-so preach; never heard such a Gospel sermon in my life.”

Wasn't an ounce of Gospel in it from beginning to end! If a man has got a flippant tongue, many people think he is just wonderful! What we want is to know what God wants us to do.

Dr. Andrew Bonar wasn't what would be called in this country a star preacher, — he had a very weak voice; but I never heard a man who brought such sweet things out of the Word of God as he did. When I was in Glasgow I heard a great deal about him. His church held about 1,300, and for twenty-five years it was full every Sunday of people taking notes; sometimes these notes were sent across the sea to me, and I never received one of those outlines that wasn't a feast to my soul. It was a common thing when we met one of Dr. Bonar's people to find the man carrying a Bible, all ready for work. When the Doctor called on his people, he would often read one of the Gospels or one of the Epistles, and take time to explain the whole thing. The result was that he had a church full of theologians. I preached six months in Glasgow, and there wasn't a ward in that city where I didn't feel the influence of that man.

Every man and woman ought to have each a Bible for themselves. I use my Bible to preach from. It is an interleaved Bible; every other page is a blank, and I use it as a notebook. If a good thought comes to me I put it down, and if I am called upon suddenly to speak on any topic — and I don't care what the subject is — I have got something to say. I turn the leaves over and see what some one else said on that subject. I declare, I have heard men preach and I didn't know what they were talking about, and I wondered if they did themselves. Like the young couple who got married and went to house-

keeping, and they agreed to balance the cash every Saturday night. One night the husband said :

“ Well, dear, I must go away to-night, and you make up the accounts yourself.”

Well, the cash didn't balance, so she charged “ G. K. W. \$2.00,” “ G. K. W. \$2.50,” “ G. K. W. \$3.50,” and so on. When the husband returned, he said :

“ Who is this G. K. W. ? ”

“ Well,” she said, “ I couldn't make the cash come out straight, and so I just put down G. K. W. for ‘ Goodness Knows What. ’ ”

It is a good thing to direct your thoughts and meditate. Take your Bible and just say to God, “ Speak to me ; ” and when you get a good thought it will wake you up and do you good. Transmit that thought ; communicate it ; if you get a thought that has given you joy, don't keep it, pass it on. I heard some time ago of a young man in London who never went to bed at night without putting down the best thought that had come to him during the day.

This idea of recording our best thoughts has been a great help to me. I have tried to introduce the plan of treasuring up one good thought each day. Every good thought you get will help. If you want to get your thoughts full of heavenly things, talk and read about them. How could people know anything about the Klondike if they didn't read about it. I am astonished to see so many Christian people spend so much money for tobacco and so little for good books.

Let me give you some things I have jotted down. I don't remember where I got all these things. Here is something : “ *Justification*, a change of state, a new standing before God ; *Repentance*, a change of mind, a new mind about God ; *Regeneration*, a change of nature, a new heart from God ; *Conversion*, a change of life, a new life for God ; *Adoption*, a change of family, a new relationship towards God ; *Sanctification*, a change of service, a separation unto God ; *Glorification*, a change of place, a new condition with God.”

Then here is another thing I will give you: "*FAITH gets the most; HUMILITY keeps the most; LOVE works the most.*" Take up the Word of God in the morning and get a thought like that and it will help you all through the day.

I want to tell you how I was blessed a few years ago, upon hearing a discourse upon the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs. The speaker said the children of God were like four things. The first thing was, "The ants are a people not strong," and he went on to compare the children of God to ants. They pay no attention to the things of the present, but go on steadily preparing for the future.

The next thing he compared them to was conies. "The conies are but a feeble folk." "Well," said I, "I wouldn't care to be like a coney." But he went on to say that they built upon a rock. The children of God were very weak, but they laid their foundation upon a rock. "Well," said I, "I will be like a coney, and build my hopes upon a rock." Like the Irishman, who said he trembled himself, but the rock upon which his house was built never did.

The next thing the speaker compared them to was locusts. I didn't think much of locusts, and I thought I wouldn't care about being like one. But he went on to read: "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." There were the Congregationalist, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, and the Methodist bands going forth without a king; but by and by our King will come back again, and these bands will fly to Him. "Well, I will be like a locust; my King's away," I thought.

He next compared them to spiders. I didn't like that at all; but he said if we went into a gilded palace filled with luxury, we might see a spider holding on to something, oblivious to all the luxury below. It was laying hold of the things above. "Well," said I, "I will be like a spider."

I heard this a good many years ago, and I just put the speaker's name to it, and it makes the sermon. But take your Bibles and mark them. Don't think of wearing them out. It is a rare thing to find a man wearing his Bible out now-a-days.

Sunday-school teachers ought to carry the whole Bible into their classes. Twenty-five years ago we compassed sea and land to get up question-books, and now you will find a good many Sunday-schools that never have a Bible in them. I heard of a class that wanted to refer to the Bible to settle a disputed question, and they went into the church and looked in all the pews without finding one, and finally they had to get the pulpit Bible and carry it into the Bible-class to decide the point. I do not object to "lesson helps," they are all right in their place; but when you go into the Bible-class, take the whole Bible along with you. I was brought up on one of these question-books. I didn't have a Bible at all. We had a family Bible that mother used to keep in the spare room because she was afraid we would tear it, and once in a great while we were allowed to look into it. I used to look and see when Dwight was born. I saw these titles at the head of some of the pages, "Births," "Marriages," "Deaths." I always turned to "Marriages" first, for that showed when father and mother were married; and then I would turn to "Births" to see when my oldest brother and sister were born; but what used to make my eyes sparkle was to get down to where the record showed when Dwight was born. That is all I saw of the Bible. Do you know why so many young men hang around our Sunday-schools and don't want to go into a Bible-class? They don't want to expose their ignorance of the Bible. I went to Boston when I was seventeen. I had scarcely had a Bible in my hand. I was assigned to a Bible-class with some young students from Harvard College. I went in there as big as life! I tell you what, you think you know about everything when you are about seventeen; you know more than your father, your grandfather, and all your relations! Well, they said the lesson was in John, and they handed me a Bible. What did I know about John? I thought it must be in the minor prophets. Those Harvard students began to nudge one another and whisper, "Greeny from the country." I said to myself, "What a fool I am to be caught in this scrape." I would have gone out very

quickly if I could have done so without being noticed. The teacher saw my embarrassment and handed me his Bible, opened to the place, and I stuck my thumb on it so I shouldn't lose it. I had been to Sunday-school ever since I was a little boy, but I didn't have a Bible and didn't know how to handle one.

Take a person who has never used a Bible, and put it into his hand and tell him that it will show him the way to heaven, and you might almost as well put a dictionary or Blackstone's commentaries in his hand. It is very important that our children should know how to use the Bible. Thank God! we live in a land where the Bible is sold so cheap that almost everybody can buy one, and if you can't buy, the Bible Society will give you one.

It is a good thing to see a Bible in each pew in church so that when the minister reads, the people can read with him; the whole congregation will follow the minister right along, and the result is that a child ten years old will know better how to use a Bible than the young man who goes to college, if he hasn't been in a Bible-class where they use the whole Bible.

If I had my life to live over again I would spend not less than half an hour every day in studying the Bible all alone. I have yet to find the first man who knows the Bible through. I have yet to find a man full of the Holy Ghost and full of the spirit of the Bible of whom God did not make use.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE STORY OF THE DELUGE—TO FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

An Awful Communication—Noah Considered a Lunatic—Jeered at by His Neighbors—The Man Who Claimed that Force and Matter Work Together—Rocks Made of Sand, and Sand Made of Rocks—"Noah and His Folly"—Sending Reporters to "Write Up" Noah and His Ark—"No Signs of a Storm"—Confidence in a Father's Piety—The Beasts and Fowls Flock to the Ark—A Warning Always comes Before the Blow—"You Can't Get In"—The Last Day and the Last Hour—"Are All the Children In?"—A Wealthy Land-owner and His Dying Son—"Father, Have I Got to Die?"—The Father's Remorse—"I Shall be With Jesus To-night"—On the Brink of the Dark River—"Father, Won't You Go With Me?"—A Terrible Railroad Accident—The Hymn Book Stained with Blood.

NOAH received the most awful communication that ever came from heaven to earth. I don't believe any man has ever received anything so terrible since, — a message that God was going to utterly destroy the world on account of its wickedness.

The Spirit of God strove with that antediluvian world one hundred and twenty years. I have no doubt that, if there had been one honest cry for mercy during those hundred and twenty years, God would have heard that cry. But they laughed at the idea that He was going to destroy the world by a flood. They mocked and scoffed and jeered at the thought of God's destroying the world on account of its wickedness.

Probably we have not the faintest suspicion of the awful wickedness of that first two thousand years. God has not left a record, for fear, I suppose, that we might copy some of those hellish acts. Men lived nearly a thousand years then. They had time to mature in sin. I don't know what would happen

if men lived a thousand years now. But the time allotted to man now is only three-score years and ten. But, mark this. Sin leaped into the world full-grown. The first man born of a woman was a murderer, and the wickedness went on, and the world became so corrupt and so vile that God sent word that He was going to destroy it; and Noah, at His command, went to work to build an ark. I have no doubt that Noah was considered the greatest lunatic on the face of the earth. I have no doubt that there were atheists then, as now, and perhaps there were lecturers running up and down telling people that there was no God; that Noah was "daft"; that he was a fanatic; that there was no such thing as God's destroying the world.

I once got hold of one of these modern philosophers, who took the ground that there is no God. I asked him how this world came into being, and he said that force and matter worked together, and by chance the world came out. I said, "That is singular. I wonder that your tongue is not set on the top of your head, and one half of you is not going one way and the other half another way." It seems marvelous that man happened to be thrown together just as he is. I take a watch, and say: "This watch made itself. There is gold, and glass, and metal, and they just threw themselves together." No one could make an intelligent person believe that a watch made itself. Yet here was a man running up and down the country saying that this world made itself.

I met such a philosopher in Scotland. I said:

"Where do these rocks come from?"

"I am ashamed of you," said he. "Any schoolboy can tell you that. Why, they're made out of sand."

"Well," said I, "what is the sand made of?"

"Rocks."

"Where did the first rock come from?"

"Sand."

"Where did the first sand come from?"

"It came from rock."

He had it all worked out, as "clear as mud." That was the kind of stuff atheists taught in Noah's day.

There is another class of people who take the ground that there is a God, but He is too merciful to punish sin. The wicked and the righteous are coming out alike. Or, in other words, God came down in that flood to sweep them all into Heaven, and left Noah, the only righteous man, to live through the deluge.

Suppose the governor of your state was so merciful that he could not bear to have any one suffer, and should set all the prisoners free. You would have to impeach him. These very men who talk about God's mercy would rise up and say, "That man shall not be governor of this state." You would have him out of office as soon as possible.

Then, no doubt, there was a class of people who said, "There is a God. He is merciful. But if there comes a flood, I won't go into that ark anyway. All we have got to do is to climb up on the hills. God couldn't bring a flood big enough to cover the mountains. The ark would go to pieces."

If they had theaters in those days, no doubt they had "Noah's Ark" acted out on the stage. If they happened to see Noah walking the streets, the women perhaps said, "He is not in his right mind. Look at his eyes." And if they had newspapers, they would, probably, every once in a while publish a dispatch from the Associated Press, headed: "NOAH AND HIS FOLLY," and reporters would be sent to "write up" Noah and his ark. Every once in a while people would have an excursion, or make a picnic to go and visit the ark. Visitors came to look at it. You can see them looking around; going up into the different stories of it. If they saw Noah around, they would say, "That's him, that's him there!" Once in a while they would pass by, and would not hear the sound of the carpenter's hammers. Noah had stopped work, and gone off on a preaching tour. Doubtless they told him he had better go back to his old ark. Suppose he had been advertised to speak in a great city, would he have drawn an

audience? Not much. They didn't believe in his folly. Men went on buying and selling and getting gain. They kept buying and selling their bonds and stocks, and the builders kept right on putting up their buildings. Business men said, "Noah must be wrong, because he is so greatly in the minority."

But Noah was right after all. A hundred years rolled away. If there had been weather prophets in those days they would have looked into the heavens and said there were no signs of a coming deluge. The stars looked just the same, and the sun shone as brightly as ever it did. The lambs skipped upon the hillside, children played in the street, and everything moved on as it had been moving for all time past. Methuselah died, and he didn't say anything about a coming storm. The great scholars said, "There is no sign." The geologists said, "We can see no sign in the earth of any coming storm. Things have been going on for a thousand years as now." Others said, "Why, if God is going to destroy the world, does he let us have such prosperity? We don't believe it."

So a hundred and twenty years passed without a sign. I don't know at what time of the year the storm burst. It might have been in the spring, when men were busy with their affairs, and everything was going on finely. And people said: "I don't believe there is any danger." That's what they say now. The world is growing better all the while. Everything is progressing. Of course our sins do not hinder the progress of science and literature and invention. I can imagine, one morning — perhaps it was beautiful and clear — the whole community was startled by Noah's moving his household into the ark. The people gather around him and say, "Noah, what is your hurry? You don't think there's any danger of a storm coming to-day, do you? Why are you moving into that uncomfortable ark? You have only one window in it. There'll be time enough when the storm bursts upon us." Noah says nothing, but goes right on. Some one has suggested that he must have been deaf or he would not have endured the gibes

of his neighbors. If he was deaf, he was not so deaf but that he could hear when God spoke to him. There may be such a tumult in this world, that we cannot hear the voice of God.

But Noah moved in. I have great admiration for any parent who lives so that his children have confidence in his piety. It seems to me if my children did not believe in my religion it would break my heart. Noah's children had confidence in their father, and when Noah went in his sons went in after him. What would have been his feelings if one of his sons had been left out? Mothers, just think of it. Get all your children into the ark of safety. Make it your life business to get them in. After Noah had gone into the ark, and all his family were safely in, I can imagine that the first thing that alarmed the scoffers was one morning when, to their surprise, they saw the heavens black with the fowls of the air, coming from the four corners of the earth, two by two, mated by God, and as they came to the ark Noah took them in. And the animals came from their dens and caves, from the four corners of the earth, and they came up to the ark two by two. The lion and the lamb passed in side by side. And as the people looked down on the ground they could see insects creeping towards that ark two by two, as if guided by an unseen hand. I can imagine some of the people crying, "Merciful God! what does all this mean?" They may have gone to their wise men and philosophers and statesmen, saying, "What does this mean?" They answer, "We don't know, but there is no danger. If the flood really comes we can make rafts better than that ark. Or we can flee to the mountains, and we shall be far safer there than in the ark."

Listen. After Noah and his family were all in and the hundred and twenty years were up, God gave the people seven days of grace. During these seven days, if there had been a cry for mercy, God would have heard it. I don't believe you can find an instance in history where God has not given a warning before the blow came. Before the Civil War a wave of righteousness passed over this country that brought half



a million souls into the church. It was the voice of Grace and of Mercy calling them in. Seven days of grace, but not a man believed it. The windows of heaven were open, and the fountains of the deep were broken up. The sea burst its bounds and leaped over its walls. The rivers began to swell. People living in the lowlands fled to the mountains and highlands. They fled up the hillsides. And a wail went up:

“Noah! Noah! Noah! Let us in.”

They leave their homes and come to the ark now. They pound on the door. Hear them cry:

“Noah! Let us in. Noah! Have mercy on me.” “I am your nephew,” “I am your niece,” “I am your uncle.”

Ah, there is a voice inside, saying:

“I should like to let you in; but God has shut the door, and I cannot open it!”

Ah, God had shut that door! Their cry came too late. Not a solitary man outside of Noah's family believed that the last year, the last month, the last week, the last day had come, Ay! the last hour and the last minute. Do you know when that minute came? Listen. When God Almighty came down and shut the door of the ark, He shut the righteous in, and shut the wicked out. There was no more hope. The day of grace was over. The doom of the old world was forever sealed. No angel, no man, no one but God himself shut that door. It was an awful fact.

At one time when I was preaching in Boston, a business man came down from Maine to attend one of the meetings. He was late, and the policeman at the door said to him, “You can't get in. The door is shut.” The man was so impressed by that utterance, that he was convicted of sin and was converted.

If your life should end to-day, would you die inside the ark or outside? We may be spending our last year on earth. The last month has come; the last week is coming, and to every one of us comes the last day, the last hour, and the last minute. It is coming to you, young man. It is coming to you, fathers

and mothers ; it is coming to me. It cannot be evaded. Death is on your track and mine.

Do you know why I took this text? I will tell you. It was not so much to go back to Noah's time as to come down to the present day. I took it because I want to say a few words to fathers and mothers. I want to ask, fathers and mothers, are you in the kingdom of God yourselves? Are you sure you are in the ark? If not, let me plead with you. Don't rest until you get there. The door stands wide open ; God calls you. If you have children that are not in, don't rest until you get the whole family in. Get that boy of yours in. Make it your business. Mothers, you will be gone by and by. If you don't look after your boys while you are living, who will look after them when you are dead and gone? Father, who will if you do not? I don't believe that it is the will of God that our children should wander into the saloons ; that our newspapers should be filled with such reports as we see daily. I appeal to every Christian father and mother. Would to God I could wake them up, and have them get their children into the ark.

Some years ago someone sent me a paper, and marked the heading, "Are All The Children In?" The article was about an old mother, nearly a hundred years old. Her husband was sitting by her side, as she lay dying, and he was watching the flickering life go out, when all at once she opened her eyes, and looked around, and said :

"Why! it is dark."

"Yes, dear."

"Is it night?"

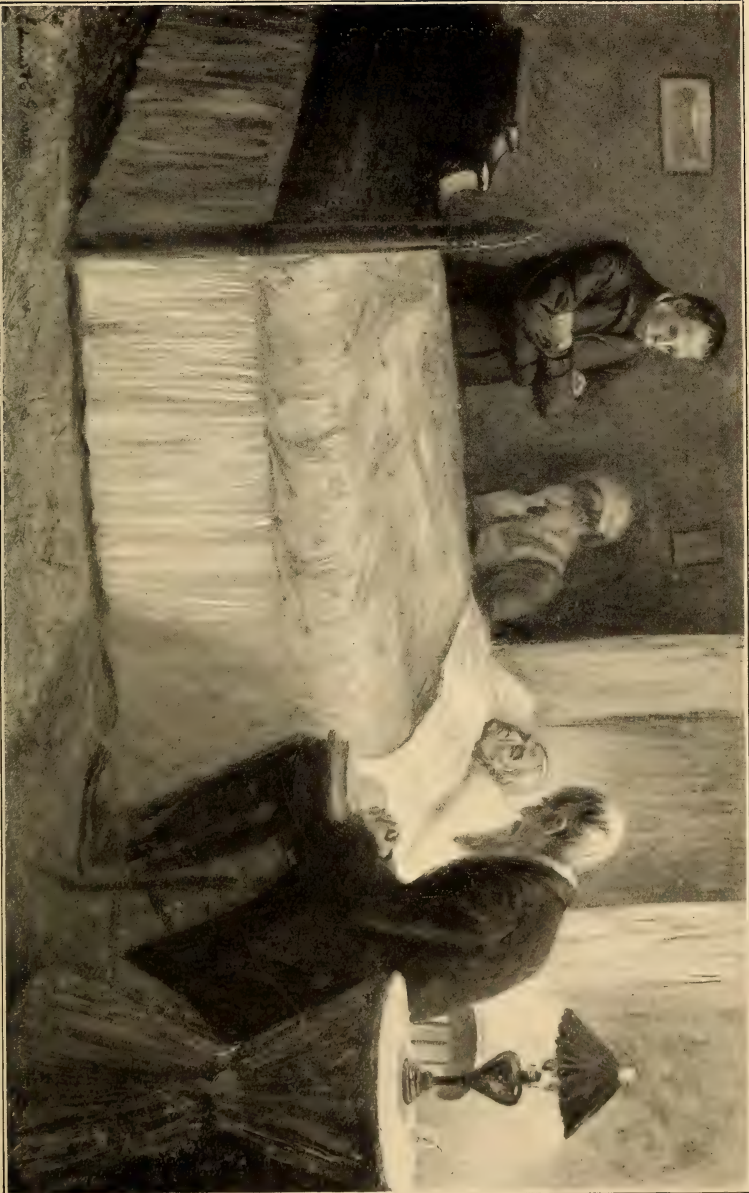
"Yes, dear, it is night."

"*Are all the children in?*"

That dear old mother was living life over again. The youngest child had been in his grave twenty years ; but the old father and husband said :

"Yes, wife, they are all in."

And then she fell asleep in Christ. Mothers, are all the children in? Are they?



"ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?"

Her husband was sitting by her side, as she lay dying, and he was watching the flickering life go out, when all at once she opened her eyes, and looked around, and said: "Why! it is dark." "Yes, dear." "Is it night?" "Yes, dear, it is night." "*Are all the children in?*" "That dear old mother was living life over again. The youngest child had been in his grave twenty years; but the old father and husband said, "Yes, wife, they are all in." Then she fell asleep in Christ.



I never yet have seen a truly earnest father and mother whose hearts were set upon training their children to Christ, and who really strove to have their children come, but that those children were saved. The impression has gone out that the religion of the parents has very little relation to the religion of their children; that the children of pious fathers and mothers are sometimes worse than those of other people. A man who had heard this once took a certain district and canvassed it, and got the names of every family in the district, and the stand that they took in respect to religion and conduct. Where he found both the father and mother were Christians, he found that the proportion of the children over ten years of age who were professed Christians was two-thirds; where he found only one of the two parents a Christian, one-third of the children over that age were church members; and where neither father nor mother were Christians, only one-twelfth of the children were Christians. I believe if we are only consistent in our lives we shall have all our children with us in the ark at last. Every one of them will be brought into the ark, if we pray and work earnestly for it.

A man living in the West spent all his time and energy in accumulating wealth. He wanted to buy all the land that adjoined his. He kept on buying till he became one of the greatest land proprietors in the West. One day his son was brought home in an unconscious state, and after the doctor had examined him, he turned to the father, and said:

"I am afraid this is going to prove fatal." It was an awful shock to the father. He said:

"I can't believe he is going to die. You don't think he is, do you?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Will he never regain consciousness?"

"I am afraid not."

"Oh! I cannot have him die without speaking."

At length consciousness returned, and the father said:

"My son, do you know this is going to prove fatal?"



"Father, am I dying?"

"Yes, the doctor says so."

"Well, father, won't you pray for my soul? You've never prayed for my soul! You've never prayed for my soul!"

The father began to weep, and said he could not pray. In a little while the boy was again unconscious, and that night he died. A friend of mine said, that when that wealthy man turned away from the grave of his son, he exclaimed:

"If I could call him back and make one prayer for him, I would willingly give all I have."

Oh, prayerless fathers and mothers, may God bring you on your knees before Him! How do you expect your children will be saved if you don't pray, or set them an example?

A gentleman had a little boy who was very sick. When he went home one day he found his wife weeping, and she said:

"Our boy is dying; he has had a change for the worse. I wish you would go in and see him."

The father went into the room and placed his hand upon the brow of his dying boy, and he could feel the cold, damp sweat gathering there; the icy hand of death was feeling for the chords of life.

"Do you know, my boy, that you are dying?" asked the father.

"Am I? Is this death? Do you really think I am dying?"

"Yes, my son, your end on earth is near." The little fellow smiled and said:

"Well, father, I shall be with Jesus to-night, shan't I?"

"Yes, you will soon be with the Saviour," and the father broke down and wept.

"Father, don't you weep, for when I get there I will go straight to Jesus and tell Him that all my life you have been trying to lead me to Him."

My friends, come into the ark. Bear in mind that you are to come *now*. I cannot say you may come to-morrow. I cannot say you may come next week. I do not know what may happen before then. Oh, will you not be gathered into the

ark of Christ to-day? Will you not this very day erect a family altar, and call your children around you, and bid them to come into the ark? Thus you may gather them all in, and you will have them with you when the morning of the Resurrection dawns, and when Christ shall come to make up his jewels.

Are you in the ark yourselves? Why not come in and then try to bring the children in? It seems to me that parents are asleep, and while we are asleep our children are wandering down to death. We hear of their dying every day; we hear of their being suddenly taken away, dying outside of the ark, while we as parents sleep on. If there seems to be a dark mountain between you and the ark, press through the mountain. Though it is a mountain, it is at the same time but the devil's mountain, and the devil's mountains are nothing but smoke and fog. Say to yourselves, "This day I will go into the ark; this day I will call my children in; I will not stay out and let them perish."

A young woman was dying. Her father and mother were wealthy. They had brought her up with every wish gratified. She had lived in luxury. Her parents bestowed upon her all that wealth could buy; but at last she was taken sick, and when she drew near to the bank of the river she said: "Father, mother, won't you go with me, it is dark?" They wept bitterly over the dying girl, but they told her they could not go. Then she wanted them to pray for her, but they didn't know how to pray. The father and mother stood at her bedside and sent for a minister, but it was too late. When he arrived she was dead. My friends, that dark hour will come to all of us. We must pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and if we have not Christ it will be very dark.

When I was in Edinburgh, I was pleading with the people to come to Christ. A young lady made up her mind she would press into the ark of God. The next day she went to one of the ministers and said, "Can't you give me something to do?" He gave her some tracts to distribute. She went to work and distributed the tracts, and the next day she came to the meet-

ing for the last time. The next morning she took the train from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, to go home to her widowed mother. She took her hymn-book with her, and on her way home she was singing from it. There was another lady in the car who had come to the meeting the night before, and had heard about Christ, and was convicted and converted. There was a collision, and the young convert was killed instantly, and the other girl was mortally wounded. She had her hymn-book open and it was stained with her blood. As she was dying she was heard to sing: "There is a gate that stands ajar." I would to God I could say something that would induce you to come into the ark.

"There is a gate that stands ajar,  
And through its portals gleaming,  
A radiance from the Cross afar,  
The Saviour's love revealing.  
Oh! depth of mercy! Can it be  
That gate was left ajar for me?  
For me, for me?  
Was left ajar for me?"

The gate's ajar for you, and all can enter who will.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE RICH FOOL.

The Biblical Meaning of "Fool" — Working and Planning from the Cradle to the Grave — Living for this World Only — Pulling Down the Old Barns — Making Plans for the Future — A Visit at the Silent Midnight Hour — Pleading With Death — Stricken with Grief — The Epitaph on the Monument — A Terrible Mistake — The Mother and the Little Blind Child — One of Mr. Moody's Reminiscences — The Sailor's Pertinent Question — A Mother's Ambition for Her Only Son — The Prickings of Conscience — A Promise to a Dying Mother — The Graves of the Household — The Heavenly Vision — "Father, Come this Way" — The Little Beckoning Hand — Looking Across the River — Where will You be Next Year?

OUR Saviour once spoke a parable, saying: "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

When a man is called a fool in the Bible, it means that he lacks spiritual discernment; or that he is living without God; or that he makes a mock of sin; or that he says in his heart "there is no God."

This man was, in the sight of men, a very successful man. He was one whom many parents would hold up to their sons

as a model. I have no doubt that he stood well in the community where he lived.

He was a farmer, and I don't know of any more honorable occupation than that. You can't find any fault with that business. Now there are some things he was not: We are not told that he was a dishonest man, or untruthful, or that he speculated in stocks, or that he brought about panics, or shaved notes; or that he cheated widows; or that he got up corners on grain; or that he paid fifty cents on a dollar; or rented his property for drinking saloons, or that he was dishonest in any respect. I will venture to say that, of you had lived near him, you would have heard his neighbors speaking very highly of him. He had the reputation of being a shrewd, long-headed, upright business man. He had some good live stock from Egypt and some from Syria. No man gave better attention to his stock. He had the best horses, the finest flocks, and the best sheep that could be found in the valley. His farm was well kept up; it was adorned with beautiful shade trees and lawns, and everything was trim and tidy.

Perhaps some of you would say, "That man is good enough; let him alone." I will venture to say that if he had lived in New England he would have been a leader, an elder, or a deacon in the Church. A man with a record like this, — a shrewd, successful, prosperous man, — who doesn't get drunk, against whom there's nothing to be said, whose "word is as good as his bond," whom all his fellow men speak well of, may be called a "good" man.

And yet the Saviour called this man a FOOL. What's the trouble? It strikes me that the trouble is right here: That man worked and planned from the cradle to the grave and lived and died for just this brief life. He knew nothing about, and cared nothing about, another life. Death and eternity had no part in his plans. He probably went to church; and he might have gone to Jerusalem to all the religious feasts. He gave his "tenth"; he was an "orthodox" Jew. He observed the outward forms, because that gave him great respectability,



and standing, and position. And yet the Saviour says he was a FOOL.

I picture this man in his drawing-room one night. A master builder has come in and brought some plans. The rich man is going to take down all his old barns and build greater. Well, there is no harm in that. It is a great deal better to build good barns than to drink them up. A drinking man would have drunk up the whole property. How his face lights up as he talks about "the best farm in the whole valley." He is going to have the best barns in the whole valley of the Jordan. His wife and children retire; but he sits up past midnight laying plans. He is going to build his barns larger, and then say to his soul, "Take thine ease."

The clock strikes the hour of twelve. But the rich man is too much interested over his plans to sleep. He is going to sit up longer. And I can imagine, after midnight, when the servants have closed all the doors and fastened them securely, and the house is quiet and still, a stranger suddenly makes his appearance, and the rich farmer looks up in terror, and says:

"O Death! You haven't come to call me away so suddenly?"

"Yes. This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

"O Death! do not take me so soon! Let me have a little time to get ready. Let me have a little time to set my house in order, — to prepare to meet my God."

"Ah, but you have had year after year, and the time is up. You must go to-night."

"O Death! stay thy hand. Give me but another year."

"No, you can't bribe me."

"But you never warned me."

"Yes. Your father is gone, and he died younger than you. Your mother is gone, and your first-born. Didn't I give you warning when I took them? You have attended the funerals of your neighbors for the past twenty-five years. I ought not to be a stranger to you. You knew I was coming, but you didn't take me into your calculations."

"But O let me call my family, and let me bid them adieu."

"No. I must take you now."

And he lays his cold hand upon his heart and it ceases to beat, and in a little time his body turns cold; his head drops upon his breast, and he is dead. His wife and family hear no sound. Death has come in so silently that none of the family have heard his step. The morning breaks, and the servants begin to move around that home. And the servant whose business it is to put the house in order comes into the drawing-room. She opens the door and she sees her master in his chair, and says:

"Oh, my master is asleep; I'll not wake him."

But soon the wife awakes.

"Where is my husband?" She is alarmed. She calls her servant.

"Have you seen the master?"

"No."

She calls the servant that had gone to the drawing-room. "Oh, yes," this servant says, "the master is asleep. He fell asleep in his chair last night."

The wife is anxious and hastens to the room, and puts her hand on her husband's forehead, — it is cold as marble. He has been dead for hours. The alarm soon spreads through the house. The children come in weeping. The sorrowing neighbors hasten to the house of mourning. In that hot country they cannot keep his body, and that same day they lay him away in his grave. Perhaps an oration is delivered, and he is held up as a beacon light to young men, that they may follow in the footsteps of one who has been so successful in this life. It may be that they erected a great monument to his memory; but an angel comes down, and writes upon that monument one word, — "FOOL."

My dear friends, if you could see what God has written upon the tombstones in cemeteries, how many times you would read the word "FOOL."

You and I may try to make out that this man was wise, a

man to be held up as an example, but just see what the Son of man says about him. He says such a man is an abomination to God. The Son of man says: "Thou Fool." He wrote his epitaph, and it has been handed down to us as a warning.

I want to call your attention to the mistake that this man made, — that of neglecting his soul's salvation. The greatest calamities of life come upon us by simple neglect! I was once in the Chicago Eye Infirmary and a mother came in with her baby. "Doctor," she said, "my baby hasn't opened his eyes for a number of days. I did not like to open them, for it seemed to hurt him. Will you see what the trouble is?" As the doctor took the little one and lifted its eyelids the child screamed with pain. He said, "Your child is blind. He will never see again!" And when the terrible truth dawned upon the mother there came a wail from her heart that made the doctor and myself weep; we could not help it. She pressed the child to her bosom, — "Oh, will my darling child be blind? Will he never see his mother again?" And her grief was uncontrollable. But the doctor told me that if she had brought the baby there a few days before, its sight could have been saved. The mother had neglected the child until it was too late. There is not a mother whose heart does not go out with pity towards this afflicted mother. But it is ten thousand times worse to neglect a child's soul. What is sight in comparison with the soul? Yes, I would a thousand times rather lose my sight on earth and see God in Heaven, than have my sight here and darkness beyond the grave.

Many years ago I returned to my native town to live, and my mind traveled up and down one long street, and I found that in twenty years death had been in every house. There was not a single street that death had not entered; my own house had been entered; every neighbor's house up and down the street had been entered. Ah, how many homes have been entered by death in the last five, ten, fifteen, twenty years? Had we not better prepare for death?

A sailor was telling a man that his father and his grand-

father and his great-grandfather were all drowned at sea, and the man said :

“ Why don't you prepare to die ; you, too, may be drowned any day ! ”

“ Where did your father die ? ” inquired the sailor.

“ On land.”

“ And your grandfather ? ”

“ On land.”

“ Are you prepared to die ? ”

“ Well, no.”

“ Why don't *you* prepare for death ? ” asked the sailor.

The man didn't think that he was in danger himself, but only that the sailor was.

What are you living for ? What is your aim ? Is it to buy and sell ? To accumulate money ? To die a millionaire ? Some time ago a man of means married a Christian woman. They had one child. The man died. He had been very liberal, but after his death the widow hoarded up the money, and said, “ My mission now is to have my boy a millionaire when he is twenty-one.” That was a pretty low aim, wasn't it ?

I venture to say there is no person who is not living under some broken vow. In some hour of your life you made a vow, but you haven't kept it. Even now your conscience reminds you of that hour when you made a promise. It might have been at the midnight hour. Perhaps a rap came to your door, and you were awakened out of a sound sleep to be told that your mother was dying. When you reached her bedside she was conscious, and she told you she was going to another world ; and she took your hand, and you promised to meet her in Heaven. You shed many tears at her grave, and you told the minister that you would be a Christian. Are there not many who have made such a vow ? When your wife was taken from you, didn't you say, “ I can't call her back, but I will serve her God.” When your child was taken from you didn't you make some vow of that kind ?

Life seems to me now like going up a hill and then coming

down; we go up the hill slowly, but we come down very fast. Days fly away now like hours. A week glides away like a day. Months seem like weeks. Look back at the cradle from whence you started. It seems only a little while ago, but as you look down the hill you see a tombstone. It marks the resting-place of some loved member of your family. You stood by that open grave and took a solemn vow. You promised yourself and your friends that you would lead a different life from that time on. Why not pay your vows now? Why not say, "I will! God helping me, I will keep that vow. I will make it good to-day." But you mark another grave. It is not that of mother or father, but a little short grave. A little child came into your home and lived for a few years, and was the joy of your home; like the ivy twining around the oak it twined itself around your heart. Then death came and took the little one, and a solemn feeling came over you, and you said, "I cannot call my child back, but I will go to meet him." Didn't you make such a promise? Are you keeping that vow?

I remember, a great many years ago, I went from Chicago to a little town to try to preach. A Sunday-school convention was being held there at the time. I was a perfect stranger in the place, and on my arrival, a man stepped up and asked me if my name was Moody. I told him it was, and he invited me to his house. After escorting me to his home he excused himself, saying that he had to attend the convention, and he asked me to excuse his wife also, as she, not having a servant, had to attend to her household duties. So he left me in the parlor and told me to amuse myself as best I could till he came back. The room was dark, and I could not read, and, getting a little tired, I thought I would try and get the children of the household and play with them. I listened for the sound of childhood in the house, but could not hear a single evidence of the presence of little ones. When my friend returned I said:

"Haven't you any children?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have one, but she's in Heaven, and I am glad she is there, Moody."



"What! glad that your child is dead?"

"Yes."

"How is that? Was she deformed, or was anything wrong with her?"

"No, she was as perfect as could be;" and he brought me a portrait of a beautiful girl, with golden curls falling down her neck, and she looked more like an angel than a child. I asked how old she was.

"Seven."

"What do you mean by saying you are glad she is in heaven?"

"Well," said he, "I worshiped that child; I was making money for her; she was the idol of my heart. One day she was taken ill, and in a few days she died. She melted away like a snowflake. I accused God of being unjust, and refused to be reconciled. I would have torn God from His throne if I could. For three days and nights I neither ate, nor drank, nor slept. I was almost mad. On the third day I buried her, and when I came home my house and my heart were as desolate and dark as the grave. I had lost my child. As I walked up and down the room almost frantic I thought I heard the voice of my little one, but I said, 'No, it cannot be; that voice is hushed forever.' Then I thought I heard her little feet coming towards me, and I said, 'No, I shall never hear those little feet again.' Before that time I had not wept; my agony had been too great, but now I threw myself on the bed and began to weep. Nature gave way and I fell asleep. I suppose I had a dream, but it has always seemed like a vision that God gave me — a vision and a voice. I thought I was crossing a barren field, and I came to a river that looked so cold and dreary that I drew back from it; but, looking across, I saw the most beautiful land my eyes had ever rested upon. And I thought sickness and death never entered that land. Oh, I would like to be in a land where death cannot come; where there is no separation, no parting! Then I saw a company on the other side, and among them my darling child. She came to the bank of

the river, and waving her little angel hand, said, 'Father, come right this way; it is so beautiful here.' I went to the water's edge, and thought I would plunge in, but it was too deep for me — I could not swim. I thought I would give anything to cross. I tried to find a boat, but there was none. I looked for a bridge, but there was none; and while I was wandering up and down the little angel voice came across the stream, 'Come right this way, father; it is beautiful here!' All at once I heard a voice as if it came from heaven, saying, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The voice awoke me from sleep. I thought it was God calling me, and that if I would ever see my child again I must come to God through Jesus Christ. That night I knelt beside my bed and gave myself to God. Now I no longer look upon my child as sleeping in her grave, but I see her in that beautiful land, and every night when I lie down I see her beckoning me heavenward, and I hear her sweet voice saying, 'Come right this way, father,' and every morning I hear her repeating the same words. Now my wife is a Christian; I am superintendent of the Sunday-school, and eighty-one children have been converted, and I am trying to get as many converted as I can to go with me to heaven."

A father was on his death-bed, and he called in his son. The boy was careless; he would not take death into account. He wanted to enjoy the pleasures of life, and he took no heed of the future. The father said: "My son, I want to ask you one favor. Promise me that when I am dead you will come into this room for five minutes every day for thirty days. You are to come alone, not to bring a book with you; and sit here." The young man promised to do it. The father died. The first thing the boy thought of when he went into that room was his father's prayers, his father's words, and his father's God, and before the five minutes expired he was crying out, "God, be merciful to me."

It seems to me if I could get men to ask themselves, "What is going to be my end?" "Where am I going to

spend eternity? " it would not be long before they would come to Christ. You may be moralists, you may be proprietors of a prosperous business, you may be what the world calls successful men, yet, Where are you going to spend eternity? Can you tell me where you will be next year? Can you tell me where you will be ten years hence?

Am I speaking to mothers whose children have been taken from them? If they could speak from that world of light they would say, " Mother, come this way." Am I speaking to fathers whose children have gone across the river? If these departed little ones could speak they would beckon and say, " Father, come this way." Nineteen hundred years ago our Saviour crossed that river. May He help you to come to Him to-day!

## CHAPTER XXX.

### INFIDELS AND INFIDELITY.

Sending His Daughter From the Room — “ I Did not Think it Would do Her any Good to Hear What I Said ” — A Crooked Path — A Son Gone Astray — “ Father, I Am Dying ” — “ What is to Become of Me? ” — Farewell Forever — Full Inspiration of the Bible — Crying for Mercy — A Broken-hearted Wife — The Dying Infidel — “ What Have I Got to Hold On To? ” — Last Words of Lord Byron and St. Paul — A Wife’s Request — Mr. Moody’s Visit to an Infidel — Laughed at for His Pains — Asking for Just One Favor — “ When I Am Converted I Will Let You Know ” — After Thoughts — A Mental Struggle — A Night of Agony — “ Try Your Hand On Me ” — Remarkable Answer to Prayer — Eighteen Infidels Converted.

SOME time ago I went into a man’s house, and when I began to talk about religion he turned to his daughter and said:

“ You had better go out of the room; I want to say a few words to Mr. Moody.” When she had gone he opened a perfect torrent of infidelity upon me.

“ Why,” said I, “ did you send your daughter out of the room before you said this? ”

“ Well,” he replied, “ I did not think it would do her any good to hear what I said.”

My friends, his rock was not as our Rock. Why did he send his daughter out of the room if he believed what he said? It was because he did *not* believe it. Why, if I believed in infidelity I would wish my daughters and my sons, my wife, and all belonging to me, to be sharers in the same belief. I would preach it wherever I went. But infidels doubt what they advocate. If they believe it, why, when their daughters die, do

they send for a true Christian to administer consolation? Why, when they make their last will, do they appoint a Christian to carry it out? It is because their rock has no foundation; it is because in the hour of affliction or adversity, in spite of all their boasts of the grandeur of infidelity, they cannot trust their infidel friends. "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

An atheist denies the existence of God. I contend that his rock is not as our Rock, and will let atheists be the judges. What does an atheist look forward to? Nothing. He is taking a very crooked path in this world. His life has been dark and full of disappointments. When he was a young man ambition beckoned him on to a certain height. He has attained to that height, but he is not satisfied. He climbs a little higher, and perhaps he has got as far as he can go, but he is still dissatisfied, and if he takes a look into the future he sees nothing. Man's life is full of trouble. Afflictions are as numerous as the hairs of our heads, but when the billows of trouble and adversity are rising and rolling over him an atheist has no God to call upon; therefore, I contend, his rock is not as our Rock.

An atheist has all the natural affection it is possible for a father to have for his children. He has a son — a noble young man — who starts out in life full of promise, but he has not the will-power of his father, and cannot resist the temptations of the world, and he goes astray. That father cannot call upon God to save his son. He sees him go down to ruin step by step, and by and by he plunges into a hopeless, godless, Christless grave; and as the father looks into that grave he has no hope. His rock is not as our Rock.

Look at him again. He has a daughter lying low with fever and racked with pain, but the poor atheist cannot offer her consolation. As he stands by her bedside she says:

"Father, I am dying; in a little while I shall be in another world. What is going to become of me? Am I going to die like a dumb beast?"



Would an atheist say: "Yes, I love you, my daughter; but you will soon be in the grave and eaten up by worms, and that will be the end. There is no heaven, no hereafter; it is all a myth. People have been telling you there is a hereafter, but they have been deceiving you."

Did you ever hear of an atheist telling his dying child such monstrous stuff as that? My friends, when the dark hour of affliction comes they call in a Christian minister to give consolation. Why does not the atheist preach no hereafter, no heaven, no God, in the hour of affliction?

But there is another class called deists, who don't believe in revelation—who don't believe in Jesus Christ. Ask a deist who is his God. "Well," he will say, "He is the beginning—he who caused all things." These deists say it is of no use to pray, because nothing can change the decrees of their deity; God never answers prayer. Their rock is not as our Rock. In the hour of affliction they, too, send for a Christian minister to administer consolation.

But there is another class. They say, "I am no deist; I am a pantheist; I believe that God is in the air; in the sun, in the stars, in the water." When we talk to pantheists we find them no better than deists and atheists. It was one of this sort that Sir Isaac Newton used to talk to. He argued with him, and tried to win the pantheist over to his belief, but he couldn't. In the hour of his distress, however, he cried out to the God of Sir Isaac Newton. Why don't they cry to their own God in the hour of trouble. I used to be called on to attend a good many funerals. I would inquire what was the man's belief. If he was an atheist, or a deist, or a pantheist, and if, at the funeral or in the presence of his friends, I said one word about that man's doctrine, they would feel insulted. Why is it that, in the trying hour of affliction, after they have been talking all the time against God, they then call upon believers in that God to administer consolation?

An infidel's rock it not as our Rock. He doesn't believe in the inspiration of the Bible. These men are very numerous,

and they feel insulted when we call them infidels; but the man who does not believe in the inspiration of the Bible is an infidel. A good many of them are in the church, and not a few of them have crept into the pulpit. These men would feel insulted if we called them infidels, but if a man says — and I don't care who he is or where he preaches — that the Bible is not inspired, he is an infidel. That is their true name, although they don't like to be called by it. Now in the Bible there are five hundred or six hundred prophecies, and every one of them has been fulfilled to the letter; and yet men say they cannot believe the Bible is inspired. Those who cannot believe it have never read it. I have heard a great many infidels talk against the Bible, but I haven't found the first man who ever read the Bible through carefully that remained an infidel.

I was once trying to influence an infidel in my town, and I finally got him to promise to read the New Testament. I met him a few days afterwards and said to him:

“How do you get on with that book?”

“Well,” he said, “I have come to the conclusion that John the Baptist is a greater character than Jesus Christ; why don't you preach in John the Baptist's name?”

“Well, I will start off preaching in Christ's name, and you start out preaching in John's name, and see how we get on.”

“Oh, people are superstitious, and they believe that Christ was divine, and all that kind of thing, and you would do more good than I would.”

“Well, I will tell you the difference between the two: they beheaded John and put his body in the grave, and he hasn't got out of that grave yet; but Christ went into the grave and rose again. We worship a living Christ, not a dead Christ.”

Did you ever hear of a Christian recanting in his dying hour? You never did. Did you ever hear of Christians regretting that they had accepted Christianity, and in their dying hours embracing infidelity? I would like to see the man who could say he had. But how many times have Christians been

called to the bedside of an atheist, or a deist, or an infidel in his dying hours, and heard him crying for mercy? In that hour infidelity is gone, and he wants the God of his father and mother to take the place of his atheism.

What does infidelity do for a man? "Why," said a dying infidel, "my principles have lost me my friends; they have sent my wife to her grave with a broken heart; they have made my children beggars, and I am going down to my grave without peace or consolation." I never heard of an infidel going down to his grave happily. How many young men are turned away from Christ by them? Let infidels remember that God will hold them responsible.

A few infidels once gathered around one of their dying friends, and they wanted him to hold on to the end and die like a man. They were trying to cheer him, but the poor infidel turned to them and said: "Ah, what have I got to hold on to?" My friends, let me ask what have you got to hold on to? Every Christian has Christ to hold on to — the resurrected man. Thank God, we have some one to carry us through all our trials. But what has the infidel got to hold on to; what hope has the atheist, the deist, or the pantheist? I want to draw a comparison between almost the last words of Lord Byron, and those of Saint Paul. Byron died very young — he was only thirty-six — after leading an ungodly life, and here are some of his last words:

" My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flower and fruit of life are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone."

Compare these words with those of St. Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." What a contrast! What a difference!

As I was coming out of a daily prayer-meeting in one of our Western cities a lady came up to me and said:

"I want you to ask my husband to come to Christ."

I took out my memorandum book and put down his name. She said:

"I would like to have you go and see him."

I recognized the name as that of a learned judge, and so I said to her:

"I can't argue with him. He is a good deal older than I am, and it would be out of place. Then, I am not much on an infidel argument."

"Well, Mr. Moody," she said, "that is not what he wants. He's had enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Saviour."

She urged me so hard that I consented to go. I went to the office of the judge, and told him what I had come for. He laughed at me.

"You are very foolish," he said, and he began to argue with me. "I don't think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you," I said. "I have just one favor I want to ask, and that is that when you are converted you will let me know."

"Yes," said he, "I will do that. When I am converted I will let you know" — with a good deal of sarcasm. I thought the prayers of that wife would be answered if mine were not.

A year and a half after, I was in that city again, and a servant came to my door and said:

"There is a man in the drawing-room waiting to see you." I found the judge there. He said:

"I promised I would let you know when I was converted."

I had heard it from other lips, but I wanted to hear it from his own. He said his wife went out to a meeting one night and he was at home alone, and while sitting by the fire he thought, "Suppose my wife is right, and my children are right; suppose there is a heaven and a hell, and I shall be separated from them." His first thought was, "I don't believe a word of it." The second thought was, "The God that created me is able to teach me, and give me life." He was

too proud to get down on his knees, but he said, "O God, teach me." "And as I prayed," said he, "I don't understand it, but it began to grow very dark, and my heart became heavy. When my wife returned I was afraid to tell her what had happened, so I pretended to be asleep. She knelt down beside the bed, and I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O God, teach me.' I had to change my prayer, 'O God, save me; O God, take away this burden.' But it grew darker and darker, and the load grew heavier and heavier. The next morning all the way to my office I kept crying, 'O God, take away this load.' I gave my clerks a holiday, closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my knees and cried in agony, 'O God, for Christ's sake, take away this guilt.' I don't know how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said, I wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted." He said to me:

"Mr. Moody, I have enjoyed life in the last three months more than all the rest of my life put together."

The judge did not believe; the wife did; and God honored her faith and saved that man. The old judge went to Springfield, Ill., and stood up in public and told politicians what God, for Christ's sake, had done for him.

There is not a heart so hard that God cannot touch it. While in Edinburgh a man was pointed out to me by a friend, who said:

"Moody, that man is chairman of the Edinburgh infidel club." So I sat down beside him, and said:

"Well, my friend, I am glad to see you at this meeting. Are you not concerned about your future welfare?"

"I don't believe in a hereafter," he said.

"Well, you just get down on your knees and let me pray for you."

"I don't believe in prayer," he replied.

I tried unsuccessfully to get him down on his knees, and finally I knelt down beside him and prayed for him. Well,



he made a good deal of sport over it, and I met him again many times in Edinburgh after that. Some time afterwards, while in the north of Scotland, I met him again. Placing my hand on his shoulder, I said:

“Hasn’t God answered that prayer?”

“There is no God,” he replied, “I am just the same as I always have been. If you believe in a God, and in answer to prayer, do as I told you. Try your hand on me.”

“Well,” I said, “God’s time will come; there are a great many praying for you; and I have faith to believe you are going to be blessed.”

A few months afterwards I was in Liverpool, and while there I received a letter from a leading barrister of Edinburgh, telling me that my friend, the infidel, had come to Christ, and that of his club of thirty men seventeen had followed his example. How it happened he could not say, but whereas he was once blind, now he could see. God answered the prayer. I didn’t know how it was to be answered, but I believed it would be and it was done.

Let us have the spirit of His Word, and if we understand it we can meet these infidels. People talk about studying books to meet them. All we want is the Word of God. It will cut down deep. They may fight and kick and talk (some of them will even swear), but just give them the Word, and the Spirit will do its own work. I have known men to come into the inquiry-room just to talk and discuss and get up an argument. Well, I generally take the Bible and give them a few verses. “But,” they say, “I don’t believe the Bible.” I give them more verses and they say the same thing. But I just keep on giving them verses. It is God’s own Word. I am no match for infidels, but this Word is; this Book tells all about them. There have been infidels for six hundred years, and probably will be until the millennium; but, thank God, there won’t be any then.

When Wilmot, the great infidel, lay dying, he put his hand upon the Bible and said: “The only thing against that

Book is a bad life." When a man has got a bad record against him, he wants to get that Book out of the way, because it condemns him; that is the trouble. The trouble is not with the Bible; it is with your record and mine. Because that Book condemns sin we want to get it out of the way. Men do not like to be condemned; that is the trouble.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### BACKSLIDERS AND BACKSLIDING.

People Who Have "Never Slid Forward" — Mr. Moody's Theology — The Cause of Hard Times — The Curse of Tobacco and Whiskey — "I Have Had a Bitter Time" — Mr. Moody and the Old Backslider — An Incident of the Civil War — A Father Searching the Hospitals for His Son — "John Thompson, Your Father Wants You" — Peculiarities of Backsliders — Pretexts and Excuses — Bad Husbands and Wretched Wives — Story of the Boy in "the Bush" — An Incident in Mr. Moody's London Experience — A Man and His Four Photographs — Advertising Himself as a "Prominent Worker" — Sneaking Home — An Incident on the Tennessee River — "O, For a Drink of Water from My Father's Well!" — An Incident on the Plains.

THERE are people who call themselves backsliders, who, as some old divine said, "never slid forward." They unite with the church thinking that it will lead to their conversion, but they soon find they haven't been converted. In a few months they call themselves "backsliders." They are not backsliders at all, and are not to be dealt with as such. Backsliders are they who are born of the Spirit, who "have tasted of the heavenly gift," and of "the good word of God," and have been drawn back to the beggarly elements of the world. It is not necessary to be a public backslider to be classed as a backslider.

Now, this is the verse to which I want to call attention: "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein."

"Ask for the old paths." Some one once brought the

charge against me that my theology was old; too old for the present day. Well, it is as old as the world. Truth never grows old; truth is as young to-day as it has ever been. Talk of the old truths wearing out! Don't you enjoy the rays of the same sun which has been shining these thousands of years? "Worn out?" "The old paths?" We don't like the paths of the Fathers; they were too puritanical. Hasn't this nation given up the Sabbath? Are not trains on the railroads and barges on the rivers loaded with excursionists on Sunday, while many churches are almost empty?

I believe that this is the best land that God has given to any nation, a land flowing with milk and honey, and it is a poor man's paradise. If a man will let whiskey and tobacco alone he can soon have his own home. Think of the millions of dollars put into tobacco and whiskey. Is it any wonder people complain about "hard times"? What we want is to have a revival of righteousness, and we will have "good times." Then our cities will not be overrun with men out of work nor filled with the cry of the poor and the needy. Think of the suffering in even one large city for forty-eight hours just for the want of food and fuel; and what causes it but our sins and iniquities? There is no use closing our eyes and saying, "It is not true."

Some time ago I was talking with a man highly esteemed in the church, and he said:

"It is not necessary to be so puritanical. When the Lord Jesus came He toned down the commandments."

"Did He tone down the First Commandment?" I asked.

"No, not that one."

"Honor thy father and thy mother?"

"No. It is too well toned down now in this country."

"Thou shalt not steal?"

"No."

"Thou shalt not commit adultery?"

"No."

And I came to this one last, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." And he said:

“The Lord toned *that* one down.”

Do you believe it? Do you believe the Lord picked out one of these commandments and toned it down, and gave us liberty to turn the Day of God into a day of recreation, instead of making it a Holy Day unto the Lord? No. I believe that if a person reads the newspapers seven days in the week, he has backslidden. I don't believe you can read Sunday newspapers and keep your heart warm. The Sunday newspaper takes the place of the Bible with many men, and if a man reads it and goes to church, Gabriel couldn't gain his attention. Bore a hole in that man's head and you will find it full of items of news gathered from all over the world.

Did you ever hear of a backslider bidding “good-bye” to the church of Christ? Did you ever hear of one going into the closet and saying, “I have known you now for ten years. Your service is hard and unequal. You are a hard Master, and the world is better than you are, and I have come to bid you ‘good-bye.’ I am going to leave you. Farewell, Lord Jesus.” You never did hear that, and you never will.

I have never seen a father and mother who both were backsliders, that their children haven't gone to ruin. I have talked with a good many backsliders' children, and they asked me this: “If there is so much pleasure in religion, why did my father and mother give it up?” It is an argument I have never been able to answer.

“It is an evil thing and bitter” to forsake the Lord. Mothers, you have children coming on after you. What is going to become of them? One of the saddest pictures in history is that of Lot going through the streets of Sodom at midnight. He goes to a house and knocks at the door, and some one inside says, “Who is there?” “Your father. There are messengers from heaven at my house, and they tell me that this city is going to be destroyed. I want you to flee from the city with me.” And they laugh at the old man. I see him going to another house and knocking, and another asks, “Who is there?” “Your father-in-law, Lot. I have a mes-



sage from Heaven. We must leave the city at early day-break." And they laugh at him and mock him. Lot had taken his children into Sodom, but he could not get them out. He is a good specimen of a backslider.

Once when I was in St. Louis, I tried to lead an old, white-haired backslider back into the kingdom of God. He had been there twenty years and his religion didn't bear transportation. He lost it somewhere between the East and St. Louis. I worked and worked upon him for a long time, trying to get him to come back. I spoke about this verse: "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of Hosts."

"Did you say that verse is in the Bible?" he said. "Read it again."

I read it slowly and carefully. The man dropped his head and said, "That is true. I have had a bitter and an evil time of it."

But he came back. About midnight the old man went away, as I thought, rejoicing. But the next night when I was preaching he sat in front of me, and the poor fellow looked as if he hadn't a friend on the face of the earth. When I went into the inquiry-room he followed me in, and said:

"I am in trouble. This has been the most wretched day of all my life!"

"That is singular," I said, "I thought that God restored to you the 'joy of His salvation' last night."

"So He did, and I think God has spoken peace and forgiveness to my soul. But I have four married sons and daughters in this city, and I have spent the day in talking with them personally; and there was not one who didn't mock me, and call me 'an old fool.' I led them into iniquity, but I can't lead them out."

The most pathetic, the most tender, the most loving words in the Bible have been addressed to backsliders. God is trying

to woo his erring sons back to himself. When General Grant lay in front of the enemy in the Wilderness, a father in the North heard that his son had been wounded, and he started for the army. When he arrived at the front he couldn't find any trace of his boy. The hospitals were filled with sick and wounded soldiers. The father couldn't eat, drink, nor sleep until he had found his son. Going down through a ward he would cry out :

" John Thompson, your father wants you ! "

The sick and wounded soldiers would lift their heads, and, I suppose, said to themselves, " I wish that was my father calling to me. " He passed from one hospital to another, and his voice would ring through the wards :

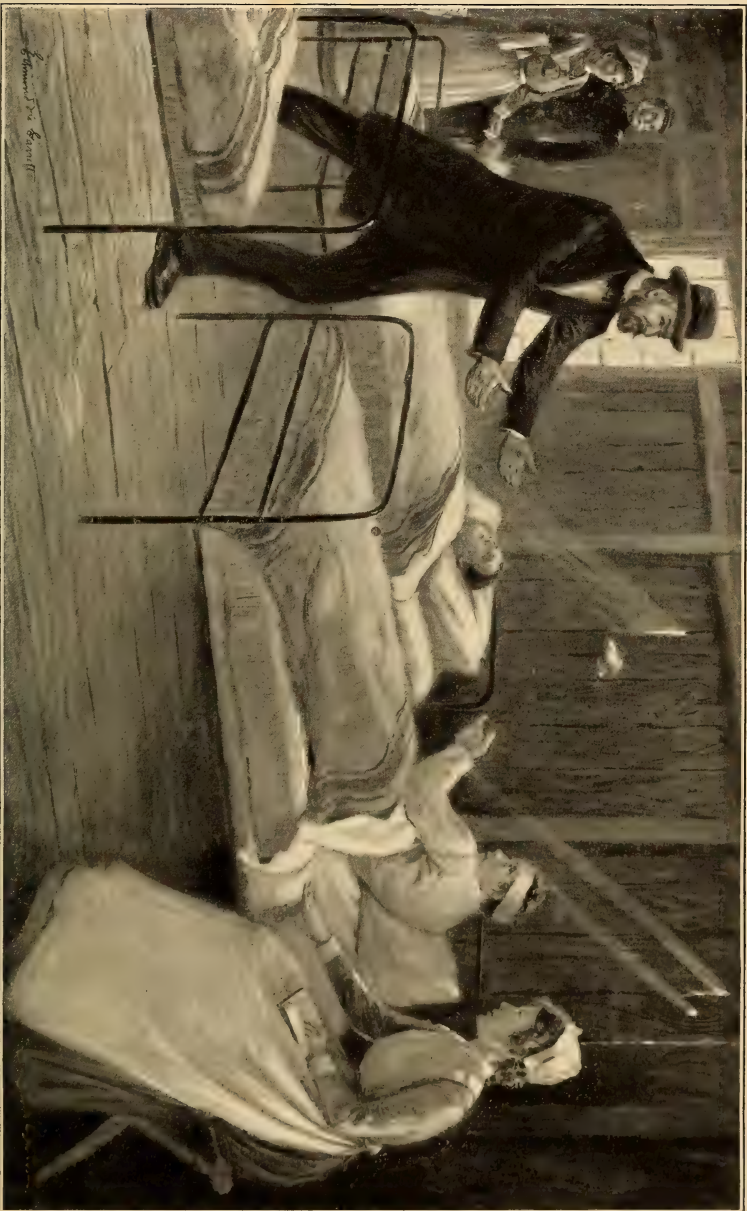
" John Thompson, your father wants you. "

And by and by a wounded soldier lifted his head and said :

" Here I am, father ! "

The father put his arms around his neck and kissed him. Oh, backslider, God wants you. Say to Him, " Here I am, Father ! "

There is one peculiarity about the pit into which backsliders fall, and that is, there is only one way out of it, and that is the way they got in. The same road that took you away from Christ is the very road that will take you back. You left Him without cause. I will challenge any backslider to give a good reason for leaving the Lord. Have you an excuse that will bear the light of eternity ? Some women say, " It is my husband. He has not treated me well. " That ought to have brought you nearer to Christ. Was it the Lord who gave you a bad husband ? Some men say, " My wife has not done as she ought. " Should that alienate you from Christ ? You have met with affliction. God does not afflict you willingly. He never has, and never will. Did you ever punish a child ? Did you not do it for the child's good, and not for the pleasure of doing it ? I never see fathers and mothers who really like to punish their children. When they chasten them it is for



"JOHN THOMPSON, YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU." A FATHER SEARCHING THE HOSPITALS FOR HIS SON.

Going down through the hospital ward he would cry out : " John Thompson, your father wants you." The sick and wounded soldiers would lift their heads, and, I suppose, said to themselves, " I wish that was my father calling to me." He passed from one hospital to another and his voice would ring through the wards, " John Thompson, your father wants you." And by and by a wounded soldier lifted his head and said : " Here I am, father !"



their good, and if you are under the chastening hand of God, don't rebel and think Him a hard Master.

Now, if you want to return to the Lord, there is nothing to hinder you but your own will; your backslidings can't keep you, because He will blot them all out if you'll only let Him.

A man once said to me: "Mr. Moody, I think I have been so mean and wicked and contemptible that the Lord would not receive me." I said, "That is your thought and not God's thought. Did you ever see a son who had gone astray, whose father and mother, when he came home with a broken heart, were not willing to receive him?"

When I was in London we received a request to pray for a boy who had gone off into "the bush," as they called it in Australia. The father and mother seemed to be broken-hearted. Their boy had gone to a far-off country in his sins, and they wanted united prayer offered for him. I suppose that not less than twenty thousand people offered prayer for that young man at one time in one of the largest meetings in Agricultural Hall. Away off in the wilds of Australia, as he was one day leaving his hut, he received a letter telling him how many people had prayed for him. On his way back to his hut he was so overcome by remorse that he could not ride. He got off his horse and went into "the bush," and God converted him right there. He wrote his parents what had happened, and they wrote to him to come home as soon as he could. They were so afraid that he would reach home late at night and they would not see him that they had a bell hung so that it could wake up the whole family, so anxious were they to see him. That is the way God receives backsliders.

"Ring the bells of Heaven, there is joy to-day,  
For a soul returning from the wild."

That is the hymn that Mr. Spurgeon loved to quote so much. He liked to tell of the joy in heaven over the one sinner that repents.

When you tell a young convert that you had rather hear him speak than the minister, you are spoiling him. Many have



been spoiled in that way. When he thinks he is strong, down he goes. He backslides from a lack of humility. A man who has not humility is in a backslidden state. If he puffs himself up and says, "I, I, I, I," and he thinks more of himself than he does of any one else, he is backsliding. I once received a letter from a man whose photograph was on the outside of the envelope. He advertised himself as a prominent Christian worker. I think he was. His letter paper had another big photograph of himself, and he had two printed notices with his photograph. I received four photographs from him. Well, I felt as if that man had backslidden. What does the Bible say? "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." If a man gets puffed up and vain, isn't he in danger of backsliding?

When a man follows the Lord afar off, he can't testify for Jesus, and he can't bring any one to Him. Can he? You've got to be near the Lord to introduce others to Him. One night in Philadelphia a friend of mine was passing a drinking saloon and he saw a church-member inside playing cards. He took out a plain card from his pocket and wrote upon it, "The Lord is my witness."

"Take that in," he said to a boy, "and give it to that man." The man took it and read it, and said to the boy:

"Who gave you that card?"

"A stranger going by," said the boy. And the man rushed to the door and looked up and down the street, and then sneaked off home.

That church-member was following the Lord afar off, wasn't he? If a man goes to a saloon and gets drunk he is following the Lord afar off, isn't he? If a man goes to a billiard-hall and plays to see who shall pay for the drinks, if he is a professed Christian, isn't he following the Lord afar off?

Whenever you find a man who has got away from Christ, the living fountain, he is all the time thirsty. I remember once, during the Civil War, coming down the Tennessee River in a boat full of wounded soldiers. It was in the spring time, when

the water was very roily. There was almost a teaspoonful of sand to a tumbler full of water, and you could not filter it. We gave it to the men, but it did not quench their thirst. The more they drank the more they wanted. We gave it to one man who was dying, and I remember the last words he said were, "Oh, for a drink of water from my father's well!"

Ah! that ought to be the prayer of every child of God and of every backslider, "Oh, for a drink of water from my Father's well!" and if we drink of that living water from the wells of salvation it will satisfy. Thank God, there is no price to salvation, it is as free as any gift we can have, and all we have to do is to take it.

Once when we were traveling on the great plains we thought we could see water in the distance. The men and beasts with us were very thirsty. On we started towards what we thought was water, but we were deceived. It was only a mirage. We saw something that looked like water a little further on; again we were disappointed; and we went on and on for hours, and still no water, and all were suffering. So it is with hundreds and thousands of people, they think that a little further on they will find that which will satisfy them. But at last we saw water, and the mules started on a dead run for it. When we reached it the men were so thirsty that they did not wait to get their cups, but drank out of their caps or anything else. It was sweet, and so the water of life is sweet to the man who is really thirsty.

No one need go unsatisfied if he will only come to Christ. A young girl was going to a spring for water, and when she found it dry she started to go up higher to another spring. On the way a person met her who asked her what she would do if she found that dry, too. She answered that she would go up still higher to another spring. So, my friends, if the springs we have been drinking from are dry, let us go up a little higher. There we will find a fountain that has never yet been dry. It bursts forth from the throne of God; it is the pure stream of the water of life.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

One Thing God Cannot Do — What Became of the Missing Five Dollars? — Three Stumbling Blocks — A Humorous Incident — The Man Who was Looking for "Cold Chills" — A Remarkable Incident in Mr. Moody's Career — Mr. Moody Loses His Way — "Would You Tell Me Who You Are?" — An Astonished Scotchman — The Colorado Convict and His Flowers — "They Remind Me of My Mother" — Obstinate Sammy — An Incident in Glasgow — A Memorable Night — How Did John Draw the Crowd? — A "Sensational" Preacher — "Did You Notice His Coat?" — Remarkable Story of Mr. Moody's Neighbor, Long — The Text Written on the Flyleaf — The Pointing Finger of a Madman — Mr. Moody's Visit to Neighbor Long's House — A Message From the Grave — Dying in the Flames.

#### REPENTANCE.

**I**T MAY sound rather harsh, but nevertheless it is true, that there is one thing that God Himself cannot do. I repeat it, there is one thing that God Himself cannot do. He cannot forgive a man who does not want to be forgiven. Suppose I am going out for the afternoon and I command my boy not to go out of doors. When I get back, the servant says:

"I am sorry to say your son has been disobedient. He went out with some bad boys. He watched for your return, and when he saw you coming he slipped back into the house."

I call my boy and say:

"John, have you been out this afternoon?"

"No, sir."

"Look me straight in the eye, and tell me, have you disobeyed me, have you been out of doors? I had fifty dollars in that drawer, and I find five dollars is missing. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, sir."

"Have you been to my drawer?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know what became of the missing five dollars?"

"No, sir, I think the servant must have taken it."

Then I call the servant.

"Has John been out this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir. Your weren't out of the house five minutes when some boys came around whistling, and he went out."

"Do you know anything about his taking my money?"

"Yes, sir. John took it."

When John can't deny it any longer, he says:

"I took it."

"Are you sorry?"

"No."

"Will you promise me that you won't do it again?"

"No, sir; I will do it every time I can."

Will you tell me how I am going to forgive that boy? Hasn't he put himself beyond my reach? I may weep over him, I may pray night and day for him, but I can't make him repent. I can't make him ask to be forgiven. Doesn't his will come in there? I repeat, hasn't he put himself beyond my reach? That is the condition of hundreds and thousands to-day. A man says, "I won't forsake whiskey; I won't forsake gambling; I won't stop blaspheming God; I will be a hypocrite; I won't forsake my backslidings; I won't forsake my sin. I will live in it, and I will die in it." Well, you can. You are a free agent. God cannot make a man free and bind him at the same time. God has made us free moral agents, to choose between good and evil. If we choose evil, we must reap the fruits of evil. If we choose right and righteousness, we shall reap a good harvest. Won't we? Isn't that so? But suppose I am one of those soft-hearted fathers, and can't bear to have my boy go on feeling that I am not willing to forgive him; and I say, "He doesn't want to be forgiven, but I will forgive." That is where David made a blunder with Absalom. David forgave Absalom before he repented, and before he asked to

be forgiven. And what was the result? He drove his father from the throne, and he would have taken David's life. I don't believe a man will ever see the kingdom of God who does not repent. And it would be hell to him if he got there. That boy would be perfectly miserable in my company as long as he was in that state.

There are three stumbling blocks in man's way to God: his sins, his thoughts, his will. They stand in every man's way. There are three other stumbling blocks: human religion, human wisdom, and human righteousness. If a man is willing to give up his sins, God does not hesitate to forgive him. But the trouble is, man wants to go to God with all his sins; he does not want to give them up. Man doesn't like to give up either his will or his way. It is said of Bunyan that when he was awakened, and the Spirit of God was striving with him, he was playing a game of "cat" in the fields. "Bunyan," a voice seemed to say, "will you give up your sins and go to heaven, or hold on to them and go to hell?" Bunyan had to face that question. Every man faces that question.

Now, it is the hardest thing for a man to become a Christian, and yet it is the easiest. That is a paradoxical statement, but what I mean is that it is a very hard thing to do until he makes up his mind, and a very easy thing to do after he has made it up. I had a little nephew who took a Bible he saw lying on the table and threw it on the floor. His mother said to him:

"Go and pick up uncle's Bible."

"I don't want to."

"I didn't ask you whether you wanted to or not; go and pick it up."

"I won't."

"Why, Charlie, who taught you that naughty word?"

She found out that the little fellow not only knew what it meant, but he meant every word he said. The mother said:

"Charlie, I never heard you talk like that before. If you don't go and pick up uncle's Bible, I shall punish you."



"I won't do it."

She told him again that if he didn't pick up the Bible she would punish him. Then he said he couldn't; he didn't want to. That is the trouble with men; they don't want to come. Christ says, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." It is not because men *can't* come to God; it is because they *won't*.

The little fellow looked at the Bible on the floor as though he would like to pick it up, but he couldn't. At last he got down on the floor and got both arms around the book and apparently tried to lift it, but he said he couldn't.

"Now," the mother said, "Charlie, pick up that book or I shall punish you, and you will have to pick the book up, too."

I felt very much interested; for I knew if she didn't break his will he would break her heart eventually. At last she conquered the little fellow's will; and the minute that was done, he picked up the book easily enough.

When men are willing to break with sin, the intellectual difficulties are very small. I heard of a couple of men who crossed a river to do some work. They got drunk, and after a while they returned to their boat, got into it, and pulled for the other side. They pulled and pulled, but they didn't make any headway, and finally one said, "Isn't it strange that we haven't got to the other shore?" They kept on pulling and pulling until both were tired out, and then they found they hadn't untied the boat; they had been tied to the shore all the time. You laugh at that; but men are anchored to some certain sin. They wonder why they don't get on. *Break the rope!* If you are willing to turn from sin, God meets you and gives you power.

The trouble is, people have confused ideas upon this subject. They think repentance is something mysterious. They imagine some sort of a sensation, a feeling, goes with it, and that they must have it. I was once talking to a man over fifty years old who lived in a town adjoining my own. In fact, I could look across the river into his house. I said to him:

"Why don't you get religion?"

"It never struck me."

"What? What?"

"Oh," he said, "some people it strikes, and some it don't."

There was a good deal of religious interest in my town at that time, and my neighbors were nearly all converted. But there he was, fifty-six years old, waiting for something to "strike" him. I know of many people waiting for something to strike them.

A man who was trying to find Christ said he thought if he were converted "cold chills" would run down his back. He thought he would have a good deal of "feeling." A man may have a good deal of feeling and not repent. Did you ever see a man who realized what he had done when he was drunk, and promised his wife and family that he would never drink again, and yet was drunk inside of forty-eight hours? Yes, he had feeling, but that is not repentance. Did you ever go to the court room and do your best to get a weeping man released, and then have him steal your pocketbook before he went to bed? He had plenty of feeling, but that is not repentance. Repentance is not remorse. Judas had enough to drive him to the grave of a suicide. Remorse is one thing; repentance is another.

Repentance is not feeling. Mark that! There are thousands of people with arms folded who are just waiting for some queer kind of feeling to come to them. They think repentance is a certain kind of feeling; that they will feel very badly, very sorrowful — got to weep a good deal, before they will be in condition to come to God. Now, a man may feel very badly and not repent. I venture to say if you go into any prison you cannot find a prisoner there who does not feel sorry he got caught, awful sorry — shed a great many tears in court on his trial. He is sorry he got caught. That is all. But there is no true repentance; no turning to God. I once preached seven months to the convicts in the Maryland penitentiary. I found human nature just the same under lock and key that it

is outside of prison walls. There were a great many prisoners there who had been sentenced for five or ten years who showed no signs of repentance at all. They were very sorry they were caught. They would have liked to get out very well; and perhaps if they had they would have committed the same offense right over again. That is not repentance at all.

What is repentance, then? I will tell you what it is not. It is not going to meetings and shedding a few tears and making good resolutions. Repentance is not fear. A great many people say I don't preach the terrors of religion. I don't want to — don't want to scare men into the kingdom of God. I don't believe in preaching that way. If I did get some in that way they would soon get out. If I wanted to scare men into Heaven I would just hold the terrors of hell over their heads and say, "go right in." But that's not the way to win men. Terror never saved a man yet. Look at that vessel tossing upon the stormy sea; the sailors think she is going to the bottom and that death is nigh. They fall on their knees, and one would think they were all converted. They are not converted; they're only scared. There's no repentance there, and as soon as the storm is over and they are safe on shore they are just the same as before. How many men, while lying on a sick bed, when they thought death was near, have made up their minds to live a new life if they only got well again; but the moment they were better they forgot all about their good resolutions. Fear is one thing, and repentance is another.

You ask, What is it? The best definition I can find is, Afterthought. It is a change in one's ideas. It is a change in one's mind. Some one asked a soldier how it happened that he became a Christian. He said, "The Lord said to me 'Halt! Right-about face! March!' and that was all there was to it." If you are going the wrong way, face about and go the other way. True repentance is turning around and going the other way. Suppose I want to go from Boston to New York, and I board the train at the station, and a man says:

"Where are you going?"

"To New York."

"Not on this train."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"But this train is going to Maine. I have been in and out of this station a good many times, and I know all about this train. I tell you this train is going to Maine."

He convinces me that I am on the wrong train, and that I will go to Portland if I remain on it.

Now, repentance is taking my gripsack and getting out of that train. Nothing mysterious about that. The Bible says, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" Will you do it? You know right from wrong. If you are wrong, make haste and face about at once. If you are in bad company, get out of that company. Cut their acquaintance right off. *Face about!* Tell them that you are not going their way any longer. Let the drinking man give up strong drink at once; let the dishonest man give up dishonesty. I don't care how you "feel." You may have to go against your feelings.

I preached and lived in Chicago eighteen years. I know that Chicago is on the west side of Lake Michigan. I once went down to Cleveland, and for the forty days that I was there the sun rose in the west and set in the east, according to my feelings. At another time I was in my county, preaching. I had never been to the upper end of the county before, and when I crossed a bridge and went down the river, I said, "I am sure this is the road to Quincy;" but after traveling a while it occurred to me that I had better ask, because I was going by my feelings altogether. So I shouted to a man, and said:

"Hello! Am I on the right road to Quincy?"

"No, sir, you are going right away from it."

And I concluded that man had probably been to Quincy, and was acquainted with the way. So I turned my horse about and went on to Quincy. Before I turned I had traveled according to my feelings; but I was now traveling against my feelings. Turn from sin, and come to Christ.

I knew a Scotchman who said he wouldn't be converted under the preaching of an American. No amount of coaxing could induce him to come to our meetings. Some time after, we were in the north of Scotland, and I was preaching in the open air on the banks of the Inverness; the sun doesn't set there until about ten o'clock. I preached from the words of Naaman, "I thought," and once in a while I would bring out the text, "I thought." This Scotchman was employed by a merchant in another city who had sent him up there on business, hoping that he would somehow get into the meetings. That evening he happened to be down on the banks of the river, and from a distance he heard the text, "I thought;" and he said to himself "That is funny language; I wonder what that fellow is thinking about, anyway." He didn't know there was any preaching going on; he just saw in the distance a man standing there with a crowd of people in front of him, and he said, "Well, I think I'll go and see what he's 'thinking' about." So he came and listened, and the word of God got hold of him. He came into the inquiry-meeting, and I said to him:

"Are you a Christian?"

"No, but I should like to be one."

I sat down and talked with him, and he accepted Christ. I took out my pencil and said to him:

"Would you be kind enough to give me your address; I would like to send you a book?" He gave it to me and said:

"Would you tell me who you are, sir? I would like to know the name of the man who helped me into the kingdom."

"My name is Moody."

"What," he said, "Moody and Sankey?"

"Yes, sir."

Then he told me that he had made a vow never to hear me. You ought to have seen the look on that Scotchman's face!

When I hear a man complaining about God's plan of salvation, I always ask him what he would do to save the world. Man says, Educate. Education *does not* save a man. An edu-



cated rascal is the worst rascal of all. I have over eleven hundred students in my school, and I have often said that if I knew they were to turn out bad I wouldn't educate them. The idea that education is going to save! How would you save the drunkard? You reply, "I would tell him to assert his manhood." That is just what he has been doing for years. It hasn't helped him very much, has it?

I once visited the grave of Cowden, a godly man who died more than a hundred years ago. On his tombstone are these words: "*I have sinned. I have repented. I have trusted. I have lived. I have died. I shall rise. I shall reign.*" Beautiful, are they not? We have all sinned. Won't you take the other step, repent? Do it now.

I was in Colorado preaching the Gospel some time ago, and I heard something that touched my heart very much. The Governor of the State was passing through the prison, and in one cell he found a young man who had his window full of flowers that seemed to have been watched with tender care. The Governor looked at the prisoner and then at the flowers, and asked whose they were.

"These are my flowers," said the poor convict.

"Are you fond of flowers?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been here?"

He told him the number of years. He was sentenced for a long time. The Governor said:

"What makes you so fond of flowers?"

With much emotion he replied:

"When I was a boy my mother used to have a good many flowers. But she died and I was left without a mother's care. As I water these flowers and care for them they remind of the days when I was at home and happy with her."

The Governor was so much touched that he said:

"Well, young man, if you think so much of your mother, I think you will appreciate your liberty," and he pardoned him then and there.

My sister told me her little boy said something naughty one morning. His father said to him:

“Sammy, go and ask your mother’s forgiveness.”

“I won’t,” replied the child.

“If you don’t ask your mother’s forgiveness I’ll put you to bed.”

It was early in the morning — before he went to business, and the boy didn’t think he would do it. He said, “I won’t” again. They undressed him and put him to bed. The father came home at noon expecting to find his boy playing about the house. He didn’t see him around, and he asked his wife where he was.

“In bed still.”

So he went up to the room, and sat down by the bed, and said:

“Sammy, I want you to ask your mother’s forgiveness.”

But the answer was “I won’t.” The father coaxed and begged, but he could not induce the child to ask forgiveness. The father went away, expecting that when he came home at night the child would be over it. At night, however, he found the little fellow still in bed. He had lain there all day. He tried to get him to go to his mother, but it was of no use. His mother tried and was equally unsuccessful. The father and mother could not sleep that night. Every moment they expected to hear their little boy knock at their door. My sister told me it was just as if death had come into their home. She never passed through such a night. In the morning she went to the boy and said:

“Now, Sammy, are you going to ask my forgiveness?”

But he turned his face to the wall and wouldn’t speak. The father came home at noon and the boy was as stubborn as ever. It looked as though he were going to conquer. The father went to his office, and late that afternoon my sister went to her boy and began to reason with him, and, after talking for some time, she said:

“Now, Sammy, say ‘mother.’”

"Mother," said the boy.

"Now say 'for.'"

"For."

"Now just say 'give.'" And the boy repeated "give."

"Me," said the mother.

"Me," and the little fellow fairly leaped out of bed. "I have said it," he cried; "take me down to papa, so that I can say it to him."

When I was in Glasgow a lady said to me, "You use the word 'take' very frequently. Is there anything of that kind in the Bible? I can't find it. I think you must have manufactured that word." Why, in the Bible it says: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." I tell you if you are not saved it is because you won't be. You will not come unto Him that you may have life. The door hangs on that hinge. If you are willing to come to Christ, no power on earth can keep you away. To men who say they *can't* come I say be honest and put in the right word and say you *won't* come.

I remember the first time I ever preached from the text "Let the wicked forsake his way, etc." I had selected another subject, but this text came to my mind and the Holy Spirit seemed to say, "Speak on that text to-night." I tried to dismiss it; I tried to get my mind on some other subject, but it was of no use; so I prepared a few thoughts, and went to the meeting. An excursion train had come in from the country, and among the excursionists was a Bible class of five young men. The teacher seated his class in front of me and offered a very earnest prayer, the burden of which was, "Oh, God, bless my class to-night." After I closed my sermon the spirit of God was so powerfully at work among the congregation that I felt as though I could not let them go. There seemed to come a hush from heaven—you could almost hear men's hearts beating—and for five or ten minutes the audience seemed to be spellbound as I pleaded with them to

break with sin. Somehow I felt as though I was speaking to some whom I should never speak to again. Then we had an inquiry-meeting. Soon after I was at the hotel asleep, when I was awakened by an unusual noise in the building. My family were with me, and I was a little alarmed; I thought perhaps the hotel was on fire. I hastily dressed and went down to the office, and, to my great horror, learned that the excursion train, while crossing a bridge, had gone down into the chasm beneath, and a good many of the people on that train were in eternity. I went back to my room, and said, "Thank God! I pleaded with those people, with all the power I had, to break with sin." Those five young men were standing on the platform of the car, and while a gentleman was passing from one car to another a few minutes before the accident he heard them discussing whether they would give up sin or not. The bridge gave way and the five young men all entered eternity together. My dear friends, isn't it the safest, the wisest, and the best thing for every one of us to turn from sin now?

#### THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

How John the Baptist got a crowd together I do not know. There were no newspapers in those days to herald his coming; he did not have any committee; he did not have a temple to preach in lighted by electric light; he did not have electric cars to bring the people in great crowds; he did not preach in great cities where many people live together. Almost any man can get a crowd, these days, if he has any reputation at all. John was not advertised as the Reverend John, nor as John LL.D. He had never been graduated from a theological seminary; he was a man without a title, a man without position.

But I can imagine a few shepherds on the plains of Jordan looking after their sheep and goats, and a stranger coming towards them out of the desert clothed in raiment of camel's hair bound with a leathern girdle. He got a few of those shepherds together — perhaps a dozen of them — and said:

“Set your houses in order, the King is just at the door! I do not know the day or the hour when He is coming, but I have been sent before Him to prepare the way. Repent ye; for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand.” After he delivered his message he said to them, “I will be back to-morrow,” and disappeared.

Talk about a sensation! I tell you there was a sensation that time. They looked one at the other, and said:

“Did you ever hear a man talk like that?”

“No, I never heard a man talk like that.”

“Did you notice his coat of camel’s hair? What if it should be Elijah?”

What name in all Jewish history could stir the heart of Israel like that name?

The shepherds spread the news—it didn’t require newspapers to do that up and down the Valley of the Jordan—and the next day what a greeting John had! Again the voice rang up and down the Valley of Jordan, “Repent! for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand!” What a thrill went through the land!

I think John was one of the most wonderful men that ever lived. He had a message to deliver, and it came from the heart, red-hot with the love of God, and the message was on fire. How the sparks flew in all directions! If there had been a newspaper reporter there he would have been converted right away, and wouldn’t have written out the sermon at all. I haven’t any doubt there were some old croakers there who said it was a “sensation.” I wouldn’t give a snap for a man who couldn’t create a sensation. I would to God another John the Baptist would appear.

There will never come before us a question so important as this great question of eternal life. Under the preaching of John the Baptist, under the preaching of Jesus Christ, many came near to the kingdom of God, and yet they missed it just as men and women are missing it to-day.

Before I left home I was one day working in a field in com-



pany with a neighbor named Long, who lived close by, and all at once I noticed that he was crying and wiping his eyes. I asked "What is the matter?" Then he told me the strangest story I had ever heard in my life. He said that when he left home his mother gave him her own Bible, saying, "My son, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'" He said if it hadn't been her Bible he would have thrown it away, but it had that text written upon the fly leaf by his mother's own hand and he kept it. It was her favorite text, and he had often heard her repeat it. His great object in life was to make money enough to come back and buy a farm in that town. He got the notion into his head that he could make money a good deal faster if he didn't have anything to do with the church or Christian people. He went from town to town seeking work, and when he finally found it he went to church, because, he said, his father and mother used to make him go until he got in the habit of it. He hadn't been going a great while before he heard the minister preach from the text "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." "Why," he said, "I wonder if mother hasn't written to that minister to preach from that text!" It seemed to him that the minister was very personal, and he was a good deal moved; but he said to himself, "when I get settled in life I will attend to my soul; I am going to make money now." But for days the question troubled him. After awhile he got out of work in that town, and went to another place and to another church, where he soon heard the minister preaching from that same text. He hadn't written home to his mother that he had gone to another town, and she didn't know he was there, so he thought, "Where did that minister get hold of anything about me?" He did not know that it was because God's Spirit was striving with him; but he promised himself "When I get a home of my own, and get married and am settled down, I will attend to my soul." He went to a third town, and to a third church, and the minister

preached from that same text. It troubled him; he thought it must be in answer to his mother's prayers; it seemed as if she followed him from place to place, for he continually heard that text ringing in his soul, but he deliberately said to himself, "I will have nothing to do with this matter until I get settled in life." "Now," he said to me, "I go to church every Sunday, but I have never heard another sermon that touched me."

I was rather wild myself in those days, and his story made me feel very uncomfortable, and I changed the subject, and we talked about something else. Soon afterwards I went to Boston and was converted, and you know that when a man is converted he thinks if God converted him he can convert anybody; I thought if I was converted my neighbor Long might be converted. When I returned home some years after, I said to my mother:

"Is Long living on his old place yet?"

"Is he living?" she said, "Didn't I write you about him?"

"Write me what?" I answered.

"Why, he lost his mind and was taken to an institution in Brattleboro. If any of the neighbors call to see him, he points his finger at them and says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.'"

The next summer he was at home, so the doctor and I drove to his house, and as I stepped up to the door I said:

"Mr. Long, do you remember me?"

I thought he was going to shake hands; but, instead of that, he pointed his finger at me and said:

"Young man, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

I talked about matters that he and I used to know about, but while his mind was a perfect blank on these things, the text that his mother gave him, and the text that the Holy Ghost gave him, was still there.

The next time I returned home he was in his grave, within a few yards of the spot where my father and youngest brother

were buried. As I looked over to Long's grave it seemed as if I could hear the text coming up from it, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." I never go to that cemetery that I don't look over to Long's grave. I believe that the greatest mistake that he ever made in all the years that he was on this earth was that he didn't give himself up to be led by the Spirit of God.

I knew of a young man who wanted to become a Christian, whose father was a worldly man, full of ambition and a desire to make his way in the world. His son went to him and told him his wish. The father turned around in astonishment, and said: "My son, you are making a mistake. You had better wait until you get established in business; wait till you are older; wait till you make some money; there is plenty of time yet to become a Christian." Does any young man believe that?

You may neglect to repent one day too long. God commands you to do it *now*. We have got to enter through the door of repentance into the kingdom of God. There is no other way. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, have all got to go in the same way — on their hands and knees.

I had a friend during the Chicago fire who became so stifled with smoke that he lay down to die. But as he lay on the ground he got beneath the smoke and crawled out on his hands and knees. I tell you when a man gets on his knees and says, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," God will forgive him and bless him. And so if there is anyone that wants to be saved let him say, "God helping me, I will turn my face toward heaven;" and, if need be, God will send legions of angels to help him.

A number of years ago the great Pemberton Mill at Lawrence, Mass., fell. There was only one room left entire, and in it were imprisoned twenty-five or thirty operatives, mostly young girls. All business was suspended, and everybody went to work with a will with shovels and picks and crowbars

to set them free. Night came on, and they had not reached them. By some mischance a lantern broke; there was an explosion of gas, and the ruins caught fire. They tried to put out the fire, but did not succeed. They could talk with the imprisoned ones, and even pass refreshments to them and encourage them to keep up. But alas! the flames drew nearer and nearer. Superhuman were the efforts made to rescue them; the men bravely fought back the flames; but the fire gained fresh strength and returned to claim its victims. Then piercing shrieks arose when the spectators saw that the efforts of the firemen were hopeless. The young girls realized their fate, and they knelt down and began to sing the hymn we all were taught in our Sunday-school days:

“Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour and waves o’erflow.  
I’m going home, I’m going home,  
I’m going home to die no more.”

The flames had now reached them; they sank, one by one; a few moments more and the fire circled around them, and their souls were taken into the bosom of Christ. Yes, let others seek a home below, if they will, but “Seek ye first the kingdom of God,” *with all your heart*.

NOTE. — On the tenth of January, 1860, a defective pillar in the Pemberton Mill gave way, and, without a moment’s warning, the whole structure fell. Seven hundred operatives, many of them young girls and women, were caught in the ruins. Of these, eighty-eight were killed, and one hundred and thirty-four injured, a number of whom subsequently died. The number of those who perished in the flames is not positively known. — [ED.]

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### SOCIAL AND WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS.

The Boy Who Shunned His Father — “Oh, He Is An Old Foggy” — Marrying a Man to Convert Him — Tottering Homes and Blasted Lives — Where Sorrow and Disaster Thrive — The Banker and His Dishonest Partners — Dying of a Broken Heart — Northfield Boys and Early Apples — Straddling the Fence — An Incident of the Civil War — Putting Up the Wrong Flag — The Converted Man Who Wouldn't Give Up Anything — Is it Right to Dance? — Shall I Go To The Theater? — “This Is No Place for Me” — “Don't Make a Fool of Yourself” — Distilling Whiskey for the Glory of God — “Come, Moody, Let's Have a Game” — Card Parties — “Chutter, Chutter, Chutter” — “The Man that Comes here Sundays” — Footprints in the Snow.

**A** FATHER told me that once after he had been away from home his wife and children were filled with joy on his return. But one boy was missing, and the father looked around and said, “Where is John?” The boy had gone into the fields, and the father went out to find him; and it turned out that he had been very disobedient while his father was away. That was the reason why the boy did not wish to see him. It is the first impulse of every one of us when we do wrong to get as far away from God as we can. If a child has wronged his parents he doesn't want to see them.

How many in our great cities break the Sabbath and disregard the sanctuary, and then wonder why they have so much trouble and so much sorrow. There's no wonder about it! There's no mystery about it! Isn't the truth plain? Hasn't God warned? Hasn't He said that He will turn the way of the wicked upside down? Hasn't the King of Heaven decreed that the wicked shall not prosper? If you lightly esteem



His Word, and His statutes, He will lightly esteem you, and you can't expect His blessing.

People talk about the Bible being old, and say, "it was good enough for the dark ages, but we can get on very well without it." Why don't you say the same about the sun? The sun is old! When you build a house, why do you put any windows in? Why don't you put in electric light? That is new! The sun is too old; it is worn out! Well, it was good enough for the fathers, but you want something new. Let us throw the sun away with the old Bible; if you are going to throw the Bible away, let the two go together. Truth is just as good to-day as it has ever been. It is in its youth; truth never grows old; take the Word of God and live according to its teachings, and let that be your guide, and it will save you from ten thousand pitfalls. Men close the Bible and then run off to things just contrary to its teachings, and then they get into trouble and say that the Christian life isn't what they thought it was; that they have found out that the way is hard and difficult.

I honestly believe that what we want to-day is somebody who will go through the land with a voice like a trumpet to call the church of God out of the world. The church and the world have got so mixed up that the lines are obliterated. When any one tries to draw the line, people say:

"Oh, he is an old foggy; you don't want anything to do with that man; he belongs to the past ages; that was good enough theology ages ago, but it won't do nowadays. People have gotten out of the dark ages, and the world is so cultured now that there isn't much difference between the world and the church; they are pretty near alike. When the Lord said, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' He didn't mean anything by it. Of course we won't swear, and get drunk, and all that; that is what it means; it doesn't mean that a godly woman shan't marry an ungodly man. No, let a godly, sainted woman marry a godless, Christless man, and see if she can't convert him!"

I have heard many a woman say, "When I was married I thought I could lead my husband and be the means of his conversion. He drank some, but he promised me when we were married that he would give it up. He didn't get drunk on our wedding trip, but he was drunk very soon after." There is many a mother whose life is as dark as hell, and many a family that has been wrecked because a woman went directly against the word of God.

It is not for you, young people, who have not seen as much of life and the world as some others, to dispute this. You can see it is plain. There is not a mother that would not feel badly to have a daughter marry a man who would abuse her and make her life wretched. There is not a father who would not be made miserable by such a probability. Do you suppose God does not feel it to have one of His sons or daughters marry an unregenerate and unconverted person who hates Him and would misrepresent and abuse Him? You say, "Yes, but I shall influence my husband after we are married." Well, influence him *before* you are married.

The most subtle and deceitful hope which ever existed, and one which has wrecked the happiness of many a young girl's life, is the common delusion that a woman can best reform a man by marrying him. It is a mystery to me how people can be so blind to the hundreds of cases in every community where homes have fallen and innocent lives have been wrecked because some young girl has persisted in marrying a scoundrel in the hope of saving him. I have never known such a union, and I have seen hundreds of them, result in anything but sorrow and disaster. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Some men say that such a union is easy. Suppose that a club is formed of a hundred members, and seventy-five of them are unbelievers, and twenty-five are believers, and they want to get me in. I join it, and by and by they vote to have an excursion on the Sabbath. Where is D. L. Moody then? Where is my influence then? No child of God can identify himself with unbelievers without getting into trouble.

A banker once came to me in great distress and said his two partners in business had made up their minds to do a very disreputable thing that would compromise his Christian character, and he was greatly agitated over it. I asked:

“Will you tell me when you formed that partnership?”

“Five years ago.”

“How long have you been a Christian?”

“Twenty-five years.”

“And you took these ungodly men into partnership with you; did you read what the Bible says about that?”

“Well,” he said, “I thought I could make money faster, and have more to give to the Lord.”

When godly men yoke themselves up with ungodly men because they can make money faster, they are sure to get into trouble. I told him he had tied himself to two ungodly men and he was going to suffer. And he did suffer. To-day his testimony is gone and his influence has been swept away. How many partnerships there are in that condition, the partners bound by a written contract drawn by a lawyer! A good many people think they are going to make more by forming ungodly alliances; but you can't find a case in the Bible where a man ever made anything by selling his principles; not one who did not lose by going against the word of God.

When an ungodly man offers his hand to a godly woman, and she accepts it because he is rich, the curse of God is upon that woman. I never knew of two people being yoked together in that way who did not wreck their families and lead miserable, wretched lives. For a godly man to marry a godless, Christless woman is to make their home and lives dark and dreary; but for a godly, consecrated Christian minister to marry a woman that sneers at Christ, the Bible, and Christianity is shocking; it is downright sin; and I hope by and by the sentiment of the church will be so strong against it that ministers won't marry such women. A godly man has no right to ask a godless woman for her hand, and a godless man has no right to ask a godly woman for her heart and hand.

A lady in Chicago was very much offended with me for telling her that she ought not to marry a godless husband. That was not long after I started to preach. Her life was blasted, and she died of a broken heart. Her husband was very angry because I preached a sermon on that subject, but he lived long enough to know that I was right. His life was wretched, and her life was wretched; and the children when they started out in life didn't know where to go. Think of children in homes like that!

There is a class of people who think they can live just on the border of the world and be constantly slipping over into the world. They want to make the most of this world; they think that is the highest type of Christianity. I think it is the lowest type! I remember when I was a boy in Northfield there was an apple tree right near the old red schoolhouse that bore the earliest kind of apples, and when they were ripe they always turned red. The tree grew on the other side of a fence, but some of the boughs hung over the road. It was an unwritten law in that town that anything that hung over the road was public property. We boys would watch, and the moment we saw a streak of red we would get that apple, for fear some other boy would get it. I never got a ripe apple off that tree. It got more clubbings and had more broken boughs than any other tree in town, because it was a border tree. These border Christians get more clubbings than all the rest put together; they are clubbed by the church, and clubbed by the world. The world doesn't have any confidence in them, nor the church either, and they don't have much confidence in themselves. I don't see why so many want to be border Christians; the best thing you can do is to get as far away from the border as you can.

During the Civil War some of those people who lived in border cities didn't know just on which side to jump; they had friends in the South and friends in the North, and they didn't want to go with either side; so they straddled the fence. When the Southern army came, these people shouted them-

selves hoarse for the South; and when the Northern army came, they did the same thing for the North. Some of them went too far and got two flags; when they saw the Union army coming, up went the stars and stripes; and when they saw the Confederate army coming, up went the stars and bars. One day a boy put out his flag, and the family forgot to take it in; it was the wrong flag for the next army, and when the soldiers came, what did they do? Why, they just burned their buildings — burned them all up. You don't think much of a man who is on both sides of the fence; who is trying to live for the world and be counted for God. It is a good deal better, if you want power and peace, to come out on the Lord's side.

People come to me and say, "Mr. Moody, what do you think about this amusement or that amusement?" I will tell you what I think: if it interrupts your communication with God, give it up. Men are all the time taking false steps, because they are not willing to be led by the Spirit. Do you think that so many men would go to ruin if they would let the Spirit lead them? The question of public amusements often comes up and it is frequently asked, "Is it right to dance?" All I have to say is, if the Spirit of God says dance, then dance. Give Christians something better to do and they won't want dancing. When my eldest son was a little boy he was very fond of getting hold of the scissors to play with; and his mother was afraid that he would dig his eyes out, or get hurt in some way. One day he was playing with them, when his sister saw him and tried to take them away; but he only held on to them the tighter. Then she ran, got an orange, and held it up, saying, "Willie, want an orange?" and he dropped those scissors in a minute. So with dancing Christians; they will always go for the better thing. If a dancing Christian isn't quite sure whether it is right or wrong to dance, just let him give Christ the benefit of the doubt. Let him pray over it; and if he has any doubt then, give it up.

A Christian mother said she wanted her son to go to a dancing school because he was so awkward; she wanted him to



be more graceful, — wanted him to get grace in his heels, you see, instead of his heart. After six weeks he had made such poor progress that she took him out of the school in disgust and chided him. Said he:

“I’m sorry, mother, I’m so stupid about it, but I can’t do any better. You see, it’s one of the things I can’t pray over.”

You couldn’t conceive of Paul dancing. The idea of Noah dancing and playing cards in the ark, while the world was perishing! The world is perishing now, as much as it was then. Let the Spirit of God be your teacher, and you will see what is right and what is wrong. Men say, “Is it consistent for me to go to the theater?” Christ’s principle is that you are to give yourself up to the Spirit of the Word. Then you will be guided aright and make no mistake.

A man once told me that he had been converted, but he said he hadn’t given up anything, and wasn’t going to give up anything. He afterwards told me he went to the theater, but he didn’t stay there, for he had no desire to; that he couldn’t read novels, for he had lost his taste for them. The reason was simple. When a man is filled with the Spirit he will cease to love many things he once did; his love will be turned into another channel. Men say that they can’t give up this thing or that. Let the Spirit of God get into their hearts, and they can. They can’t do it themselves, but God can do it for them. The teaching of the Word is that if you take the Spirit of God it will enlighten you and cast out darkness.

A lady came to me, in a city where I was preaching a few years ago, and said:

“I wish you would tell me how to become a Christian; but I want to be honest with you, — I don’t want to become one of your kind.”

“Why,” I asked, “have I got any peculiar kind of Christianity?”

“Well,” she said, “I want to be a Christian, but I don’t want to give up the theater.”

“I have been preaching here six months, and one news-

paper has been giving a verbatim report of my sermons every day; have you seen a word from me about theaters?"

"Why, no."

"I have seen you at our meetings frequently in the afternoon, have you heard me say anything about theaters?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, will you tell me what you brought that subject up for?"

"Why," she said, "I didn't suppose you believed in the theater."

"What right have you to think that of me?"

"I don't know; do you ever go to the theater?"

"No, I never was in a theater in my life, only to preach."

"Why don't you go?"

"Because I have no taste for it, I have no desire for the theater; I have got something better. I would rather be the instrument in God's hands of leading you into the peace and joy that I have found in Christ Jesus than have anything else in all the world. There is no joy like it."

"Well," she said, "I can't understand that."

"No, I am sure you can't; therefore I will talk to you about something you can understand;" and I talked about Jesus Christ. After a while she said:

"Well, Mr. Moody, I do think His character is lovely; when you preached last night my heart was just breaking because I do love Him, and I want to be His; but I don't want to give up the theater."

"Let us talk about Christ," I said, and I got her back again to talk about Him. By and by she said:

"If I become a Christian, can I go to the theater?"

"Yes," I said, "if you can go with the glory of God in view, you can go to the theater all you want to."

"Well, I have made up my mind that I will be a Christian if I can only go to the theater."

"My good woman," I said, "let Christ have the first place in your heart, and he will regulate all your life."

After prayer she wiped her tears away, and said:

"The burden is gone. I really believe I have been converted. But I am not going to give up the theater."

"I am sorry you have brought that up again," I said. She was going out of town, and as she shook hands and bade me good bye, she said:

"I am going to the theater, after all."

Not long afterwards she came to me and said:

"Mr. Moody, I understand it all now."

"How is that?" I said.

"Well, you know my father is a doctor, and has a large practice, and very little recreation, and he used to take us to the theater more than to the church. My husband is a lawyer, and he gets so tired during the day that he wants to go to the theater at night for rest and amusement, and so we have a box in a leading theater. The other night we had company, and my husband was very anxious to go, and I went; I never thought of anything wrong. Somehow or other, when the curtain lifted everything seemed different, and I said, 'This is no place for me.' Then my husband said, 'Don't make a fool of yourself; it is said all around that you have been to the Moody meetings and been converted, and if you go out it will be the talk of fashionable society.' I said, 'I think I have made a fool of myself all my life,' and I got up and went out. The theater hadn't changed, but I had changed."

I would rather have one night in an after-meeting and be used of God to lead a poor drunkard away from his cups and send him home to be a comfort and a blessing to his wife and family than to attend all the theaters in the world! If I am conscious of anything that will injure my testimony or weaken my influence, or hinder me from doing God's work, I will give it up at once. The idea of my sitting down to discuss for one minute the question whether I will give up worldly things for the luxury and the joy of being a co-worker with God! The idea of a child of God sitting down and discussing whether he shall give up this or that thing which will interfere with his

Christian life! My dear friends, Jesus laid down no rules, but He laid down great principles. If you love Him, you will love to please Him, and that is all there is to it.

I was once in a town in England where they made more whiskey than in any other place in the country; the smell of whiskey pervaded the whole place; the very air was charged with whiskey. There was a young man there who had a large distillery which had been left to him by his father. I came out against the whiskey business the best I knew how. The young man came to see me and said he wanted to square his life in accordance with the word of God, and that if I would show him just one passage of Scripture which condemned making whiskey he would give it up. I said, "I can give you a good many, but here is one: 'Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' If you can distill whiskey for the glory of God, keep right on distilling whiskey!" I should like to see a distiller make a hundred barrels of whiskey and then get down and pray that it might be a blessing to anybody that would drink it! I asked him if he ever heard of a whiskey manufacturer praying over his business?

If you are invited to go to questionable places, ask yourself, "Can I pray if I go there?" If you can pray over it, go; if you can't pray over it, keep out of it.

You may have grand precepts, but if they are against your living they are of no use to you. If a mother is mourning over her son because he is a gambler, and that mother played cards with him at home, is any one to blame but herself? When I was a commercial traveler I didn't know one card from another; I was thrown in with other commercial travelers, and they would frequently say to me, "Come, Moody, let's have a game." And I would reply, "I don't know how to play." Thank God, I did not; that was a grand help to me, and I say it will be a grand help to your boys if they don't know one card from the other. If you teach your boys to play at home just for amusement, they may by and by play with one an-

other for cigarettes, and then for money. There is many a home where the mother has given her boy his first start down hill by playing cards with him. If you have card parties, I advise you, as Christian people, to open them with prayer. Isn't that good advice? What do you say? Just open them with prayer, and then if the prayer won't go, the cards won't go.

I know some foolish people that say, "If we give up all these things we will lose our influence over the world." I never knew it to work that way. A lady once said to me:

"My husband said he would go to church every Sunday with me if I would go to the theater with him; I thought it would be a good thing to get him to attend church, and so I went to the theater with him."

"Well," I said, "how has it worked?"

"Oh," she said, "it hasn't worked at all; he doesn't have the same respect for my religion that he did before I yielded; I let down my principles, and he suddenly lost his respect for me. He doesn't go to church at all; he wants me to go to church, but he won't go with me. Not only that, but I have been losing ground right along, and I am a good deal farther from the kingdom of God than when I married him."

That is the same story all over the world. The mirth that cheers the worldly will freeze a true child of God.

A friend of mine had a beautiful canary bird that was a very sweet singer. The spring came, and he thought it was a pity to keep the bird in the house, so he put it out under a tree. Before he knew it a lot of English sparrows came around, — and you know they can't sing any more than I can. They just chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter; and before he knew it his little canary had lost all its sweet notes. As soon as he found it out he took him back into the house. He bought another bird — a fine singer — and put the two together to see if his canary wouldn't get back its sweet notes; but it never sang quite as sweetly as it did before it got in with those sparrows. That is about the condition of the church; nine



out of ten professing Christians simply chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter, talk, talk, talk, talk. They don't say anything. No power. No consecrated life back of their words. Professing what they don't possess. Some men live skim milk and talk cream. It is better to live cream and talk skim milk. May God tell us each how to get into sweet fellowship with Him, and have power with God and man.

We don't walk uprightly. I believe that is the reason why the blessing is withheld. Many a mother is weeping over a son who has gone to ruin, and many a father is overwhelmed with shame by the conduct of his children. Once when I was on the Pacific coast I was entertained at a friend's home, and the father said to me:

"I have three sons who bear my name, and they are a disgrace to me; I am ashamed of them."

He was just beginning to taste the bitterness from the seed he had been sowing for years. He had lived a worldly life and been identified with many things outside of his home, and the reaping time came while he was giving his attention to clubs, politics, and such things. Soon the boys came in and I got acquainted with them, and I found that they had drifted right away from their father.

One day the father stepped into a room with me and locked the door and said:

"Mr. Moody, I want to talk with you a little." And then he began to weep. He had a beautiful home, and his surroundings seemed to be unusually pleasant. He said:

"I have three sons, and all of them have gone to ruin. I don't know why it is that God has dealt so severely with me."

I had been in the house for some time and had been watching things a little, and I said:

"Will you allow me to ask a few questions?"

"Certainly."

"Where do you spend Monday night?"

"Oh, I am a member of the Common Council; I am at the Council meetings Monday nights as a city officer." He was

then trying to be elected mayor of the city, and he had been fishing for the office for years.

"Where do you spend Tuesday night?"

"I go down to the Young People's meetings; I am senior deacon, and I feel that I ought to attend those meetings."

"Well," I said, "strike out Tuesday night. Where are you Wednesday night?" He hesitated, but finally said:

"I am a Mason."

It turned out that he was at a Masonic lodge every Wednesday night. So we struck out Wednesday night.

"Where are you Thursday night?"

"I am always at home on Thursday night."

"You are a public man, a popular man, and you are trying to be elected mayor of the city. I suppose you have political calls evenings?"

"Oh, yes!"

"How about Friday night?"

"Friday night is our regular prayer-meeting night, and I always go there."

"Well, strike out Friday night. Where are you Saturday night?"

"Oh, Saturday night I am always at home."

"Yes, I noticed you were last Saturday night, and I saw that you went into your room and locked yourself in to get your Sunday-school lesson. So we will strike out Saturday night. On Sunday night where are you?"

"I am always at the church service."

"Well," I said, "we will strike out Sunday night. The nights are all gone, and that has been your life all these years while your boys have been going to ruin. I notice in the morning the boys are in a hurry, and you are in a hurry, and when the boys went to school they couldn't stop to prayers. Sometimes you have family worship, and sometimes you don't; sometimes you have it alone, and sometimes some of the children are there. You don't come home to lunch, you have a late dinner, and sometimes you see your children only at

dinner time. That is all you see of them. Is it any wonder that your boys have gone wrong? You have been trying to be a good man, but you have looked after other people's vineyards, and have not taken care of your own. You have been giving your time to the public, to the church, to politics, and secret societies, and Satan has walked right in under your eyes and taken your children. They don't care for you; they don't know much about you; they are boys that you don't know; is anyone to blame but yourself? You are like a commercial traveler whose boy came into the house crying and said: 'Mamma, that man struck me.' 'What man?' said the mother. 'That man that comes here Sundays.' 'Oh, your father?' 'Yes.' He called his own father 'that man.' I would, if I were you, let the mayor's office go and try to save the boys."

There are a good many families like that, and the parents wonder why their boys go astray. My friends, if we would just make home beautiful, and make it attractive, and give up some nights in the week to it, we might save our children.

I believe in amusements, anything that is healthy; anything that is not going to harm them when they go out into the world. Make home the pleasantest place under the sun, and I don't believe that our children will leave us; I believe we are going to have them with us in glory. Talk about the "heathen Chinees!" The sons treat the fathers and mothers in China a thousand times better than the sons treat their parents in America to-day. Let a boy there treat his mother as boys in America treat their mothers and they would drive him out of town. They would say that any town that harbors such a monster as that ought to be swept out of existence.

I tell you a disciple in the world is one thing, but the world in a disciple is quite a different thing. It is all right to have the ship in the water, but when the water gets into the ship you want to get out, don't you? I was very comfortable on my voyage home to my family on board the steamer *Spree*\* while

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\* Incident related on page 339.

the water was outside the boat; but when a hole was made in the bottom and the ship began to sink, so that we were afraid it was going down, we wanted to get off. That is what is the matter with Christians; they get water-logged and have to be towed. We waited forty-eight hours before we saw a steamer coming to tow us into Boston, and when it started to take us into port there was a joyful time, although we had to be towed in. There are lots of Christians that have to be towed in, and the ministers have all they can do to keep them from sinking.

Once I walked across a field after a fresh fall of snow. I tried to see how straight a line I could make with my footprints in the snow. When I looked around to see how straight a path I was making I always walked crooked; but if I kept my eyes on the mark ahead of me and did not take them off I could walk straight enough. So if Christians would only keep their eyes on the mark — on Christ Jesus, and follow His footsteps, not turning around to see what kind of a path they have made — they would walk straighter. He is our model. Instead of asking, Why can't I dance? why can't I go to the theater? why can't I do this or that? put it in this way: What is the use of it? Will it make me a better Christian? If it won't, then I won't do it. Instead of asking, "What is the use?" and "Why can't I?" ask if it will be for the honor and glory of Jesus, and if it will not, say "I will not do it."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### AN APPEAL TO PARENTS.

A Theory that Proved to be All Wrong — “Mother Is Not In” — Social Lies — Formation of Character — From the Sunday-school to Beer Gardens — Reaping the Consequences — “How Did You Come Here?” — Mr. Moody’s Secret — In Prison Under an Assumed Name — Moving in the “Highest Circles” — A Broken-hearted Mother — “Cut It Finer” — Looking Upon Sunday with Dread — “Natural Goodness” — The Lighthouse Keeper Watching for the Return of His Sailor Son — A Grief-stricken Father — Removing His Mother’s Body — A Remarkable Story — “Have You Seen My Boy?” — Story of the Little Wooden Cross — A Mother’s Letter to Mr. Moody — People Who Strap Their Burdens Tighter on Their Backs.

I USED to think when I was a Sunday-school superintendent, laboring among the children, and trying to get parents interested in the work, that if I ever became a preacher I would have but one text and one sermon, and they should be addressed to parents; because when we get them interested their interest will be apparent in their children. We used to say, if we get the lambs in the old sheep will follow, but I didn’t find that to be the case. Although we got the children interested on Sunday, the parents would sometimes pull the other way all the week, and before Sunday came again the impression that had been made would be gone.

The Bible precept, “teach them diligently,” is very plain, and if we want our children to grow up a blessing to the church of God and to the world we must teach them. I can imagine some one saying: “It is all very well for Moody to lay down theories, but there are a great many difficulties in the way of carrying them out.” I once heard of a minister who had a



grand theory upon the bringing up of children ; but after God had given him seven children he found that his theory was all wrong. They all were differently constituted. I will admit that this is one difficulty ; but if our heart is set upon having our children in glory, God will give us all the light we need. He is not going to leave us in darkness. If that is not the aim of your heart, make it so. I would rather leave my children in the hope of Christ than leave them millions of money.

Never teach them revenge. If a baby falls down on the floor, don't give it something with which to strike the floor. They have enough of revenge in them without being taught any more. Don't teach them to lie. How many a mother has told a child to go to the door, when she did not want to see the visitor, and say, "Mother is not in." That is a lie. Children are keen to detect. They very soon see those lies, and this lays the foundation for a good deal of trouble afterward.

"Ah," some may say, "I never do that." Well, suppose a person comes in whom you don't want to see. You give him a welcome, and when he is ready to go you entreat him to stay ; but the moment he is out of the door you say, "What a bore !" The children wonder at first, but they very soon begin to imitate their parents. Parents never ought to do a thing they don't want their children to do. If you don't want them to smoke, don't you smoke ; if you don't want them to chew, don't you chew ; if you don't want them to drink, don't you drink.

A lady told me that once when she was in her pantry the doorbell rang, and as she whirled round to go to the door she broke a tumbler. Her little girl was standing beside her, and she thought her mother was doing a very correct thing ; and the moment the mother left the pantry, the child began to break all the tumblers she could get hold of. You may laugh, but children are very good imitators. If you don't want them to break the Sabbath day, keep it holy yourself ; if you want them to go to church, go to church yourself. It is very often from imitation that they utter their first oath, or tell their first lie,

and then the habit grows upon them; and when they try to break the habit, it has grown so strong that they cannot do it.

"Ah," some say, "we don't believe in children being converted. Let them grow up to manhood and womanhood, and it will be time enough then to talk of converting them." They forget that in the meantime their characters are formed, and when they have arrived at manhood and womanhood it is often too late to alter them.

How many parents know where their sons are evenings? They may be in haunts of vice. Where does your son spend his evenings? You don't care enough for him to ascertain what kind of company he keeps, what kind of books he reads; don't care if he is reading miserable, trashy novels, and getting false ideas of life. You don't know till it is too late. While we were in London, an army officer in India said to himself: "Lord, now is the time for my son to be saved." He got a furlough, and came to London. God was not going to let him return without the blessing. How many fathers are interested enough in their sons to do as he did? How many parents stand in the way of the salvation of their children? I don't know of anything that discouraged me more when I was a Sunday-school superintendent in Chicago, than when, after begging parents to allow their children to come to Sunday-school — and how few of them came — those parents, whenever spring arrived, would take their children from the school and lead them into German beer-gardens. And how many reaped the consequences!

I remember one mother who heard that her boy was impressed at our meetings. She said her son was a good enough boy, and he didn't need to be converted. I pleaded with her, but in vain. I tried my influence with the boy; but while I was pulling one way the mother was pulling the other. Her influence prevailed. Naturally, it would. Well, some time after I visited the county jail, and I saw him a prisoner there.

"How did you come here?" I asked; "Does your mother know where you are?"

"No, please don't tell her; I am here under an assumed name, and I am sentenced for four years. Do not let my mother know of this," he pleaded; "she thinks I am in the army."

I used to call on that mother, afterwards, but I had promised her boy that I would not tell her where he was, and for four years she mourned him as dead. She thought he had died on the battlefield, or in a Southern hospital. What a blessing he might have been to his mother, if she had only helped us to bring him to Christ.

In the Indiana Penitentiary I was told of a man who was imprisoned there under an assumed name. His mother heard where he was. She was too poor to ride, so she walked the whole distance. She did not at first recognize her son in his prison suit and short hair, but when she did she threw her arms around him and said: "I am to blame for this; if I had only taught you to obey God and keep the Sabbath you would not be here." How many mothers, if they were honest, could trace the ruin of their children to early training.

Once while I was attending a meeting in a certain city, a lady came to me and said: "I want you to go home with me; I have something to say to you." When we reached her home, some friends were there. After they had retired, tears came into her eyes, but with an effort she repressed her emotion, and said that she was going to tell me some things she had never told to any one. I would not relate this incident now, but she has gone to another world. She said she had a son in Chicago, and she was very anxious about him. When he was young he became interested in religion at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. He used to go out in the streets and circulate tracts. He was her only son, and she was very ambitious that he should make a name in the world, and get into the "highest circles." Oh, what a mistake people make about these highest circles! She was deceived, like a good many more votaries of fashion and hunters after wealth, at the present time. She thought it was beneath her son to

associate with young men who hadn't much money. She tried to get him away from them, but they had more influence than she, and, finally, to break up his associations with these worthy young men, she packed him off to a boarding-school. He soon entered college, and the next thing she heard was that he had gone astray. She often wrote letters urging him to come to the kingdom of God, but she heard that he tore them up without reading them. She went to him and tried to regain the influence she once possessed over him, but her efforts were useless, and she returned home with a broken heart. He left college, and for two years nothing was heard of him.

At last they learned that he was in Chicago, and his father found him and gave him thirty thousand dollars to start in business. They thought this would change him, but it didn't. They asked me to use my influence with him. I asked a friend to invite him to his house one night, where I intended to meet him; he heard I was to be there and he did not come. I tried many times to reach him, but failed. Some time after, while traveling in New England, I saw a dispatch in a New York paper, stating that he had been drowned in Lake Michigan. His father went on to find the body, and he took it home to a broken-hearted mother. She said, "If I thought he were in Heaven I should have peace." Her disobedience of God's law came back upon her. So, parents, if you have a son impressed with the gospel, help him to come to Christ.

We should take our children to church with us. Even if the sermon does not touch them they are getting into good habits. If the minister says a weak thing don't speak of it before the children, because you are bringing your minister into disrespect with them. Encourage them to bring the text home; let the Word be spoken to them at all times, in season and out of season. If Bible truths sink down into their hearts the fruit will be precious, and they will become useful in the church and in the world. Let them hear the word of God, and if they do not understand it explain it to them. You know

the meat they require is the same that we feed on; but if the pieces are too large we must cut them up for them — cut them finer. If the sermon is a hard one, cut it into thin slices so that they can take it.

Years ago, when my eldest son was a little boy, he did not like to go to church, and he would get up in the morning and say to his mother, "What day is to-morrow?" "Tuesday." "Next day?" "Wednesday." "Next day?" "Thursday;" and so on, till he came to the answer, "Sunday." "Dear me," he would moan. I said to his mother, "We cannot have our boy grow up to hate Sunday in that way; that will never do." That is the way I used to feel when I was a boy. I used to look upon Sunday with a kind of dread. Very few kind words were associated with that day. I don't know that the minister ever said a kind thing to me, or even once put his hand on my head. I don't know that he ever noticed me, unless it was when I was asleep in the gallery, and he woke me up. That kind of thing won't do; we must make Sunday the most attractive day of the week; not a day to be dreaded, but a day of happiness. Well, the mother took the work up with this boy. She read Bible stories, and put those blessed truths in a way that he could comprehend, and soon the feeling of dread for Sunday passed away. "What day's to-morrow?" he would ask. "Sunday." "I am glad."

If we make Bible truths interesting — break them up in some shape so that children can get at them, they will begin to enjoy them. There's no influence like a mother's, and if the mothers will give a little time to the children in this way, and read Bible stories to them, or tell them in a simple way, it will not be long before the child knows the Bible from beginning to end.

Children are not born good. Men may talk of natural goodness, but I don't find it. Goodness must come down from the Father of Light. To have a good nature a man must be born of God. There is another reason — a father may be a very good man, but the mother may be pulling in another



direction. She may want her children to occupy a high worldly position. She may have great ambition in that direction, and train her child for the world. Again, it may be the reverse — a holy, pious mother and a worldly father. It is pretty hard for the children when the father and mother do not pull together.

Another reason is, a great many people have very little sense about bringing up children. I've known mothers to punish their children by making them read the Bible. Do not be guilty of such a thing. If you want children to love the Bible do not punish them by making them read it. It is the most attractive book in the world. But that is the way to spoil its attractiveness, and make them hate it with perfect hatred.

There is another reason. A great many people are engaged in looking after other people's children to the neglect of their own. No father or mother has a right to do this, whatever position they hold in the world. The father may be a great statesman or a great business man, but he is responsible for his children.

Some time ago I read of a vessel that had been off on a whaling voyage about three years. The father of one of the sailors had charge of the lighthouse, and he was expecting his boy to come home, for it was time for the vessel to return. One night a terrible gale arose, and the father fell asleep; and while he slept his light went out. When morning came he realized what he had done, and he was afraid that some vessel might have been wrecked, and that lives might have been lost. His fears were well founded, for there had been a terrible wreck. He walked along the beach, hoping to save some one who might still be alive. The first body that came floating toward the shore was the body of his own son! He had been watching for that boy for many days, and he had been gone for three years. He had perished in sight of home because his father had let his light go out! What a warning to fathers and mothers to-day!

I have no sympathy with the idea that our children must



THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER DISCOVERING THE DEAD BODY OF HIS ONLY SON.

His fears were well founded, for there had been a terrible wreck. He walked along the beach, hoping to save some one who might still be alive. The first body that came floating toward the shore was the body of his own son! He had been watching for that boy for many days, and he had been gone for three years. He had perished in sight of home, because his father had let his light go out!



grow up before they are converted. Once I saw a lady with three young daughters at her side, and I asked the mother if she was a Christian. "Yes, sir." Then I asked the oldest daughter if she was a Christian. Her chin quivered and the tears came into her eyes, and she said, "I wish I was." And the mother looked angrily at me and said, "I don't want you to speak to my children on that subject. They don't understand." And in great rage she took them all away from me. One daughter was fourteen years old, one twelve, and the other ten, but they weren't old enough to be talked to about religion! Let them drift into the world and plunge into worldly amusements, and then see how hard it is to reach them.

Many a mother is mourning to-day because her boy has gone beyond her reach and will not allow her to pray with him. She may pray for him, but he will not let her pray with him. When his mind was young and tender she might have led him to Christ. Bring them in. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Are you a prayerless father? May God let the arrow go down into your soul! Make up your mind that, God helping you, you are going to get the children in.

A mother once came to me and said, "Mr. Moody, I want you to pray for me." "Well," I asked, "why do you want to be prayed for?" She said, "I have three sons, and they have all gone astray, and I am the most wretched woman living. I feel that I am to blame. I feel that I haven't been true to the charge God gave me, and the thought is killing me. I want you to pray for me, and if God will forgive me, and if I get right in His sight, with His grace and by my prayers and faith they may yet be brought back." Are there not hundreds in the same condition as this poor woman? You are ambitious for your children; you desire great things for them; but be careful that you do not lead them into Sodom, where ruin will come upon them, and darkness and misery cover them.

Let me say a word to you, mothers. We depend a good deal upon you. I remember in Philadelphia we wanted to obtain certain results, and we called a meeting of mothers.

From five to eight thousand mothers were present, and each of them had a particular burden upon her heart. There was a mother who had a wayward daughter, another a reckless son, another a bad husband. They prayed for aid from the Lord, and that grace might be shown to these sons and daughters and husbands, and the result was that our inquiry-rooms were soon filled with anxious and earnest inquirers.

A wayward boy in London, whose mother was very anxious for his salvation, said to her, "I am not going to be bothered with your prayers any longer; I will go to America and be rid of them." "But, my boy," she said, "God is on the sea, and in America, and He hears my prayers for you." Well, he came to this country, and when he arrived in New York some of the sailors told him that Moody and Sankey were holding meetings in the city. The moment he landed he started for our place of meeting, and there he found Christ. He became a most earnest worker, and he wrote to his mother and told her that her prayers had been answered, and that he had found his mother's God.

The impression that a praying mother leaves upon her children is life-long. Perhaps when you are dead and gone your prayer will be answered. Only the other day I read of a mother who had died and left her child alone and very poor. She used to pray earnestly for her boy, and she left an impression upon him that she cared more for his soul than for anything else in the world. He grew up to be a successful man in business, and became very well off. Twenty years after his mother died he thought he would remove her remains into his own lot in the cemetery, and erect a monument to her memory. As he removed the remains and was about to lay them away in their final resting-place, the thought came to him that while she was alive she had often prayed for him; and he wondered why her prayers were not answered. That very night he was saved. The act of removing his mother's body to another resting-place revived all the recollections of his childhood, and he became a Christian.



If you have a boy who is a drunkard, ask yourself, "Have I done all that I can for him; have I set before him the truth of Christ?" Not long ago a young man got in the habit of going home very late, and his father began to mistrust that he had gone astray. One night he told his wife to go to bed, and he would sit up till his son came home. The boy came home drunk, and the father in his anger pushed him into the street and told him never to enter his house again. The father went into the house, shut the door, sat down, and began to think: "Well, I may be to blame for that boy's conduct, after all. I have never prayed with him; I have never warned him of the dangers of the world." He put on his overcoat and hat, and started out to find him. The first policeman he met he asked:

"Have you seen my son?"

"No." On he went till he met another.

"Have you seen anything of my son?"

"No."

He searched all that night, but not until the morning did he find him. He took him by the arm and gently led him home. When the son was sober the father said:

"My dear boy, I want you to forgive me; I've never prayed for you; I've never lifted my heart to God for you; I've been the means of leading you astray, and I want your forgiveness."

The son was touched, and what was the result? Within twenty-four hours he became a convert, and gave up the cup.

While attending a convention in Illinois a man past seventy years old arose. He said he remembered only one thing about his father, but that one thing had followed him all through life. He could not remember his death, he had no recollection of his funeral, but he remembered how one winter night his father took a chip and with his pocket-knife whittled out a cross, and with tears in his eyes held it up and told how God in His infinite love had sent His Son down here to redeem us, and how He had died on the cross for us. That story of the cross had followed him through life. I tell you if you teach children truths they will cling to them all through life.

A little child of eight was going to recite at a Sunday-school concert. When the time came the little girl trembled so she could hardly speak. She began, "Jesus said," and completely broke down. Again she tried, "Jesus said, suffer," but she stopped again. A third attempt was made, and she said, "Suffer little children—to come to Me,—and don't anybody stop them, for *He wants them all to come.*" And that is the truth.

When we were preaching in Dundee, Scotland, a mother came to me with her two sons, sixteen and seventeen years old. She said, "Will you talk to my boys?" Next night she asked me again, and the following night she repeated her request. Five hundred miles she had journeyed to get God's blessing for her boys. She followed us to London, and the first night I was there, I saw her in our meeting. She was accompanied by only one of her boys—the other had died. Towards the close of the meetings I received this letter from her:

"Dear Mr. Moody: For months I have never considered the day's work ended unless you and your work had been specially prayed for. Now it appears before us more and more. What in our little measure we have found has no doubt been the happy experience of many others in London. My husband and I have sought as our greatest privilege to take unconverted friends one by one to Agricultural Hall, and I thank God that, with a single exception, those brought under the preaching from your lips have accepted Christ as their Saviour, and are rejoicing in His love."

She was a lady of wealth and position. She lived a little way out of London; gave up her beautiful home and took lodgings near Agricultural Hall, so as to be useful in the inquiry-room. When we went down to the Opera House she was there; when we went down to the East End there she was again; and when I left London she had the names of one hundred and fifty who had accepted Christ from her.

A minister of my acquaintance received a letter from Scotland and he forwarded it to me. It was the earnest plea of a loving father. He asked us to look out for his son, whose name was Willie. That name touched my heart, because it was

the name of my own son. I asked people to help us to get on the track of that boy, but all our efforts were fruitless. But in far-off Scotland that Christian father was holding his boy up to God in prayer, and one night among those who stood up and asked for prayer was Willie. He told me a story that thrilled my heart, and testified that the prayers of his father and mother in their far-off home had been instrumental in effecting his salvation. Do you not think that the hearts of those parents rejoiced? He said he was rushing to destruction, but there was a power in those prayers that saved him.

A mother once came to me and said :

“ It is easy enough for you to speak in that way ; but if you had the burden I’ve got, you couldn’t cast it on the Lord.”

“ Why, is your burden so great that Christ can’t carry it? ”

“ No, it isn’t too great for Him to carry ; but I can’t put it on Him.”

“ That is your fault,” I replied.

I find a great many people with burdens who, rather than just come to Him with them, strap them tighter on their backs and go away staggering under the load. I asked her the nature of her trouble, and she said :

“ I have an only son who is a wanderer. I don’t know where he is. If I only knew where he was I would go round the world to find him. You don’t know how I love him. This sorrow is killing me.”

“ Why don’t you take him to Christ? You can reach him at the throne, even though he be at the uttermost part of the world. Go tell God all about your trouble, and He will take it away ; and not only that, but if you never see him on earth, God can give you faith that you will see your boy in Heaven.”

If you have a burden like this, fathers, mothers, bring it to Him and cast it on Him, and He, the great physician, will heal your broken hearts.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### HOW TO CONDUCT MEETINGS — TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

Preaching Everybody Out of Doors — Killing a Meeting — “A Pity to Stop While There’s Anybody Listening” — Some Astonished Elders — Asking for an Explanation — Curiosity Aroused — Long-winded Ministers — Deacons Who Talk Too Long — What an Old Deacon Said — Six Years Without a Welcome — “Disturbing the Impression” — Mr. Moody’s Rejoinder — Harrowing it In — What to do With People Who Sleep in Church — How Mr. Moody Slept in Dr. Kirk’s Church — The Result — A Hot-Water Advocate — A Convert’s Experience Under a Railroad Bridge — “Wait Till I Get My Big Brother” — Story of An Old Colored Woman — Jumping Through a Stone Wall — “Before and After” — Mr. Moody Invited to Attend the Opening of a Billiard Saloon — The Uplifted Knife — The Blind Man with a Lantern — Reminiscences of Mr. Moody’s Early Career.

### REVIVALS — HOW TO CONDUCT MEETINGS.

**I**N many towns where we held union meetings we changed ministers every night, and a good many special religious meetings were organized, and proved perfect failures. I received a great many letters telling about special meetings, how the people turned out well, but there were no results. On inquiry I found they had a Methodist minister one night, a Baptist minister another, an Episcopalian minister another, and a Congregational minister another, in order to keep all denominations in, and the result was they preached everybody out of doors. You could see right on the face of it that that would be the result. One minister got the people interested, and just at the point where he needed to continue his ministrations another stepped in and he went out. And so there was no getting hold of the people.

These special meetings ought to be short. A great many meetings are killed because they are too long. The minister’s five minutes are always ten, and his ten minutes are always

twenty, and the result is they sometimes preach everybody into the spirit and out of it before the meeting is over. When people leave they are glad to go home, and they ought to go home. Send them away hungry and they will come back again. There was a man in London who preached in the open air until everybody left him, and somebody said to him afterwards:

“Why did you preach so long?”

“Oh,” said he, “I thought it would be a pity to stop while there was anybody listening.”

It is a good deal better to cut the service right off short, than to have it too long, then people will come again to hear.

Then it is a good thing to have a subject. What we want is variety. Instead of having Deacon Jones and Deacon Smith and Deacon Brown do all the praying and all the talking, have somebody else say something, and thus create and maintain interest.

A young minister was called to a church where the people seemed to have fallen asleep. He tried to rouse them, but it was of no use. He preached and preached, and tried to get them interested, and to attend the prayer-meetings, but he could not. One Sunday he announced: “This week we’ll have no prayer-meeting.” They wondered what it meant; the idea that this young minister should do away with prayer-meetings that had been carried on there for fifty years! They were astonished. “But,” said he, “we will have a praise-meeting.” At the close of the meeting one elder said to another:

“What’s he going to give up the prayer-meeting for? Has he consulted you about it?”

“No.”

“Well,” replied the former, “that’s a very serious matter; what is a praise-meeting?”

They had never had a praise-meeting, and they didn’t know what a praise-meeting was. They asked the minister, and he told them to wait until Friday night and they would see.



The people began to talk about it, and a great many came out of curiosity to see what a praise-meeting was. The young minister began by reading some of those good old psalms. "Now," said he, "if you can think of anything in your past life that you have received from God, praise Him for it; if you can think of any benefits you have received, praise God for them." They began to think, and they found they had a good many things to praise God for. One man arose and praised God for a praying mother who had led him to Christ. Another man arose and praised God for the Bible. Others praised God for this thing and that, and the result was that when the meeting was over, instead of getting up and walking silently out, they remained and shook hands with one another, and said, "I believe we are going to have a revival." My friends, if we don't thank God for what He has done for us, and are not full of joy and gladness, the world will not come to Christ.

I would not have the minister always take the lead, for I have noticed that when the minister always leads there is a collapse when he is absent. It seems to me a minister should call on different members to preside, and when he is absent the meetings won't miss him, and there will be no falling off. Not only that, but he is training his members to work. How many lawyers, physicians, and public speakers we have who do nothing to help along the work. I believe that difficulty could be removed if the minister would take a little pains. Have once in a while a thanksgiving meeting. It wakes up a church wonderfully to let the young converts relate their experiences.

You say, what are you going to do with these men who talk so long? I would speak to them privately, and tell them they must try to make their talks shorter. It is a good thing sometimes for ministers themselves not to talk too long. Sometimes they read a good deal of Scripture, and talk until perhaps only fifteen minutes are left, and then they complain because Deacon Smith or Deacon Jones or some one else talked too long. Just let the minister strike the keynote of the meeting, and if he can't do that in ten minutes he can't do

it at all. Very often a minister takes up a chapter and exhausts it, and says everything he can think of about it. Can you wonder that a layman cannot say more who has given no study to the subject? Give out the subject a week ahead, let the minister take five or ten minutes in opening, and then let others take part. That would make greater variety. When a man takes part he becomes greatly interested himself. There was a great deal of truth in what the old deacon said, that when he took part in the meetings they were very interesting, and when he didn't they seemed very dull.

Now, a stranger coming into a church likes to have some one speak to him. He does not feel insulted at all. I remember two young men who came into our inquiry-room in New York one night, and they were asked:

"Where do you attend church?" They gave the name of the church they had steadily attended, and one of them said:

"I advise you to go and see the minister of that church."

"Why?"

"Because we don't want to go there any more; we have attended there for six years and no one has ever spoken to us."

A man was preaching about Christians recognizing each other in heaven, and some one said, "I wish he would preach about recognizing each other on earth."

In one place where I preached I looked over the great audience and saw men earnestly talking to others here and there. I said to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, who got up the meeting, "Who are these men?" He said, "They are a band of workers." They were scattered through the hall, preaching and watching for souls. Out of the fifty workers then in the hall forty-one were talking and praying with others.

I do not see how anyone can preach without having inquiry-meetings. I like to see the converts. One minister in Scotland told me he did not believe in "disturbing the impression." If he made an impression he didn't want any one to say anything. Said he, "After you sow the seed you don't want to

dig it up to see whether it has sprouted." "But," I replied, "the farmers harrow the seed in after it is sown."

If a man goes to sleep in church wake him up. It is terribly annoying to a preacher to have a man sound asleep right in front of him. I remember I used to go up in the gallery when I was a boy, and get into a comfortable place and go to sleep. When I went to the Mount Vernon Church in Boston I used to go to sleep there. One day when I was in the gallery, sound asleep, a young student — from Harvard College, I think, and I shall always feel very grateful to him — I wish I knew his name — gave me a punch with his elbow and I rubbed my eyes and woke up. I looked at the minister, and lo and behold, I thought he was preaching directly at me. I said to myself, "Who has been telling Dr. Kirk about me?" I woke up just at the right time. It was just the place in the sermon that hit my case. The perspiration stood out all over me. I never felt so cheap in my life. It did me a great deal of good to wake me up. So when you see a man asleep near you, wake him up.

When we were in Glasgow there were about one thousand men converted who had been slaves of strong drink, and the question was, how to hold them together. They organized, and called themselves the Mizpah Band, and met every Saturday. That is the day of peculiar temptation in the old country, for men are generally paid off on Saturday, and the week's wages often go for whiskey. These men knew they would be strongly tried and tempted on Saturday; so they agreed to meet every Saturday afternoon. Then the question came up, "What will bind us together?" They decided to start a male choir. They began with a choir of four hundred; and out of these there were not more than a dozen who could sing. If you could have heard them you wouldn't have thought it was singing. The noise sounded as though it came from cracked kettles and tin pans. Their voices hadn't been worn down. But these choir meetings kept them off the street corners and out of the whiskey shops. They went on practicing and improving, and

six months later, when Mr. Sankey and I returned to Glasgow, I never heard such inspiring singing. They kept on growing in numbers until there were over eleven hundred of them. They went out every week to the different parts of Glasgow, some to preach the best they knew how, others to tell what God had done for them, and others to sing; and thus in one way or another, they declared the Gospel.

I mention this to bring out this fact: that a great deal of talent in all our churches lies buried. Utilize it. I think a male choir is a good thing. Let the boys get together and practice, and then use them in the churches. I think there is no singing that will take hold of us more than hymns sung by a male choir. Don't sing in an unknown tongue. In a great many churches you don't know for the life of you what the choir is singing about. I have been in churches where, if you tried to follow the choir in your hymn-book, you couldn't find the place. They might as well have sung in Greek or Latin. The music drowned the words. What we want is singing that will bring out the Gospel in such a way that the people won't forget it. Get the young people to sing, and in that way you will create fresh interest. I believe it is easier for a man to preach after good live singing. I have been in churches where the choir would sing something in an unknown tongue, and then I would be too upset to preach. I would have the programme all laid out before me, but after such singing I would say to myself, "I am not fit to preach." The choir put me all out of sorts. Then I would give out "Rock of Ages," or some hymn that everybody could sing; but the choir would find music to smother the words. What we want is a revolution in church singing. Get words and music that the people can understand. Have solos, duets, quartettes, a male choir, every kind of a choir you can get together. It is always a sign of backsliding when people don't sing. You never have a revival without singing. The nearer a man gets to God the more he wants to sing. I can't sing very well with my voice, but I can sing in my heart.

To be successful in winning souls to Christ you must find out people's differences. They are not the same in their spiritual wants any more than in their temporal wants. What is good for one is rank poison for another. You can't treat all alike. I have a friend who, when he is sick, always drinks a lot of hot water and goes to bed. It don't make any difference what's the matter with him, he has only one single remedy. So a man may have just one verse of Scripture. He's always quoting it. It fits his case, and he thinks it does everybody else's. A man I knew up in Wisconsin was converted under a railway bridge, and to this day he keeps urging people to go right down under that bridge if they want to get converted sure.

No two thoughts are just alike, no two needs are just alike, no two sinners are going to come to Christ in precisely the same way. Instead of looking for others' experiences, look for one for yourself.

#### TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

There are a great many lukewarm Christians who really believe in their hearts that young converts won't stand long. Some people will give them six weeks, and some six months, and then all will be over. That has been the cry ever since I can remember. I suppose we shall hear it to the end of time. Well, there are some who do not hold out, but think of the thousands and thousands that do. "God is able to make him stand;" and if young converts, in the morning of their Christian experience, learn this one lesson, it will save them from many a painful hour.

It is said that "short accounts make long friends." Keep short accounts with God. You should see the face of God every morning before you see the face of any human being. If you come to the cross every morning, you will never get but one day's journey from the cross. Just keep close to the cross and close to Him, and if anything has gone wrong during the day or evening, do not sleep until that account has been settled. Take your trouble to Christ and tell it right out to Him; tell



Him you are sorry, and ask Him to forgive you. He delights to forgive. That is what I mean by keeping a short account with God. You know when you continue to buy a little sugar at a grocery store every few days, in a short time the grocer has a bill against you for ten or twenty pounds. You are surprised, and perhaps say you never had so much sugar. Then you quarrel with the grocer, and you have a great deal of trouble over it. Perhaps if you kept short accounts you would remember what you owed. Keep short accounts or else you won't prosper.

A little boy was going home from school one day and met a big fellow who wanted to fight with him. He said, "Well, wait till I go and get my big brother," and he ran off after his big brother and away ran the other boy. Tell Satan when he threatens to convince you that you will go to Christ and let Him settle it for you. You are no match for Satan. He is stronger than you are; but Satan flies when you bring Christ. He is your only refuge.

A man with whom I was acquainted bought out a certain store. Everybody predicted that he would fail. Two or three men had failed in that store, with more capital than he had. Well, he went on and on, and did not fail, and every one wondered how he got along so well. By and by it leaked out that he had a rich brother who kept furnishing money, and he kept close to him. So if you will only keep close to Christ, He has all the treasures of Heaven to place at your disposal; He will keep you. There is no danger of your going back to the world if you keep close to Him.

There are some things I used to like to do before I was converted that I don't do now; but, thank God, I don't want to do them. God has turned my appetite against such things. I have been fed upon this blessed Bible until I have no longer any taste for a good deal of the literature I used to like.

Don't go to church just to criticize. Any one can do that. If you feel inclined to criticize, just stop and ask yourself whether you could conduct the services any better. Some men

make only one mistake, that of finding imperfections in everybody and everything. If the minister does not preach the Gospel, attend some church where the Gospel is preached. Attend that one church and stand by your minister.

Sometimes when duty seems to require us to do some very difficult thing, people say, "But how are you going to do it?" I don't know how, but that is none of my business. An old colored woman was about right when she said that if God should tell her to jump through a stone wall, she would jump right at it — that getting through would be God's work and not hers; He would see to it if she did what she was told.

There is an institution in London where they take care of poor little street Arabs. The first thing they do when one is brought in is to have his picture taken in his rags and dirt, just as he looks when they find him. Then, after he has grown up there, and has had all the benefits of the institution, before he leaves they have his photograph taken again, and when he departs they give him the two photographs that he may compare them. It would be a good thing if we could distinctly remember ourselves as we were when the Lord first found us, and compare that picture with ourselves when He leaves us on the hilltops of glory.

Some young people ask me questions about their daily walk and conduct. They say, "Is it right for me to go to the theater?" "Is it right for me to smoke?" or, "to drink moderately?" I cannot carry your consciences; Christ does not lay down rules; He lays down principles. One rule I have followed is this: If there is anything I am troubled about in my conscience, and am uncertain whether it is right or not, I give Christ the benefit of the doubt.

For myself, I could not go to a theater; I would not like to have my children go. I do not do anything myself that I would not like to have them do. I could not smoke, because I do not want my boys to smoke. I could not read flashy novels, because I have no desire to read them; but if I did I would not do it.

Another rule is: Don't do anything you cannot pray over, and never go where you cannot pray if you want to. In one of our meetings in Chicago a man arose to speak. I didn't know him at first. He had been a rumseller, but after his business had been broken up he went to the Rocky Mountains, and he had recently returned. This is how it happened. He once opened a saloon and a grand billiard hall in Chicago. It was one of the most magnificent billiard halls on the West Side, elegantly gilded and frescoed. He sent me an invitation to be present at the opening, which I accepted. I went around to the place before it was opened and saw the partners and asked them if they would allow me to bring a friend. They asked me who he was.

"Well," I said, "it isn't necessary to tell who he is, but I never go without him." They began to mistrust me.

"Who is he?" they again inquired.

"Well, I'll come with him and if I see anything wrong I'll ask him to forgive you."

"Come," said they, "we don't want any praying."

"Well," I said, "you've given me an invitation; and I'm coming."

"But if you come you needn't pray," they replied.

"Well," said I, "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll compromise the matter; and if you don't want me to come and pray for you, then let me pray for both of you now," to which they agreed.

It turned out that one of them had a praying mother, and the prayer touched his heart; the other had a mother in heaven. I asked God to bless their souls, and break their business to pieces. In a few months their business did go all to pieces.

Well, the man who arose in the prayer-meeting told a story that touched my soul. He said his business hadn't prospered — he failed and went to the Rocky Mountains. Life became a burden to him and he made up his mind that he would put an end to his life. He took a knife which he purposed to drive into his heart, and sought a lonely place in the mountains to

kill himself. He raised the knife to plunge into his heart, when he heard a voice — it was the voice of his mother. He remembered her dying words when he was a boy. He heard her say, “Johnny, if ever you get into trouble, pray to God.” The knife dropped from his hand, and he asked God to be merciful to him. His prayer was answered, and he came back to Chicago and lifted up his voice for Him. Just the moment he cried for mercy he got it.

If you cannot do a thing honestly, give it up, let the consequences be what they may. If you take my advice you will never touch strong drink as long as you live. Many young converts who have fallen owe their relapse to that cursed cup. You say, “Some church members, some Christians who stand high, drink moderately.” Well, don’t you touch it if they do. Some men have strong wills and can tell when to stop; but ninety-nine out of a hundred have not strong wills, and your son may be the very next one to go too far. If it is not an injury to yourselves, give it up for Christ’s sake and for the sake of others.

A friend of mine was walking along the streets one dark night and he saw a blind man coming along with a lantern. He said to him, “My friend, are you not blind?” “Yes,” was the answer. “Then what do you carry that lantern for?” Said he, “I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me.” Let us hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of Heaven, that others may not stumble over us.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORK — FAITH, COURAGE, ENTHUSIASM, AND PERSEVERANCE — NINE NEW THINGS FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

A Scotchman's Observation — "We Die, but Never Surrender" — Weighing Men — "Man Overboard!" — The Light at the Port Hole — Saved by a Seasick Man — The Woman Who Went to War with a Poker — Wandering in the Blizzard — The Tiny Light in the Window — The Man by the Lamp-post — An Impudent Fellow — "Moody, You Are Too Zealous" — An Unexpected Call at Daybreak — An Incident in Mr. Moody's Early Life — "Go Pick Cotton" — Why One Stone was Missing — Stephen Girard and the Irishman — An Affecting Scene — "I was There!" — A Fatal Mistake — Hanging On to the "Old Man" — Dressing Up "Outside" and "Inside" — Story of the Farmer and His Pump — "I'll Soon Make that Right" — Patching Up "Old Adam" — The Old Judge and His Negro, Sambo — Singing to a Dying Woman — "Good Night."

**I**F YOU will read the lives of those who have been eminent in God's service, you will find they have always been men of FAITH. I like to meet a man who believes, and knows what he believes. To have faith that God can do a thing is one thing, but to have faith that God will use us is quite another. I heard a Scotchman remark many years ago — and it burned down into my soul — that there was not a man who, when in Saul's armor, but knew that God *could* use him, but the one man who believed that God *would* use him went out and slew the giant. There is a difference. David had faith to believe that God would use him. It is this miserable unbelief that is keeping back the blessing.

When God told Moses to send out the twelve spies into the land of Canaan, it was on account of their unbelief. God had told them He would take them into the Promised Land, and that was enough. They didn't need to send out spies to see if the Almighty had told the truth. I believe the twelve men



were representative men, and the best the tribes had. They brought back a minority and a majority report. They all admitted that what God said was true; but ten of them added to their report, "There we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." Send out twelve men now, and they would bring back just such a report. Send out twelve officers of the church, and ten of them would throw cold water on any movement that suggested going forward.

Saloons and haunts of vice would be as nothing if the Church of God would rise in its strength. We could with faith sweep these abominations out of the way. It is faith that the world can *see* that's needed. Some think that you can't see faith. *You* can't. *God* can.

Then, another thing needed is COURAGE. What we want is the courage of our convictions. I believe that the reason why so many men in the Lord's work fail is because they are afraid of public opinion. Know that you are right, then go ahead. A man told me some time ago that he once started a good work, and because a newspaper published an article against it he got discouraged and gave it up. The idea of a newspaper stopping him. They used to take martyrs to the stake and burn them up in vain efforts to make them yield. If you see a sin, smite it. What we want is courage to speak out our convictions. If a thing is right, *stand by it*. If it is wrong, *fight it*.

Another thing that men are greatly afraid of is ENTHUSIASM. Do you know what that word means? I will tell you: "IN GOD." That is what it means. Would to God we had a thousand times more enthusiasm than we have. I am not afraid of holy enthusiasm; it is a good thing to have. During our Civil War there were certain men whose names were worth more than an army of ten thousand men. Why? Because they inspired enthusiasm that carried everything before it. When Phil Sheridan was promoted — I was in the army at the time — and the men learned that he was to com-

mand them, cheer upon cheer rang up and down the lines. They were encouraged to fight, and they felt that the battle might now go on and that they would gain the victory.

A man once accused an enthusiast for Christ of being mad. "Well," said the enthusiast, "I have got a good asylum to go to and a good keeper on the way!" God cannot use you until you are willing to have the world point the finger of scorn at you. If the world hasn't got anything to say against us it is pretty sure that Christ won't have much to say for us. Somebody once spoke to a young convert who was trying to preach in the street, and said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." "Well," he said, "I am, but I am not ashamed of my Saviour."

There is a story told of a man back in the ninth century, I think, who undertook with a little handful of men to attack a king with an army of 30,000; and when the king heard that he had only five hundred men, he sent a message to the young general — perhaps he thought he was an enthusiast and was mad — that if he would surrender he would be very merciful to him and spare his life. The young general heard the messenger, and when he got through he said to one of his soldiers, "Go leap into yonder chasm," and over he went into the jaws of death. Then he called another, and, handing him a dagger, said, "Take that and drive into your heart." And the soldier drove it into his heart, staggered forward, and fell dead. Then he turned to the messenger and said, "Go back and tell your king that I have five hundred such men; tell him we die, but never surrender." When the king heard that five hundred such men were before him, his army became demoralized and fled. That story is recorded in history. Whether it is true or not, I don't know. But "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." I have seen it verified. A man full of fire and enthusiasm is worth a thousand others at any time. The trouble is, a great many are looking at the obstacles and the army that is against us. Some men are to be counted just as you would count penny pies, or tin soldiers; other men you've got to weigh.

I think I hear some of you with silver locks saying, "I wish I were young, how I would rush into the battle." Well, if you cannot be a fighter, you can pray and encourage the others. There are two kinds of old people in the world. One kind has become chilled and sour, they have no warmth of feeling; but the others light up every meeting with their genial presence, and cheer on the workers. Draw near, old age, and cheer on the workers, and take them by the hand and encourage them. There was a building on fire. The flames leaped around the staircase, and from a three-story window a little boy was seen, crying piteously for help. The only way to reach him was by a ladder. One was obtained and a fireman ascended, but when he had almost reached the boy, the flames broke from the window and leaped around him. He faltered and seemed afraid to go further. Suddenly some one in the crowd shouted "Give him a cheer," and cheer after cheer went up. The fireman was nerved with new energy, and rescued the child. Just so with our young men. Whenever you see them wavering, cheer them on. If you cannot work yourself, give them cheers to nerve them on in their glorious work.

Some years ago I heard of a man who accomplished something when he was seasick; and that's the time a man doesn't usually attempt to do anything for anybody else; he is too much occupied with himself. One night while this man was very sick, he heard the startling cry on deck, "Man overboard!" "Poor fellow," he said, "I wish I was well, and then perhaps I could do something to save him." It was dark, and all at once the thought occurred to him: "If I hold the light at the porthole it may do some good." So he held a light at the porthole; and by and by he heard that the man was saved. The man who had held the light laid down again and had another turn at being seasick. By and by he crawled up on deck and got into conversation with a man. After talking with him awhile he found, to his surprise, that he was the very man who had fallen overboard. The man said he was going down the third time and had given up all hope, when someone put a light

at the porthole and the sailors just saw his hand and seized it. That light at the porthole had saved his life. My dear friends, you can hold the light for someone else, can't you? You can do something if you will.

The next thing is PERSEVERANCE. Spurgeon used to call it "Stick-to-it-ive-ness." That's what we want. If we don't succeed to-day, we will go at it all the stronger to-morrow; if we don't succeed on Sunday, we'll try again on Monday; if we don't get it in February, we will go at it in March; and if we fail in March, we will try it in April, and we will not let up all summer. There's no calendar in Heaven. Don't stop work in summer. Saloons and all the haunts of vice are wide open every day and every night in the week, and while we are sleeping Satan is doing his work.

I remember years ago I got discouraged because I could not see much fruit from my work. One morning, when I was in my study, much depressed, one of my Sunday-school teachers came in and wanted to know what I was discouraged about, and I told him it was because I could see no results from my work. "By the way," he said, "did you ever study the character of Noah?" I thought I knew all about Noah, and I told him so; but he said, "Now, if you have never studied Noah carefully, you ought to do it, for I cannot tell you what a blessing his example has been to me." After he went out I took my Bible and commenced to read about Noah, and the thought came stealing over me, "Here is a man who toiled and worked a hundred years and didn't get discouraged; if he did, the Holy Ghost didn't put it on record." The clouds lifted, and I got up and said, "If the Lord wants me to work without any fruit I will work on."

That day I went down to the noon prayer-meeting, and when I saw the people coming to pray I said to myself, "Noah worked a hundred years, and he never saw a prayer-meeting outside of his own family." Pretty soon a man got up, right across the aisle from where I was sitting, and said he had come from a little town where a hundred had united with the

church the year before. And I thought to myself, "What if Noah had heard that! He preached so many, many years and didn't get a convert, yet he was not discouraged." Then a man got up right behind me, and he trembled as he said, "I am lost. I want you to pray for my soul." And I said to myself, "What if Noah had heard that! He worked a hundred and twenty years, and never had a man come to him and say that; and yet he didn't get discouraged." I made up my mind then, that, God helping me, I would never get discouraged again. I would do the best I could, and leave the results with God, and it has been a wonderful help to me.

Now, if we are going to be successful, we must take our stand for God, and let the world know we are on the Lord's side. I have great respect for the woman who started out during the war with a poker. She heard the enemy was coming and she went out to meet them. When some one asked her what she could do with a poker, she said she would at least let everyone know which side she was on. That is what we want; and the time is coming when the line must be drawn, and those on Christ's side must take their stand.

It is a fact that all men like to rule. A business man says, "If I can stand at the head, commercially, I shall be satisfied." Go to the great universities and you will find men there who are striving to stand at the head of their profession. Every newspaper wants to outdo the others. Every true soldier wants to be at the head of the army. Statesmen have their eyes fixed on the White House. A mother sends her boy to school, and if he receives high honors she manages to let everybody know it. It is natural to want to be at the head.

I was in Paris many years ago, when Napoleon III was reigning in all his glory. When he went through the streets there was great excitement. You could hear the cheers of the populace all along the line. I went into the Exposition, and when the Prince Imperial entered, men almost went crazy. They seemed to have lost their heads over that young prince. Only three or four years after that a little narrow house two



or three feet wide and seven feet long was all that the great Napoleon needed. His name was soon almost forgotten, and to this day France has not allowed his dead body to be brought back. The body of the Prince Imperial has never been taken back. That, my friends, is a sample of the glory of this world. It soon fades — soon passes away — and the place that knows you now shall soon know you no more. Your names will soon be forgotten if you live only for this world.

A man in Minnesota, some years ago, was caught in a blizzard, — and a blizzard out there is a blizzard indeed. On those great rolling prairies the wind seems to come right from the North Pole with nothing to stop it. After wandering in the blinding storm he got lost, and was ready to lie down and die, when he saw a tiny light in a log cabin. The people living there thought there might possibly be some one in danger of perishing in the storm, and so had put a light in the window. He made his way toward it, and his life was saved. He afterwards became a wealthy man and bought the farm where that log cabin stood, and put up a lighthouse on top of the house, hoping to save others. I like that, don't you?

I used to have a rule, and it was a wonderful help to me, never to let a day pass without speaking to somebody about his eternal welfare; and if I did no good to anybody else, it was good exercise for me, and helped to keep my heart warm. When I was living in Chicago a good many years ago, I recalled the fact, one night at ten o'clock, that I had not that day personally said a word to direct anybody to the kingdom of God. I went out and saw a man standing by a lamp-post. Stepping up to him and laying my hand on his shoulder, I said:

“Are you a Christian?”

He flew into a rage, clenched his fists, and threatened to knock me into the gutter. He said:

“That's none of your business.”

Well, I didn't know that he knew me, and I went on talking to him. He went to a good friend of mine, an elder in the church, and said:

"Do you know that man Moody is doing more harm in Chicago than any ten men are doing good?"

He said I was an impudent fellow to stop a man on the street to ask about his soul. The elder came to me and said:

"Moody, you are too zealous. You do more harm than good, you know. There's such a thing as having zeal with knowledge."

"Well," I said, "I'd rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal."

The elder labored with me, but, thank God, he never stopped me. I had had a taste of the work and liked it. There is no joy like the joy of helping others.

About three months after, — this was before I was married, — I was sleeping in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. I was janitor, Superintendent, President, and Director, and really the only one to do the work. One bitterly cold morning in winter, at daybreak, I heard some one knocking at the door. I woke up, went to the door, and said:

"Who is there?"

"A stranger."

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you about my soul."

I opened the door, and there, to my astonishment, was the man who cursed me for speaking to him as he leaned against the lamp-post. He was very pale, and trembled all over. I didn't know but he had delirium tremens. He said:

"Do you remember stopping a man some months ago at ten o'clock at night on Lake Street, and he got angry, and cursed you?"

"I do."

"Well," he said, "I am that man. I am very sorry. I have had no peace for three months. Your words have haunted and troubled me. I could not sleep last night, and I have come to ask you to pray for me. I want to become a Christian."

That man accepted Christ, and the moment he had done so, he asked:

“Can’t I do something for Christ? Won’t you give me some work to do for Him?”

I took him over to my Sunday-school. He went hard at work with a class of rough boys, and taught them until the Civil War broke out, when he enlisted in the army. He was one of the first to fall in battle, but not before he had given ringing testimony for God.

Some one has said that if an angel should be sent to earth to sweep the streets, or to rule an empire, it would be all the same to him. That is just what the Lord wants men to do, — obey his commands. If you want eternal salvation you can have it to-day. What are the terms? Obedience. Will you obey? If He tells you to repent, then repent. Does He say, Go preach? Then go and preach. “Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.” But be sure He says it. Do not follow your own will, your own ideas. A negro saw a sign which read “G. P. C.” He said that meant “Go Preach Christ,” and he proposed to leave his work and go to preaching. But another negro came up and said, “No, that ain’t it. It’s ‘Go Pick Cotton.’” If your work is to preach the Gospel, then preach; if it is to pick cotton, then pick cotton.

I remember hearing of a person who was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing he never did anything. A man dreamed that when he died he was taken by angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time, he discovered that one little stone was missing. He said to the angel, “Why was the stone left out?” The angel replied, “That place was left for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so it was left unfilled.” He awoke, and was startled, and resolved that he would become a worker for God; and he always worked faithfully for Him after that.

A good many years ago a railroad superintendent telegraphed to a man who had charge of a drawbridge not to open

it until after an extra train had passed. A friend came and persuaded him to open the bridge to let some boats through. He thought there would be time to let the boats pass and swing the bridge back before the train came. But he had hardly opened it before he heard the train approaching, and he didn't have time to get the bridge back before the train plunged into the river. The man realized what he had done, and his brain reeled. They sent him to a madhouse, and for years he walked up and down that madhouse saying "If I only had; if I only had!" Had what? Obeyed orders; that is all; been obedient. People seem to think obedience isn't very important; I don't know of anything that is more important. Disobedience has destroyed families and wrecked nations.

A story is told of Stephen Girard and an Irishman who came to his place of business and wanted work. Mr. Girard liked his looks, and said:

"Do you see that pile of bricks in the yard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pile them up in the other end of the yard."

He did it. The work was done, and well done. He said to Mr. Girard:

"Can you give me work to-morrow?"

"Yes, come back."

The next morning he came back, and Mr. Girard told him to go and pile up the bricks where they were at first. He did it without a word, and at night asked if he could have more work.

"Yes, come again."

And he came and was bidden to pile the bricks up again. And Girard kept him piling up the bricks here and there, until he found out that he was just the man he wanted — a man who would obey.

One day he said to him:

"There is to be a large auction sale of sugar, and I want you to go down to the wharf and bid it in for me."

People laughed at the green Irishman's bidding, but finally the sugar was sold to him.

"Who is to pay for this?" said the auctioneer, gruffly.

"Mr. Girard, sir."

"Are you Mr. Girard's agent?"

"Yes, sir."

They scraped and bowed, and he was a great man in their estimation then. Girard had found a man he could trust; God wants to find a man He can trust. Obedience is prompt, cheerful, willing action. Do what God wants you to do without asking any questions.

The first time I went to Europe, the Hon. Geo. L. Stuart said, "Be sure and go to Edinburgh and attend the General Assembly. Dr. Duff is to be present, and if he makes a speech on Foreign Missions, you can't afford to miss it." I heard that speech. I shall never forget it. I went from London to Edinburgh, four hundred miles, and I didn't think much of the money either, and I spent a week there. That man had fire. If there is a man who has fire, get near to him. He had concentrated his life upon one thing, the Missionary work in India, and that was what made his influence so mighty. Dr. Duff once stood for nearly an hour and a half before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, made up of six or eight hundred ministers of Scotland, and the finest men in the country, and plead for India with all the power that God gave him. At last he fainted away, and they carried him into the vestibule, and worked over him for some time. When he came to, he said:

"Where am I?"

"In the Free Assembly Hall."

"Yes, yes, I remember, I was making a plea for India. I hadn't quite finished my speech. Take me back."

"Doctor Duff, if you go back, you will do it at the peril of your life."

"Oh, I beg of you to take me back. The General Assembly breaks up to-night. They will not meet again for twelve



months. It is my last opportunity. Take me back, and let me finish that speech. I shall die if I do not."

He had white hair and a venerable beard, and he was so weak that two men had to help him up on the platform. When the elders saw him, they all arose, and as he pleaded they burst into tears. The veteran missionary stood with his hand on the rail, faint and exhausted, and finished his speech. He said:

"Is it true, fathers and mothers of Scotland, that you have no more sons to give to India? When Queen Victoria wants men to go there, hundreds of men volunteer and are anxious to go, and their parents buy a commission and give their sons to the army of India. And here is the Lord Jesus calling for volunteers; there is the money to send them, but there are no men. Fathers and mothers say they don't want their sons exposed to the diseases of India, and are afraid they will lose them. Is it true that Scotland has no more sons to give for India? If it is true, although I have come back in my old age with a shattered constitution, to die with my family, if it is true that Scotland has no more sons to give, I will pack up to-morrow and be off to the banks of the Ganges, and let the people of India know that there is one poor old Scotchman who can die for them."

That is what I call fire and enthusiasm. And it was not long after that that all the men they could send volunteered to go.

It is said of Napoleon that after one of his great battles he had some medals struck off, with a record of the battle on one side, and on the other side the words "I WAS THERE." The old veterans would take out these medals and proudly show them, and say, "I WAS THERE." They were proud of the fact that they were in the thickest of the fight. My friends, the battle of life will soon be over; the conflict done. With many of us it will be a great thing when the strife is over to say, "I WAS THERE."

## NINE NEW THINGS FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

A man must have a NEW HEART before he can serve God. It is a calamity for men or women to become church members before they are born of the Spirit. I think a good many people are in bondage and darkness to-day because they made that fatal mistake. They joined the church, were baptized, and confirmed; they partake of the Lord's Supper, and think that observing the Lord's ordinances is the new birth. All these are right in their place, but when you put them in the place of salvation, or the new birth, it is then that you make a woeful mistake. Profession is not conversion. A beggar may put on a good coat — he is a beggar still. A man may have leprosy, and cover it up, and be a leper still. Conversion is being "born from above," "born of God," "born again." I beg you not to be deceived, and build your hopes of Heaven upon a false foundation. What you want is to be sure that you start right; that you have been "born of the Spirit."

Some may say, "I don't know when or where old things passed away; because I can't set the day and the hour when I was converted, I am not sure that I am converted." I don't think I would cross the street to find out *when* I was converted; but I would go around the world to find out *if* I was converted. Bishop Simpson said that he was led to Christ by a godly mother before he was four years old. He could not remember when he was brought into the Kingdom of God. It is not necessary to tell when and where, but it is important to know that "old things have passed away." The Scotch lassie said "either I have changed, or Scotland has," because all things looked different to her. The sun shone brighter, the heather was sweeter, and the Scotch air was a good deal purer.

I remember a man who got up in one of our meetings in New York; he had just been converted, and his face shone. He said, "I am a new man in the same old clothes." Well, he *was* a "new man," a new creature in Christ Jesus. People are sometimes anxious to get into their "new clothes," but

they want to keep the "old man." If you are trying to help people, don't be so anxious to "dress them up" outside as to dress them up inside. Get the heart right, and everything else will come right.

A man bought a farm on which he found an old pump, and he began pumping. A neighbor came along and said:

"Look here, my friend, don't drink that water, it's impure. The man who lived here before used water from that well, and it poisoned him, and his wife, and all his children."

"Is that so?" said the man; "Well, I'll soon make that right."

And he got some paint and painted the pump, puttied up all the holes, and filled up the cracks, and he had a very fine looking pump. And he said:

"Now I am sure it is all right."

But you would say: "What a fool; only to paint the pump when the water is bad." Yet that is just like what a man is doing who is trying to save himself. It is not a new pump that is wanted; it is *new water*. Make the fountain good and the stream will be good. It is new hearts that men want.

A friend once showed me a brownstone house which was built by contract while the owner was in Europe. After he moved into it he found that only the front had been built of stone, while the sides were built of brick, and plastered over so as to look exactly like the brownstone. The first winter's frost cracked off the plaster, and the next spring the man had to patch it all over. He kept on doing this for several years, but at last he got disgusted, took down all the plastered walls, and had them rebuilt with stone. A great many men are trying to patch up the "old Adam." They say they are going to begin a new life, and they begin to patch up the old nature, and they are worse than they were before. It is a new creation that is needed. A man, if born from above, *is* a new creature.

I have been a Christian for more than forty years, and I find myself still putting off the old things. I shall probably

find, if I am living ten years from now, that I shall not do some things I am doing now. We must get nearer to the cross. If a man is born of God, he is become a new creature; he has a new nature. Here is the vital point. I was a riddle to myself the first few years I was converted. I thought God took away the old nature entirely. When God converts a man He does not take away the old nature, He gives him a new nature. Every man has two natures. He has a higher and a lower, a carnal and a spiritual, a fleshly and a heavenly, an earthly and a glorified nature. That is the teaching of the Bible, and it is a vital point.

You will often find the best Christians doing strange things. Why? Because they have given way to the old nature. The horse has but one nature, and he is true to it. The sheep, the ox, are true to their natures. But a child of God has two natures, one a deceitful, corrupt, and carnal nature, the other a heavenly nature, received when we are born of God, and are thus made partakers of the divine nature. Now I never had any serious conflict with myself until I got the new nature; then the warfare began. I thought I was a pretty good man. You will find a great many who think they are first-rate men. They do not have any conflicts. Why? Because they think they are all right. They know nothing about their bad nature.

Bring an unrenewed man into one of our meetings and he will very likely say, "What in the world are all these people here for? This meeting is as dry as dust to me." But a man with a heavenly nature says, "This is food to my soul. I understand it." There's the two natures. One man said it was as if one foot wanted to go one way and the other foot the other way, and he couldn't get on. You have got to crucify one nature. Men either give way to their corrupt and deceitful nature, or else they put off the old man and put on the new man. Now, I have had people say to me, "You talk about a conflict. I don't know anything about that." Of course they don't. No man will have a conflict with himself about these higher things until he is "born from above."

You have heard the story of the Judge and the old slave who used to talk with him about his spiritual conflicts. One day the Judge said:

"Sambo, how is it you Christians are always talking about your fights with the devil, and the conflicts you have with the powers of darkness? I don't have any conflict with the devil. I don't have any of these 'fightings' that you speak of, and yet I am an infidel. How do you account for it?" And he floored the poor negro, who did not know just how to meet the argument.

The Judge was a sportsman, and one day when they came upon a lot of wild ducks in the water he blazed away at them, wounding one duck and killing another.

"Sambo," he said, "jump in and get that wounded duck."

Sambo rushed in and got the duck, and found his illustration.

"Judge," he said, "I think I understand dat question we were discussin' better than I did befo'. Don't you know de minute you wounded dat duck how anxious you was to git him, and you didn't care nothin' about de dead duck until after you had saved de wounded one? Well, I'm only a wounded duck, and I'm all de time trying to get away from de devil. But you're a dead duck — *he's got you, anyhow.*"

Let a man forsake sin and quit his old associates, and every hound in hell will be let loose upon him. Let a man say, "I've drunk my last drop of liquor," and he will have a conflict and a fight then and there, within and without. There will be a battle. There is a higher and lower nature in every one born of the Spirit. If you haven't "conflicts," you haven't been "born of the Spirit."

Get a NEW NAME. When a child is born, the next thing is to name it. If we are true children of God, we are sons of the Most High God. "Thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name." The "family" name is a pretty good name, after all. Don't bring disgrace upon it; don't tarnish it. It is said of Alexander that they



wanted him to run a foot race, and he said he would if he were not the son of a King; but he thought his name might be injured if he ran a race with common people. Let us remember that we are the sons and daughters of the King; that our Father is the God of Heaven and earth.

A woman once said she wouldn't go to hear me preach again because I was a millionaire; she declared that I said my father was "very rich." Talk about millions — I'm away up beyond that. Stop at "millions"? My father owns all the banks in the world, all the silver and the gold, and "the cattle on a thousand hills" are His. I can't tell you how rich I am. You can all become "millionaires" if I am one. Get a "New Name." If you are not a child of God, make up your mind that you will become such.

Another thing we get is a NEW WAY. I have no sympathy with those who stay in old ways, and around old haunts. Christ says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." The only way — the only one safe to follow — is Jesus Christ.

Another thing we get is a NEW TONGUE. If a man is born of God he has a new tongue, and he will not slander people. Many a man has gone to his grave with a broken heart, because he has been slandered and lied about, perhaps by those who professed to be his friends.

Then God gives us a NEW SONG. When God converts men, He puts a new song in their souls. When the Israelites passed safely through the Red Sea, they sung a Song of Redemption. But, thank God, that song has been increasing ever since they were in the Wilderness, and every true child of God will begin to sing it. They can't help it. You will not want to sing of earth; you will want to sing of Heaven. Did you ever hear of a skeptic who, when dying, wanted to have a worldly song sung to him? But how often dying Christians have asked their friends to sing —

“Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.”

In one of our hospitals a lady who was dying asked me to sing that hymn to her. I quoted the words, and I tried to sing them, but I broke down. At last the dying woman tried to sing the hymn herself, but before she got through the words died away on her lips, and she passed “Safe into the haven.”

I expect to hear the hallelujahs of Heaven, and I expect to sing as well as any of them up there. If we have been “born of God,” we can’t help singing the “New Song.” One of the sins of this backsliding world is to hire people and put them into the organ loft, and have them do all the singing. When a man has been forgiven he wants to praise his God. “He hath put a new song in my mouth.”

If a man is born of God he will want NEW FOOD for his new nature. He will want something better than Sunday newspapers and dime novels to “kill time.” The Bible, and hundreds of good books, will help him forward and help him upward.

And then we shall have NEW FRIENDS. I do not believe a man is converted unless he wants to make new friends. I believe a man who is born of God will want to go into the church. When a man is born of God he will change his society very soon; he will get away from the scoffers and unbelievers, and he will want to identify himself with the children of God, and so he will have new friends. I thank God, every day of my life, for the friends that I have all over Christendom. They are friends who will stand by me. I pity the man who must go off among unbelievers to find his true friends.

By and by we shall have a NEW BODY. We shall have a body fashioned like unto His glorious body, like that of the

Son of God. And we shall have a NEW HOME. He has gone up on high to prepare it. Thank God for the outlook. It is better farther on. We have only a taste of what we are going to have.

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The time has come for us to part. I can't tell you what precious hours we have spent here. I think every day of my Christian life grows better and better. I have tried to serve God for many years, and every year seems better than any other. If you will cling to Him you will find that even His yoke is easy, and that every year it grows easier. Cleave to Him and He'll lift you higher and higher. To those who ascend in balloons objects on the earth grow smaller and smaller; so when we become full of spiritual things we care less and less for the things of earth. Go on to higher and higher things, continue to get nearer and nearer to God. I remember a few years ago a little child died, and just before his soul went home he asked his weeping father to lift him up; and the father put his hand under the head of the child and raised it up. But the little one said:

"That is not enough, father; lift me right up."

The child was wasted to skin and bones, but his father tenderly complied, and lifted the dying one right out of bed. But the little fellow kept whispering, fainter and fainter,

"Lift me higher, father, higher, higher!"

And the father lifted him higher and higher, till he lifted him as high as he could reach. Still the barely audible whisper came,

"Higher, father, higher," till at last his head fell back, and his spirit passed up to the eternal King — high at last.

So, my dear friends, let your constant cry be higher, higher, ever nearer to the cross of Christ.

Now, as an old gentleman attending a convention in the

country could not bring himself to say farewell to his beloved hearers — the word seemed to choke him — and he could only manage to say with faltering speech, “I bid you good night,” just so I cannot say good-bye, farewell, to you — and yet we must part. I must leave you, and in his words I merely say to you “Good night.” Dawn will come up yonder, and though never perhaps before that, I expect to meet you in the resurrection hour. So I bid you “Good night,” and by the grace of God we shall meet in the morning.











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